HARRINGTON,

A TALE;

AND

ORMOND,

A TALE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

BY MARIA EDGEWORTH,

Author of Comic Dramas, Tales of Fashionable Life, &c. &c.

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TO THE READER.

IN my seventy-fourth year, I have the satisfaction of seeing another work of my daughter's brought before the public.—This was more than I could have expected from my advanced age, and declining health.

I have been reprehended by some of the public critics for the *notices*, which I have annexed to my daughter's works.—As I do not know their reasons for this reprehension, I cannot submit even to their respectable authority.—I trust, however, the

British public will sympathise with what a father feels for a daughter's literary success, particularly as this father and daughter have written various works in partnership.

The natural and happy confidence reposed in me by my daughter puts it in my power to assure the public, that she does not write negligently.—I can assert, that twice as many pages were written for these volumes as are now printed.

The first of these tales, Harrington, was occasioned by an extremely well written letter, which Miss Edgeworth received from America, from a Jewess, complaining of the illiberality, with which the Jewish

nation had been treated in some of Miss Edgeworth's works.

The second tale, Ormond, is the story of a young gentleman, who is in some respects the reverse of Vivian.—The moral of this tale does not immediately appear, for the author has taken peculiar care, that it should not obtrude itself upon the reader.

Public critics have found several faults with Miss Edgeworth's former works,—she takes this opportunity of returning them sincere thanks for the candid and lenient manner, in which her errors have been pointed out.—In the present tales she has probably fallen into many other faults, but

she has endeavoured to avoid those, for which she has been justly reproved.

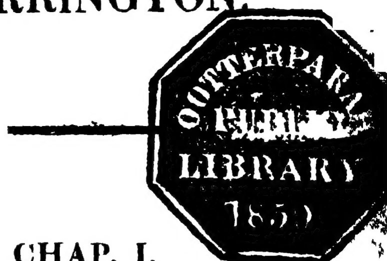
And now, indulgent reader, I beg you to pardon this intrusion, and with the most grateful acknowledgments, I bid you farewell for ever.'

RICHARD LOVELL EDGEWORTH.

Edgeworth's Town,
May 31*st*, 1817.

Note.—He died a few days after he wrote the Preface—the 13th June, 1817.

HARRINGTON.



CHAP. I.

WHEN I was a little boy of about six years old, I was standing with a maid servant in the balcony of one of the upper rooms of my father's house in London— It was the evening of the first day that I had ever been in London, and my senses had been excited, and almost exhausted by the quick succession of a vast variety of objects that were new to me. It was dusk, and I was growing sleepy, but my attention was wakened by a fresh wonder. As I stood peeping between the bars of the balcony, I saw star after star of light appear in quick succession, at a

certain height and distance, in a regular line, approaching nearer and nearer to me. I twitched the skirt of my maid's gown repeatedly, but she was talking to some acquaintance in the window of a neighbouring house, and she did not attend to me. I pressed my forehead more closely against the bars of the balcony, and strained my eyes more eagerly towards the objects of my curiosity. Presently the figure of the lamp-lighter with his blazing torch in one hand, and his ladder in the other, became visible; and, with as much delight as philosopher ever enjoyed in discovering the cause of a new and grand phenomenon, I watched his operations. I saw him fix and mount his ladder with his little black pot swinging from his arm, and his red smoking torch waving with astonishing velocity, as he ran up and down the ladder. Just when he reached the ground, being then within a few yards of our house, his torch flared on the face and figure of an old man with a long white beard and a dark

visage, who, holding a great bag slung over one shoulder, walked slowly on straight forwards, repeating in a low, abrupt, mysterious tone, the cry of "*Old-clothes!*"——"*Old-clothes!*"——"*Old-clothes!*" I could not understand the words he said, but as he looked up at our balcony my maid nodded to him; he stood still, and at the same instant she seized upon me, exclaiming, "Time for you to come off to bed, Master Harrington."

I resisted, and, clinging to the rails, began kicking and roaring.

"If you don't come quietly this minute, Master Harrington," said she, "I'll call to Simon the Jew there," pointing to him, "and he shall come up and carry you away in his great bag."

The old man's eyes were upon me; to my fancy the look of his eyes and his whole face had changed in an instant. I was struck with terror—my hands let go their grasp—and I suffered myself to be carried off as quietly as my maid could

desire. She hurried and huddled me into bed, bid me go to sleep, and ran down stairs. To sleep I could not go, but full of fear and curiosity I lay, pondering on the thoughts of Simon the Jew and his bag, who had come to carry me away in the height of my joys. His face with the light of the torch upon it appeared and vanished, and flitted before my eyes. The next morning when day-light and courage returned, I asked my maid whether Simon the Jew was a good or a bad man? Observing the impression that had been made upon my mind, and foreseeing that the expedient, which she had thus found successful, might be advantageously repeated, she answered me with oracular duplicity, "*Simon the Jew is a good man for naughty boys.*" The threat of "*Simon the Jew*" was for some time afterwards used upon every occasion to reduce me to passive obedience; and when by frequent repetition this threat had lost somewhat of its power, when the bare idea of

the Jew would no longer reduce my rebel spirit, it was necessary to increase the terrors of his name. She proceeded to tell me, in a mysterious tone, stories of Jews who had been known to steal poor children for the purpose of killing, crucifying, and sacrificing them at their secret feasts and midnight abominations. The less I understood, the more I believed.

Above all others, there was one story horrible! most horrible! which she used to tell at midnight, about a Jew who lived in Paris in a dark alley, and who used to sell pork pies; but it was found out at last, that the pies were not pork, they were made of the flesh of little children. The Jew's wife used to stand at the door of her den to watch for little children, and, as they were passing, would tempt them in with cakes and sweetmeats. There was a trap-door in the cellar, and the children were dragged down it; and——Oh! how my blood ran cold when we came to the terrible trap-

door. Were there, I asked, such things in London now, and were there ever such horrible Jews? Oh, yes! In dark narrow lanes there were Jews now living, and watching always for such little children as me; I should take care they did not catch me, whenever I was walking in the streets; and Fowler added, "There was no knowing what they might do with me."

In our enlightened days, in the present improved state of education, it may appear incredible, that any nursery maid could be so wicked as to relate, or any child of six years old so foolish as to credit such tales—but I am speaking of what happened many years ago—nursery maids and children, I believe, are very different now from what they were then; and in further proof of the progress of human knowledge and reason, and in corroboration of the perfectibility of human nature, we may recollect, that many of these very stories of the Jews, which we now hold too preposterous fo

the infant and the nursery maid to credit, were some centuries ago universally believed by the English nation, and had furnished more than one of our kings with pretexts for extortions and massacres.

But to proceed with my story—The impression made on my imagination by these horrible tales was greater than my nursery maid intended. Charmed by the effect she had produced, she was next afraid that I should bring her into disgrace with my mother, and she extorted from me a solemn promise, that I would never tell any body the secret she had communicated.—From that moment I became her slave, and her victim. I shudder when I look back to all I suffered during the eighteen months I was under her tyranny. Every night, the moment she and the candle left the room, I lay in an indescribable agony of terror; my head under the bed-clothes, my knees drawn up, in a cold perspiration. I saw faces around me grinning, glaring, receding, advancing, all turning at last into one

and the same face of the Jew with the long beard, and the terrible eyes, and that bag in which I fancied were mangled limbs of children;—it opened to receive me, or fell upon my bed, and lay heavy on my breast, so that I could neither stir nor scream; in short, it was one continued nightmare: but there was no refreshing sleep for me till the hour when the candle returned, and my tyrant, my protectress as I thought her, came to bed. In due course she suffered in her turn, for I could not long endure this state; and presently, instead of submitting passively or lying speechless with terror, the moment she left the room at night I began to roar and scream, till I brought my mother and half the house up to my bed-side. "What could be the matter with the child?" Faithful to my promise I never betrayed the secrets of my prison-house. Nothing could be learned from me but that "I was frightened," "that I could not go to sleep;" and this, indeed, my trembling condition, and convulsed countenance, sufficiently

proved. My mother, who was passionately fond of me, became alarmed for my health, she ordered that Fowler, that was my maid's name, should stay in the room with me every night till I should be quite fast asleep.

So Fowler sat beside my bed every night, singing, caressing, cajoling, hushing, conjuring me to sleep: and when, in about an hour's time, she flattered herself, that her conjurations had succeeded; when my relaxing muscles gave her hope, that she might withdraw her arm unperceived; and when slowly and dexterously she had accomplished this, and, watching my eye-lashes, and, cautiously shading the candle with her hand, she had happily gained the door; some slipping of the lock, some creaking of the hinge, some parting sound startled me, and bounce I was upright in my bed, my eyes wide open, and my voice ready for a roar: so she was compelled instantly to return, to replace the candle full in my view, to sit down close beside me, and, with her

arm once more thrown over me, she was forced again to convince me, that the Jew's bag could not come near me, and, cursing me in her heart, she recommenced her deceitful songs—She was seldom released in less than two hours. In vain she now tried by day to chase away the terrors of the night: to undo her own work was beyond her power. In vain she confessed, to me that her threats of Simon the Jew were only to frighten me into being a good boy. In vain she told me I was too old now to believe such nonsense. In vain she told me Simon was only an old clothes man—that his cry was only—*Old Clothes! Old Clothes!* which she mimicked to take off its terror; its terror was in that power of association, which was beyond her skill to dissolve. In vain she explained to me, that his bag held only my old shoes and her yellow petticoat. In vain she now offered to let me *see with my own eyes.* My imagination was by this time proof against ocular demonstration. One morning, early, she took me down stairs into the housekeeper's

room, where Simon the Jew and his bag were admitted; she emptied the bag in my presence, she laughed at our foolish fears, and I pretended to laugh, but my laugh was hysterical. No power could draw me within arm's length of the bag or the Jew. In vain he smiled and smoothed his features, and stroked his white beard, and, stooping low, stretched out his inoffensive hand to me; my maid placed sugared almonds on the palm of that hand, and bid me approach and eat. No! I stood fixed, and if the Jew approached, I ran back and hid my head in Fowler's lap. If she attempted to pull or push me forwards I screamed, and at length I sent forth a scream that wakened my mother—her bell rang, and she was told that it was only Master Harrington was afraid of poor Simon, the old clothes man. Summoned to the side of my mother's bed, I appeared nearly in hysterics, but still faithful to my promise, I did not betray my maid;—nothing could be learned from me, but that I could not bear

the sight of old Simon the Jew. My mother blamed Fowler for tåking me down to see such a sort of person. The equivocating maid replied, "that Master Harrington could not, or would not be easy without she did; and that indeed now it was impossible to know how to make him easy by day or by night; that she lost her natural rest with him; and that for her part she could not pretend to stand it much longer, unless she got her natural rest." Heaven knows my natural rest was gone! "But, besides, she could not even get her cup of tea in an evening, or stir out for a mouthful of fresh air, now she was every night to sing Master Harrington to sleep."

It was but poetical justice, that she who had begun by terrifying me, in order to get me to bed, and out of her way, should end by being forced to suffer some restraint to cure me of my terrors; but Fowler did not understand or relish poetical justice, or any kind of justice. Besides, she had heard that my Lady de Brante-

field was in want of a nursery-maid for the little Lady Anne Mowbray, who was some years younger than Master Harrington, and Fowler humbly represented to my mother, that she thought Master Harrington was really growing too stout and too much of a man; and she confessed quite above and beyond her management and comprehension, for she never pretended to any thing but the care of young children that had not arrived at the years of discretion; this she understood to be the case with the little Lady Anne Mowbray, therefore a recommendation to my Lady de Brantefield would be very desirable, and, she hoped, but justice to her. The very desirable recommendation was giv by my mother to Lady de Brantefield, who was my mother's particular friend; nor was my mother in the least to blame on this occasion, for she truly thought she was doing nothing but justice; but, had it been otherwise, those who know how these things are usually managed, would, I trust, never think of blaming my mother

for a *sort of thing* which they would do, and doubtless have done themselves, without scruple, for a favourite maid, who is always a *faithful creature.*

So Fowler departed, happy, but I remained unhappy—not with her departed my fears. After she was gone I made a sort of compromise with my conscience, and without absolutely breaking my promise I made a half confession to my mother, that I had somehow or other horrid notions about Jews; and that it was the terror I had conceived of Simon the Jew, which prevented me from sleeping all night. My mother felt for me, and considered my case as no laughing matter; my mother was a woman of weak health, delicate nerves, and a kind of morbid sensibility, which I often heard her deplore as a misfortune, but which I observed every body about her admired as a grace.

She lamented that her dear Harrington, her only son, should so much resemble her in this exquisite sensibility of the nervous system. But her physician, and

he was a man who certainly knew better than she did, she confessed, for he was a man who really knew every thing, assured her, that this was indisputably "the genuine temperament of genius."

I soon grew vain of my fears.—My antipathy, my *natural*, positively natural antipathy to the sight or bare idea of a Jew, was talked of by ladies and by gentlemen, it was exhibited to all my mother's acquaintance, learned and unlearned, it was a medical, it was a metaphysical wonder, it was an *idiosyncrasy*, corporeal, or mental, or both—it was—in short, more nonsense was talked about it than I will repeat, though I perfectly remember it all; for the importance of which at this period I became to successive circles of visitors fixed every circumstance, and almost every word indelibly in my memory. It was a pity that I was not born some years earlier or later, for I should have flourished a favourite pupil of Mesmer, the animal magnetiser, or I might at this day be walking a celebrated

somnambulist. No, to do myself justice, I really had no intention to deceive, at least originally; but, as it often happens with those who begin by being dupes, I was in imminent danger of becoming a knave. And how I escaped it, I do not well know. For here a child scarce seven years old, I saw myself surrounded by grown up wise people, who were accounting different ways for that of which I alone knew the real, secret, simple cause. They were all, without my intending it my dupes. Yet, when I felt that I had them in my power, I did not deceive them much, not much more than I deceived myself. I never was guilty of deliberate imposture. I went no farther than affectation and exaggeration, which it was in such circumstances scarcely possible for me to avoid, for I really often did not know the difference between my own feelings, and the descriptions I heard [illegible]en of what I felt.

Fortunately for my integrity, my understanding, and my health, people be-

gan to grow tired of seeing and talking of Master Harrington. Some new wonder came into fashion, I think it was Jedediah Buxton, the man of prodigious memory, who could multiply in his head nine figures by nine; and who, the first time he was taken to the playhouse, counted all the steps of the dancers, and all the words uttered by Garrick in Richard the Third. After Jedediah Buxton, or about the same time, if I recollect rightly, came George Psalmanazar, from his Island of Formosa, who with his pretended Dictionary of the Formosan Language, and the pounds of raw beef he devoured per day, excited the admiration, and engrossed the attention of the Royal Society, and of every curious and fashionable company in London.—So that poor little I was forgotten, as though I had never been. My mother and myself were left to settle the affair with my nerves and the Jews as we could. Between the effects of real fear, and the exaggerated expression of itto which I

had been encouraged, I was now seriously ill. It is well known, that persons have brought on fits by pretending to have them; and by yielding to feelings at first slight, and perfectly within the command of the will, have at last acquired habits beyond the power of their reason, or of their most strenuous voluntary exertion to control. Such was my pitiable case; and at the moment I was most to be pitied, nobody pitied me. Even my mother, now she had nobody to talk to about me, grew tired of my illness. She was advised by her physician, on account of her own health, by no means to keep so close to the house, as she had done of late. She went out therefore every night to refresh herself at crowded parties, and as soon as she left the house, the nurse, and every body in the family left me. The servants settled it in my hearing, that there was nothing in life the matter with me, that my mother and I were equally vapoursomeish and *timbersome*, and that there was no use in nursing, and pam-

pering of me up in them fantastical *fanci-fulnesses*:" so the nurse, and lady's maid, and housekeeper went down all together to *their* tea; and the housemaid who was ordered by the housekeeper to stay with me, soon followed, charging the under house maid to supply her place; who went off also in her turn, leaving me in charge of the cook's daughter, a child of nine years old, who soon stole out of the roo and scampered away along the gallery out of the reach of my voice, leaving the room to darkness and to me—and there I lay, in all the horrors of a low nervous fever, unpitied and alone.

Shall I be pardoned for having dw so long on this history of the mental and corporeal ills of my childhood. Such details will probably appear more trivial to the frivolous and ignorant, than to the philosophic and well informed. Not only because the best informed are usually the most indulgent judges, but because they will perceive some connexion between these apparently puerile details and sub

jects of higher importance. Bacon, and one who in later days has successfully followed him on this ground, point out as one of the most important subjects of human inquiry, equally necessary to the science of morals and of medicine, "The history of the power and influence of the imagination, not only upon the mind and body of the imaginant, but upon those of other people." This history, so much desired and so necessary, has been but little advanced. One reason for this may be, that both by the learned and the unlearned it is usually begun at the wrong end.

"*Belier, mon ami, commencez par le commencement,*" is excellent advice, and equally applicable to philosophical history as to the fairy tale. We must be content to begin at the beginning, if we would learn the history of our own minds; we must condescend to be even as little children, if we would discover, or recollect those small causes, which early influence the imagination, and afterwards become

strong habits, prejudices, and passions. In this point of view, if they might possibly tend to turn public attention in a new direction to an important subject, my puerile anecdotes may be permitted. These, my experiments, *solitary and in concert*, *touching fear*, and *of and concerning sympathies and antipathies*, are perhaps as well worth noting for future use, as some of those with which Sir Kenelm Digby and others astonished their own generation, and which they bequeathed to ungrateful posterity.

CHAP. II.

MY mother, who had a great, and perhaps not altogether a mistaken opinion of the sovereign efficacy of the touch of gold in certain cases, tried it repeatedly on the hand of the physician who attended me, and who, in consequence of this application, had promised my cure; but that not speedily taking place, and my mother, naturally impatient, beginning to doubt his skill, she determined to rely on her own. On Sir Kenelm Digby's principle of curing wounds, by anointing the weapon with which the wound had been inflicted, she resolved to try what could be done with the Jew, who had been the original cause of my malady, and to whose malignant influence its continuance might be reasonably ascribed—Accordingly one evening, at the accustomed hour [illegible] Simon the old clothes-man's cry

was heard coming down the street, I being at that time seized with my usual fit of nerves, and my mother being at her toilette crowning herself with roses to go to a ball, she ordered the Jew to be summoned into the housekeeper's-room, and, through the intervention of the housekeeper, the application was made on the Jew's hand; and it was finally agreed, that the same should be renewed every twelvemonth, upon condition that he, the said Jew, should never more be seen or heard under our windows, or in our square. My evening attack of nerves intermitted, as the signal for its coming on ceased. For some time I slept quietly: it was but a short interval of peace. Simon, meanwhile, told his part of the story to his compeers, and the fame of his annuity ran through street and alley, and spread through the whole tribe of Israel. The bounty acted directly as an encouragement to ply the profitable trade, and "*Old clothes!*" "*Old clothes!*" was heard again punctually under my win-

dow: and another and another Jew, each more hideous than the former, succeeded in the walk. Jews I should not call them: though such they appeared to be at the time; we afterwards discovered that they were good Christian beggars, dressed up and daubed, for the purpose of looking as frightful, and as like the traditionary representations and vulgar notions of a malicious, revengeful, ominous looking Shylock as ever whetted his knife. The figures were well got up; the tone, accent, and action, suited to the parts to be played; the stage effect perfect, favoured as it was by the distance at which I saw and wished ever to keep such personages; and as money was given, by my mother's orders, to these people to send them away, they came the more. If I went out with a servant to walk, a Jew followed me; if I went in the carriage with my mother, or with a friend, a Jew was at the coach-door when I got in, or when I got out: or if we stopped but five minutes at a shop, while my mother went in, and I was

left alone, a Jew's head was at the carriage window, at the side next me; if I moved to the other side, it was at the other side; if I pulled up the glass, which I never could do fast enough, the Jew's head was there opposite to me, fixed as in a frame; and if I called to the servants to drive it away, I was not much better off, for at a few paces distance the figure would stand with its eyes fixed upon me, and, as if fascinated, though I hated to look at those eyes, for the life of me I could not turn mine away. The manner, in which I was thus haunted and pursued wherever I went, seemed, to my mother, something "really extraordinary," to myself, something magical and supernatural. The systematic roguery of beggars, their combinations, meetings, signals, disguises, transformations, and all the secret tricks of their trade of deception, were not at this time, as they have in modern days, been revealed to public view, and attested by indisputable evidence. Ignorance is always credulous. Much was

then thought wonderful, nay almost supernatural, which can now be explained and accounted for by easy and very ignoble means. My father—for all this time, though I have never mentioned him, I had a father living—my father, being in public life and much occupied with the affairs of the nation, had little leisure to attend to his family. A great deal went on in his house without his knowing any thing about it. He had heard of my being ill and well at different hours of the day; but had left it to the physicians and my mother to manage me till a certain age: but now I was nine years old, he said it was time I should be taken out of the hands of the women; so he inquired more particularly into my history, and, with mine, he heard the story of Simon and the Jews. My mother said she was glad my father's attention was at last wakened to this extraordinary business. She expatiated eloquently upon the medical, or, as she might call them, magical effects of sympathies and antipathies on

the nervous system; but my father was not at all addicted to a belief in magic, and he laughed at the whole *female* doctrine, as he called it, of sympathies and antipathies: so, declaring that they were all making fools of themselves, and a Miss Molly of his boy, he took the business up short with a high hand. There was some trick, some roguery in it. The Jews were all rascals, he knew, and he would soon *settle* them. So to work he set with the beadles, and the constables, and the parish overseer. The corporation of beggars were not, in those days, so well grounded in the theory, and so alert in the practice of evasion as, by long experience, they have since become. The society had not then, as they have now, in a certain lane, their regular rendezvous, called the Beggar's Opera; they had not then, as they have now, in a certain cellar, an established school for teaching the art of scolding, kept by an old woman, herself an adept in the art; they had not even their regular nocturnal feasts, where

they planned the operations of the next day's or the next week's campaign, so that they could not, as they now do, set at nought the beadle and the parish-officers: the system of signals was not then perfected, and the means of conveying secret and swift intelligence, by telegraphic science, had not in those days been practised. The art of begging was then only art without science: the native genius of knavery unaided by method or discipline. The consequence was, that the beggars fled before my father's beadles, constables, and parish overseers; and they were dispersed through other parishes, or led into captivity to round-houses, or consigned to places called asylums for the poor and indigent, or lodged in workhouses, or crammed into houses of industry or penitentiary houses, where, by my father's account of the matter, there was little industry and no penitence, and from whence the delinquents issued, after their seven days' captivity, as bad, or worse than they went in. Be that as

it may, the essential point with my father was accomplished: they were got rid of that season, and before the next season he resolved that I should be out of the hands of the women, and safe at a public school, which he considered as a specific for all my complaints, and indeed for every disease of mind and body incident to childhood. It was the only thing, he said, to make a man of me. There was Jack B——, and Thomas D——, and Dick C——, sons of gentlemen in our county, and young Lord Mowbray to boot, all at school with Dr. Y.—and what men they were already. A respite of a few months was granted in consideration of my small stature, and of my mother's all-eloquent tears. Meantime my father took me more to himself, and, mixed with men, I acquired some manly, or what were called manly ideas. My attention was wakened and led to new things. I took more exercise and less medicine; and with my health and strength of body my strength of mind and courage increased. My

father made me ashamed of that nervousness, of which I had before been vain. I was glad that the past should be past and forgotten; yet a painful reminiscence would come over my mind, whenever I heard or saw the word *Jew*. About this time I first became fond of reading, and I never saw the word Jew in any page of any book which I happened to open, without immediately stopping to read the passage. And here I must observe, that not only in the old story-books, where the characters of Jews are as well fixed to be wicked as the bad fairies, or bad genii, or allegorical personifications of the devils, and the vices in the old emblems, mysteries, moralities, &c., but in almost every work of fiction I found the Jews represented as hateful beings; nay, even in modern tales of very late years. Since I have come to man's estate, I have met with books by authors professing candour and toleration—books written expressly for the rising generation, called if I mistake not. *Moral Tales for Young People*;

and even in these, wherever the Jews are introduced, I find that they are invariably represented as beings of a mean, avaricious, unprincipled, treacherous character. Even the peculiarities of their persons, the errors of their foreign dialect and pronunciation, were mimicked and caricatured, as if to render them objects of perpetual derision and detestation. I am far from wishing to insinuate, that such was the serious intention of these authors. I trust they will in future profit by these hints. I simply state the effect which similar representations in the story-books I read, when I was a child, produced on my mind. They certainly acted most powerfully and injuriously, strengthening the erroneous association of ideas I had accidentally formed, and confirming my childish prejudice by what I then thought the indisputable authority of *printed books.*

About this time also, I began to attend to conversation; to the conversation of gentlemen, as well as of ladies;

and I listened with a sort of personal interest and curiosity whenever Jews happened to be mentioned. I recollect hearing my father talk with horror of some young gentleman, who had been *dealing with the Jews*. I asked what this meant, and was answered—

"'Tis something very like dealing with the devil, my dear." Those who give a child a witty, instead of a rational answer, do not know how dearly they often make the poor child pay for their jest. My father added—

"It is certain, that when a man once goes to the Jews, he soon goes to the devil. So Harrington, my boy, I charge you at your peril, whatever else you do, keep out of the hands of the Jews—never go near the Jews—If once they catch hold of you, there's an end of you, my boy."

Had the reasons for the prudential part of this charge been given to me, and had the nature of the disgraceful transactions with the Jews been explained,

it would have been full as useful to me, and rather more just to them. But this was little or no concern of my father's. He had undertaken to cure me of my fear of the Jews, with some practical skill in the management of the mind, but with short-sighted views as to its permanent benefit, and without an idea of its philosophic moral cultivation, he effected his purpose. He took opportunities of pointing out to me, how poor, how helpless, how wretched they are, how they are abused continually, insulted daily, and mocked by the lowest of servants, or the least of children in our streets; their very name a by word of reproach—"*He is a Jew—an actual Jew*"—being the expression for avarice, hard-heartedness, and fraud. Of their frauds, innumerable stories were told to me. In short, the Jews were represented to me as the lowest, meanest, vilest of mankind, and a conversion of fear into contempt was partially effected in my mind; partially, I say, for the conversion

was not complete; the two sentiments existed together, and by an experienced eye could easily be detected and seen even one through the other.

Now whoever knows any thing of the passions—and who is there who does not? must be aware how readily fear and contempt run into the kindred feeling of hatred. It was about this time, just before I went to school, that something relative to the famous *Jew Bill* became the subject of vehement discussion at my father's table. My father was not only a Member of Parliament, but a man of some consequence with his party. He had usually been a staunch friend of Government, but upon one occasion, when he first came into Parliament, nine or ten years before the time of which I am now writing, in 1753 or 54, I think, he had voted against ministry upon this very bill for the Naturalization of the Jews in England. Government liberally desired that they should be naturalized, but there was a popular cry against it,

and my father on this one occasion thought the voice of the people was right. After the bill had been carried half through it was given up by ministry, the opposition to it proving so violent. My father was a great stickler for parliamentary consistency, and moreover, he was of an obstinate temper. Ten years could make no change in his opinions, as he was proud to declare. There was at this time, during a recess of Parliament, some intention among the London merchants to send addresses to Government in favour of the Jews; and addresses were to be procured from the country. The county members, and among them of course my father, were written to; but he was furiously against *the naturalization:* he considered all who were for it as enemies to England; and, I believe, to religion. He ran down to the country to take the sense of his constituents, or to impress them with his sense of the business. Previous to some intended county meeting, there were,

I remember, various dinners of constituents at my father's, and attempts after dinner over a bottle of wine, to convince them that they were, or ought to be of my father's opinion, and that they had better all join him in the toast of "*The Jews are down, and keep 'em down.*"

A subject apparently less likely to interest a child of my age, than this Act of Parliament about the Naturalization of the Jews, could hardly be imagined; but from my peculiar associations it did attract my attention. I was curious to know what my father and all the gentlemen were saying about the Jews at these dinners, from which my mother and the ladies were excluded. I was eager to claim my privilege of marching into the dining-room after dinner, and taking my stand beside my father's elbow; and then I would gradually edge myself on, till I got possession of half his chair, and established a place for my elbow on the table. I remember one day sitting for an hour together, turning from one person

to another as each spoke, incapable of comprehending their arguments, but fully understanding the vehemence of their tones, and sympathizing in the varying expression of passion; and as to the rest, quite satisfied with making out which speaker was *for*, and which against the Jews. All those who were against the Jews, I considered as my father's friends; all those who were *for* the Jews, I called by a common misnomer, or metonymy of the passions, my father's enemies, because my father was their enemy. The feeling of party spirit, which is caught by children as quickly as it is revealed by men, now combined to strengthen still more, and to exasperate my early prepossession. Astonished by the attention with which I had this day listened to all that seemed so unlikely to interest a boy of my age, my father, with a smile and a wink, and a side nod of his head, not meant, I suppose, for me to see, but which I noticed the more, pointed me out to the company, by whom it was unanimously agreed,

that my attention was a proof of uncommon abilities, and an early decided taste for public business. Young Lord Mowbray, a boy some years older than myself, a gawkee school boy, was present; and had, during this long hour after dinner, manifested sundry symptoms of impatience, and made many vain efforts to get me out of the room. After cracking his nuts and his nut-shells, and thrice cracking the cracked—after suppressing the thick-coming yawns that at last could no longer be suppressed, he had risen, writhed, stretched, and had fairly taken himself out of the room. And now he just peeped in, to see if he could tempt me forth to play.

"No, no," cried my father, "you'll not get Harrington, I'm afraid, he is too deep here in politics—but, however, Harrington, my dear boy, 'tis not *the thing* for your young companion—go off and play with Mowbray: but stay, first, since you've been one of us so long, what have we been talking of?"

"The Jews, to be sure, Papa."

"Right," cried my father—"and what about them, my dear?"

"Whether they ought to be let to live in England, or any where."

"Right again, that is right in the main," cried my father, "though that is a larger view of the subject than we took."

"And what reasons did you hear," said a gentleman in company?

"Reasons!" interrupted my father,—"Oh! Sir, to call upon the boy for all the reasons he has heard, but you'll not pose him—speak out, speak up Harrington, my boy."

"I've nothing to say about reasons, Sir."

"No! that was not a fair question," said my father—"but my boy you know on which side you are, don't you?"

"To be sure, on your side, father."

"That's right—bravo!—To know on which side one is, is one great point in life."

"And I can tell on which side every

one here is." Then going round the table, I touched the shoulder of each of the company, saying, "*A Jew!*"—"*No Jew!*" —and bursts of applause ensued.

When I came to my father again, he caught me in his arms, kissed me, patted my head, clapped me on the back, poured out a bumper of wine, bid me drink his toast, "*No Naturalization Bill!—No Jews!*"—and while I blundered out the toast, and tossed off the bumper, my father pronounced me a clever fellow, "a spirited little devil, who, if I did but live to be a man, would be, he'd engage, an honour to my country, my family, and my party."

Exalted, not to say intoxicated, by my father's praise, when I went to the drawing-room to the ladies, I became rather more eloquent and noisy than my mother thought quite becoming; she could not, indeed, forbear smiling furtively at my wit, when, in answer to some simple country lady's question of—

"After all, why should not the Jews be naturalized?"

I, with all the pertness of ignorance, replied, "Why, ma'am, because the Jews are naturally an unnatural pack of people, and you can't naturalize what's naturally unnatural."

Kisses and cake in abundance followed—but when the company was gone, my mamma thought it her duty to say a few words to me upon politeness, and a few words to my father upon the *too much* wine he had given me. The reproach to my father, being just, he could not endure; but, instead of admitting the truth, he vowed, by Jupiter Ammon, that his boy should never be made a Miss Molly, and to school I should go, by Jupiter Ammon, next morning, plump.

Now it was well known in our house, that a sentence of my father's, beginning and ending "*by Jupiter Ammon,*" admitted of no reply from any mortal—it was the stamp of fate; no hope of any reversion of the decree; it seemed to bind even him who uttered the oath beyond his own power of revocation. My mother was

convinced that even her intercession was vain, so she withdrew, weeping, to the female apartments, and she was surrounded by her maids, and to them the decree of fate was reported, but not verbatim, after the manner of the Gods and Goddesses. The maids and the washerwoman, however, scolded one another very much after their manner, in a council held at midnight, about my clothes; the result of the whole was, that they *must* be found and packed; and found and packed at last they were; and the next morning, as decreed, early as Aurora streaked the east, to school I went, very little thinking of her rosy tipped fingers.

CHAP. III.

MY life at school was like that of any other schoolboy. I shall not record, even if I could remember, how often I was flogged when I did not deserve it, or how often I escaped when I did. Five years of my life passed away, of which I have nothing to relate but that I learned to whip a top, and to play at ball and marbles, each in their season; that I acquired in due course the usual quantity of greek and latin; and perpetrated in my time, I presume, the usual quantity of mischief. But in the sixth year of my school-boy life an opportunity for unusual mischief occurred. An incident happened, which, however trifling in itself, can never be effaced from my memory. Every particular connected with it is indeed as fresh in my recollection, as it was the day after it happened. It was a circumstance which wakened long dormant associa-

tions, and combined them with all the feelings and principles of party spirit; feelings and principles which had first been inculcated by my father at home, and which had been exercised so well and so continually by my companions at school, as to have become the governing power of my mind.

Schoolboys as well as men can find or make a party question, and quarrel out of any thing or out of nothing. There was a Scotch pedlar, who used to come every Thursday evening to our school to supply our various wants and fancies. The Scotch pedlar died, and two candidates offered to supply his place, an English lad of the name of Dutton, and a Jew boy of the name of Jacob. Dutton was son to a man, who had lived as butler in Mowbray's family. Lord Mowbray knew the boy to be a rogue, but thought he was attached to the Mowbrays, and at all events was determined to support him, as being somehow supposed to be connected with his family. Reminding me

of my early declaration at my father's table against the naturalization of the Jews, and the *bon mot* I had made, and the toast I had drank, and the pledge I had given, Mowbray easily engaged me to join him against the Jew boy; and a zealous partizan against Jacob I became, canvassing as if my life had depended upon this point. But in spite of all our zeal, noise, violence, and cabal, it was the least and the most simple child in the school, who decided the election. This youngster had in secret offered to exchange with the Jew pedlar a silver pencil case for a top, or something of such inadequate value. Jacob, instead of taking advantage of the child, explained to him that his pencil case was worth twenty tops. On the day of election, this little boy mounted upon the top of a step-ladder, appeared over the heads of the crowd, and in a small clear voice, and with an eagerness which fixed attention, related the history of his pencil case, and ended by hoping with all his

heart that his friend Jacob, his honest Jacob, might be chosen. Jacob was elected; Mowbray and I, and all our party, vexed and mortified, became the more inveterate in our aversion to the successful candidate. And from this moment we determined to plague and persecute him, till we should force him to *give up*. Every Thursday evening, the moment he appeared in the school room, or on the play ground, our party commenced the attack upon "*the Wandering Jew*," as we called this poor pedlar. And with every opprobrious nickname, and every practical jest, that mischievous and incensed schoolboy zealots could devise, we persecuted and tortured him body and mind. We twanged at once a hundred Jew's harps in his ear, and before his eyes we paraded the effigy of a Jew, dressed in a gabardine of rags and paper. In the passages through which he was to pass, we set stumbling blocks in his way, we rew orange peels in his path, and when ped or fell, we laughed him to

scorn, and we triumphed over him the more, the more he was hurt, or the more his goods were injured. "We laughed at his losses, mocked at his gains, scorned his nation, thwarted his bargains, cooled his friends, heated his enemies—and what was our reason? he was a Jew."

But he was a Jew as unlike to Shylock as it is possible to conceive. Without one thought or look of malice or revenge, he stood before us Thursday after Thursday, enduring all that our barbarity was pleased to inflict; he stood patient and longsuffering, and even of this patience and resignation we made a jest, and subject of fresh reproach and taunt.

How I, who was not in other cases a cruel, or an illnatured boy, could be so inhuman to this poor unprotected, unoffending creature, I cannot conceive; but such in man or boy is the nature of persecution. At the time it all appeared to me quite natural and proper, a just and necessary war. The blame, if blame there was, was divided among so many,

that the share of each, my share at least, appeared to me so small, as not to be worth a moment's consideration. The shame, if we had any, was carried away in the tide of popular enthusiasm, and drowned and lost in the fury and noise of the torrent. In looking back upon this disgraceful scene of my boyish days, boyish indeed I can scarcely call them, for I was almost, and Mowbray in his own opinion was quite a man; I say in looking back upon this time, I have but one comfort. But I have *one*, and I will make the most of it, I think I should never have done so *much* wrong, had it not been for Mowbray. We were both horribly to blame; but though I was full as wrong in action, I flatter myself that I was wrong upon better, or upon less bad motives. My aversion to the Jew, if more absurd and violent, was less malicious and malignant than Mowbray's hatred. Mine was a strong false association, grown into a bodily and mental *antipathy*, which I believed be invincible, and felt to be powerful.

This was an excuse to my conscience for my wish and my efforts to get rid of the cause of my suffering. I felt actual bodily pain from my dislike of the sight and approach of the Jew, as well as mental uneasiness and confusion of ideas; and to ease myself of the constraint, I was ready to burst into invective and abuse against the object of my detestation. To free myself altogether from his presence, I was willing, just or unjust, to go any length to force him into banishment. But whenever he was out of my sight I became more reasonable, and if once he could but be fairly banished, I said I should be satisfied. I wished him no further injury, except to be sure when my pride of opinion or party came in the way: then, along with Mowbray and the mob, I was for *down* with the Jew, and for trampling upon him by all means. How well for us and for mankind, that we had not power. Even such as we then were *have* had power among men, and what has it ended in?—persecution, madness, and

murder. In a grown man, and carried to its height, my *antipathy* would in all probability have become insanity. Mowbray's hatred, unrestrained by law or opinion, I tremble to think how that must have ended! Rousseau well observes, that we laugh at the blow which the child gives in anger, yet if the child's strength had been equal to its fury, its blow would have been murder. My hatred, however, was always, I flatter myself, more noble, pure, and disinterested than Mowbray's—I never could stand as he did to parley, and barter, and chaffer with the Jew--if I had occasion to buy any thing from him, I was high and haughty, and at a word, he named his price, I questioned not, not I, down was thrown my money, my back was turned—and away!—as for stooping to coax him as Mowbray would, when he had a point to gain, I could not have done it. To ask Jacob to lend me money, to beg him to give me more time to pay a debt, to cajole and bully him by turns, to call

him alternately usurer, and *my honest fellow*, extortioner, and *my friend Jacob*—my tongue could not have uttered the words, my soul detested the thought; yet all this, and more, could Mowbray do, and did.

Lord Mowbray was deeply in Jacob's debt, especially for two watches which he had taken upon trial, and which he had kept three months, making, every Thursday, some fresh excuse for not paying for them; at last Jacob said that he must have the money, that his employer could wait no longer, and that he should himself be thrown into prison. Mowbray said, this was only a trick to work upon his compassion, and that the Jew might very well wait for his money, because he asked twice as much for the watches as they were worth. Jacob offered to leave the price to be named by any creditable watchmaker. Lord Mowbray swore that he was as good a judge as any watchmaker in Christendom. Without pretending to dispute that point, Jacob finished by

declaring, that his distress was so urgent that he must appeal to some of the masters. "You little Jewish tell-tale, what do you mean by that pitiful threat? Appeal to the higher powers if you dare, and I'll make you repent it, you usurer. Only do, if you dare," cried he, clenching his hand and opening it, so as to present, successively, the two ideas of a box on the ear, and a blow on the stomach — "That was logic and eloquence," added Mowbray, turning to me. "Some antient philosopher, *you* know, or *I* know, has compared logic to the closed fist, and eloquence to the open palm. See what it is, Harrington, to make good use of one's learning."

This was all very clever, at least our party thought so, and at the moment I applauded with the rest, though in my secret soul I thought Jacob was ill used, and that he ought to have justice if he had not been a Jew. His fear of a prison proved to be no pretence, for it surmounted his dread of Mowbray's logic and elo-

quence, and of all the unpopularity which he was well aware must be the consequence of his applying to the higher powers. Jacob appealed, and Lord Mowbray was summoned to appear before the head master, and to answer to the charge. It was proved that the price set upon the two watches was perfectly fair, as a watchmaker, who was examined on this point, declared. The watches had been so damaged during the two months they had been in his Lordship's possession, that Jacob declined taking them back. Lord Mowbray protested that they were good for nothing when he first had them.

Then why did he not return them after the first week's trial, when Jacob had requested either to have them back or paid for. His Lordship had then, as half a dozen of the boys on the Jew's side were ready to testify, refused to return the watches, declaring they went very well, and that he would keep them as long as he pleased, and pay for them when he pleased, and no sooner.

This plain tale put down the Lord Mowbray. His wit and his party now availed him not; he was publicly reprimanded, and sentenced to pay Jacob for the watches in three days, or to be expelled from the school. Mowbray would have desired no better than to leave the school, but he knew that his mother would never consent to this.

His mother, the Countess de Brantefield, was a Countess in her own right, and had an estate in her own power;—his father, a simple commoner, was dead: his mother was his sole guardian.

"That mother of mine," said he to us, "is as proud as Lucifer, and she would not hear of her son's being *turned out* of Hell itself—so I must set my head to work against the head of the head-master, who is at this present moment inditing a letter to her Ladyship, beginning, no doubt, with '*I am sorry to be obliged to take up my pen,*' or, '*I am concerned to be under the necessity of sitting down to inform your Ladyship.*' Now I must make haste

and inform my Lady mother of the truth with my own pen, which luckily is the pen of a ready writer. You will see," continued he, "how cleverly I will get myself out of the scrape with her, I know how to touch her up. There's a folio, at home, of old manuscript Memoirs of the De Brantefield family, since the time of the flood I believe: it's the only book my dear mother ever looks into; and she has often made me read it to her, till—no offence to my long line of ancestry—I cursed it and them; but now I bless it and them for supplying my happy memory with a case in point, that will just hit my mother's fancy, and, of course, obtain judgment in my favour A case, in the reign of Richard the Second, between a Jew and my great, great, great, six times great grandfather, whom it is sufficient to name to have all the blood of all the De Brantefields up in arms for me against all the Jews that ever were born. So, my little Jacob, I have you."

Mowbray, accordingly, wrote to his

mother what he called a chef d'œuvre of a letter, and next post came an answer from Lady De Brantefield with the money to pay her son's debt, and, as desired and expected, a strong reproof to her son for his folly in ever dealing with a Jew. "How could he possibly expect not to be cheated, as, by his own confession, it appeared he had been, grossly. It was the more extraordinary, since he so well recollected the ever to be lamented case of Sir Josseline De Brantefield, that he could, with all his family experience, be, at this time of day, a dupe to one of a race branded by the public History of England, and private Memoirs of the De Brantefields, to all eternity."

Mowbray shewed this letter in triumph to all his party. It answered the double purpose of justifying his own bad opinion of the tribe of Israel, and of tormenting Jacob.

The next Thursday evening after that on which judgment had been given against Mowbray, when Jacob appeared in the

school room, the antijewish party gathered round him according to their leader's instructions, who promised to shew them some good sport at the Jew's expense.

"Only give me fair play," said Mowbray, "and stick close, and don't let the Jew off, for your lives don't let him break through you, till I've *roasted* him well."

"There's your money," cried Mowbray, throwing down the money for the watches, "take it, aye, count it—every penny right;—I've paid you by the day appointed; and, thank heaven and my friends, the pound of flesh next my heart is safe from your knife, Shylock."

Jacob made no reply, but he looked as if he felt much.

"Now tell me, honest Jacob," pursued Mowbray, "honest Jacob, patient Jacob, tell me, upon your honour, if you know what that word means, upon your conscience, if you ever heard of any such thing: don't you think yourself a most pitiful dog, to persist in coming here as you do to be

made game of for two-pence. 'Tis wonderful how much your thorough-bred Jew will do and suffer for gain. We poor good Christians could never do this much now—could we, any soul of us, think you, Jacob?"

"Yes," replied Jacob, "I think you *could*, I think you *would*."

Loud scornful laughter from our party interrupted him; he waited calmly till it was over, and then continued—

"Every soul of you good Christians would, I think, do as mu[illegible] for a father, if he were in want [illegible]

There was a silence [illegible] were all, I believe, struck, [illegible]ached, except Mowbray, who, [illegible] by feeling, went on with t[illegible] levity of tone as before.

"A father in want! Are you sure now he is not a father of straw, Jacob, set up for the nonce, to move the compassion of the generous public. Well, I've little faith, but I have some charity—

here's a halfpenny for your father to begin with."

"While I live, my father shall ask no charity, I hope," said the son, retreating from the insulting alms, which Mowbray still proffered.

"Why now, Jacob, that's bad acting, out o' character, Jacob, my Jew; for when did any son of Israel, any one of your tribe, or your twelve tribes, despise a farthing they could get honestly or dishonestly; now here's a halfpenny!--a good halfpenny. Come, Jacob, take it—don't be too proud—pocket the affront—consider it's for your father, not for yourself—you may surely do as much for your father, Jacob."

Jacob's countenance continued rigidly calm, except some little convulsive twitches about the mouth.

"Spare him, Mowbray," whispered I, pulling back Mowbray's arm; "Jew as he is, you see he has some feeling about his father."

"Jew as he is, and fool as you are,

Harrington," replied Mowbray aloud, "do you really believe that this hypocrite cares about his father, supposing he has one? Do *you* believe, boys, that a Jew pedlar *can* love a father gratis, as we do?"

"As we do," repeated some of the boys, "Oh! no, for his father can't be as good as our's, he is a Jew."

"Jacob, is your father good to you?" —said one of the little boys.

"He is a good father, Sir—cannot be a better father, Sir," answered Jacob; the tears started into his eyes, but he got rid of them in an instant, before Mowbray saw them, I suppose, for he went on in the same insulting tone.

"What's that he says? Does he say he has a good father? If he'd swear it, I would not believe him; a good father is too great a blessing for a Jew."

One flash of anger crossed Jacob's countenance; but the next instant he looked up to Heaven with gratitude, then down on Mowbray, and calmly said—

"God did not think so, Sir; if man does, to that I submit."

"Submit and be d——d," said Mowbray.

"Oh! for shame, Mowbray!" said I.

And for shame! for shame, Mowbray, echoed from the opposite; or, as Mowbray called it, from the Jewish party; they had by this time gathered in a circle at the outside of that which we had made round Jacob, and many had brought benches, and were mounted upon them, looking over our heads to see what was going on.

Jacob was now putting the key in his box, which he had set down in the middle of the circle, and was preparing to open it.

"Stay, stay! Honest Jacob: before you get from your prayers to your pelf, a word in your ear. After that thanksgiving of yours, tell us something more about this fine father. For example, what's his name, and what is he?"

"I cannot tell you what he is, Sir,"

replied Jacob, changing colour, "Nor I cannot tell you his name."

"Cannot tell me the name of his own father! a precious fellow. Didn't I tell you 'twas a sham father." Then turning to me, Mowbray asked what I had to say for Jacob now.

I said, that "very likely he had some reason, some good reason for not telling his father's name."

"I have a reason, and a very good reason indeed, Sir," said Jacob; "thank you, good young gentleman."

"Aye, thank the good young gentleman for putting a lie in the shape of a good reason into your mouth," said Mowbray; "but mark me, Jacob: this box of your's," striking his hand upon it, "shall never be opened in this room, till you answer me truly such questions as I shall ask. And now for the roasting I owe you Mr. Jew."

There was a large fire in the school-room; Mowbray, by a concerted movement between him and his friends, shoved

the Jew close to the fire, and barricadoed him up, so that he could not escape, bidding him speak when he was too hot, and confess the truth.

Jacob was resolutely silent; he would not tell his father's name. He stood it, till I could stand it no longer, and I insisted upon Mowbray's letting him off.

"I could not use a dog so," said I.

"A dog, no! nor I. but this is a Jew."

"A fellow creature," said I.

"A fine discovery; and pray, Harrington, what has made you so tender-hearted all of a sudden for the Jews?"

"Your being so hard-hearted, Mowbray," said I: "when you persecute and torture this poor fellow, how can I help speaking"

"And pray, Sir," said Mowbray, "on which side are you speaking?"

"On the side of humanity," said I.

"Fudge! On whose side are you?"

"On your's, Mowbray, if you won't be a tyrant."

"If!—no *ifs* for me; *if* is the trimmer's

word: so *if* you have a mind to rat, rat sans phrase, and run over to the Jewish side. I always thought you were a Jew at heart, Harrington."

"No more a Jew than yourself, Mowbray, nor so much," said I, standing firm, and raising my voice, so that I could be heard by all.

"No more a Jew than myself! pray how do you make that out?"

"By being more of a Christian—by sticking more to the maxim, '*Do as you would be done by.*'"

"That is a good maxim," said Jacob; a cheer from all sides supported me, as I advanced to liberate the Jew; but Mowbray preventing me, leaped up on Jacob's box, and standing with his legs stretched out, Colossus-like—

"Might makes right," said he, "all the world over. You're a mighty fine preacher, Master Harrington, let's see if you can preach me down."

"Let's see if I can't *pull* you down!" cried I, springing forward; indignation

giving me strength I seized, and with one jerk pulled the Colossus forward and swung him to the ground.

"Well done, Harrington!" resounded from all sides. Mowbray, the instant he recovered his feet, flew at me, furious for vengeance, dealing his blows with desperate celerity. He was far my over-match in strength and size; but I stood up to him. Between the blows, I heard Jacob's voice in tones of supplication. When I had breath I called out to him—"Jacob! Escape!"—And I heard the words, "Jacob! Jacob! Escape!" repeated near me.

But, instead of escaping, he stood stock still, reiterating his prayer to be heard: at last he rushed between us—we paused—both parties called to us, insisting that we should hear what the Jew had to say.

"Young Lord ——," said he, "*dear* young gentleman," turning to me, "let poor Jacob be no more cause now, or ever, of quarrel between you. He shall trouble you never more. This is the last

day, the last minute he will ever trouble you."

His voice failed; he bowed. Looking round to all, twice to the upper circle where his friends stood, he added, "Much obliged—for all kindness—grateful. Blessings!—Blessings on all;—and may—"

He could say no more; but hastily taking up his box, he retired through the opening crowd. The door closed after him. Both parties stood silent for a moment—till Mowbray exclaimed—

"Huzza! Dutton for ever! We've won the day Dutton for Thursday! Huzza! Huzza! Adieu! Adieu!—*Wandering Jew!*" *

* The story of the *Wandering Jew* is of considerable antiquity. The story, as told by Matthew Paris, who heard it from an Archbishop of Armenia, is, that the Archbishop knew the man. His original name was Calaphilus, Pontius Pilate's porter, who, when they were dragging Jesus out of the door of the Judgment-hall, struck him on the back, saying, "Go faster, Jesus! Go faster. Why dost thou linger?" Upon which, Jesus looked upon him with

No one echoed his adieu or his huzzas. I never saw man or boy look more vexed and mortified. All further combat between us ceased, the boys, one and all, taking my part and insisting upon peace. The next day Mowbray offered to lay any wager that Jacob, the Jew, would appear again on the ensuing Thursday; and that he would tell his father's name, or at least come provided, as Mowbray stated it, with a name for his father. These wagers were taken up, and bets ran high on the subject. Thursday was anxiously expected—Thursday arrived, but no Jacob.

a frown, and said, "I am indeed going; but thou shalt tarry till I come." Soon after, he was converted, and took the name of Joseph. He lives for ever; but the end of every hundred years falls into a fit, or trance from which, when he recovers, he returns to the same state of youth he was in when our Saviour suffered, being then about 30 years of age. He always preserves the utmost gravity of deportment. He was never seen to smile. He perfectly remembers the death and resurrection of Christ.—See Calmet's "History of the Bible," "The Turkish Spy," &c.

The next Thursday came—another, and another—and no Jacob!

When it was certain that poor Jacob would appear no more—and when his motive for resigning, and his words at taking leave were recollected—and when it became evident that his balls, and his tops, and his marbles, and his knives, had always been better and *more reasonable* than Dutton's, the tide of popularity ran high in his favour. *Poor Jacob* was loudly regretted; and as long as schoolboys could continue to think about one and the same thing, we continued conjecturing why it was that Jacob would not tell us his father's name. We made many attempts to trace him, and to discover his secret; but all our inquiries proved ineffectual: we could hear no more of Jacob, and our curiosity died away.

Mowbray, who was two or three years my senior, left school soon afterwards. We did not meet at the university; he went to Oxford, and I to Cambridge,

CHAP. IV.

WHEN the mind is full of any one subject, that subject seems to recur with extraordinary frequency—it appears to pursue or to meet us at every turn; in every conversation that we hear—in every book we open—in every newspaper we take up, the reigning idea recurs, and then we are surprised, and exclaim at these wonderful coincidences. Probably such coincidences happen every day, but pass unobserved when the mind is not intent upon similar ideas, or wakened by any strong analogous feeling.

When the learned Sir Thomas Browne was writing his "Essay on the Gardens of Cyrus," his imagination was so possessed by the idea of a quincunx, that he is said to have seen a quincunx in every object in nature.

In the same manner, after a Jew had

once made an impression on my imagination, it appears that I saw a Jew wherever I went.

As I was on my road to Cambridge, travelling in a stage-coach, whilst we were, early in the morning, slowly going up a steep hill, I looked out of the carriage-window, and saw a man sitting under a hawthorn-bush, by the road side, reading very intently. There was a pedlar's box beside him; I thought I knew the box. I called out as we were passing, and asked the man, "What's the mile-stone?" He looked up. It was poor Jacob. The beams of the morning sun dazzled him; but he recognised me immediately, as I saw by the look of joy which instantly spread over his countenance. I jumped out of the carriage, saying that I would walk up the hill, and Jacob, putting his book in his pocket, took up his well-known box, and walked along with me. I began, not by asking any question about his father, though curiosity was not quite dead within me, but I

began by observing, that he was grown very studious since we parted; and I asked what book he had been reading so intently. He shewed it to me; but I could make nothing of it, for it was German. He told me that it was the Life of the celebrated Mendelssohn, the Jew. I had never heard of this celebrated man. He said, that if I had any curiosity about it, he could lend me a translation which he had in his pack; and with all the alacrity of good will, he set down the box to look for the book.

"No, don't trouble yourself; don't open it," said I, putting my hand on the box. Instantly a smile and a sigh, and a look of ineffable kindness and gratitude from Jacob, shewed me that all the past rushed upon his heart.

"Not trouble myself! Oh, Master Harrington," said he, poor Jacob is not so ungrateful as that would come to.

"You're only too grateful," said I; "but walk on—keep up with me, and tell me how your affairs are going on in the

world, for I am much more interested about them than about the life of the celebrated Mendelssohn."

Is that possible! said his look of genuine surprised simplicity. He thanked me, and told me that he was much better in the world than formerly; that a good friend of his, a London jeweller of his own tribe, who had employed him as a pedlar, and had been satisfied with his conduct, had assisted him through his difficulties. This was the last time he should go his rounds in England as a pedlar: he said he was going into another and a much better way of business. His friend, the London jeweller, had recommended him to his brother, a rich Jew, who had a valuable store in Gibraltar, and who wanted a young man to assist him, and on whom he could entirely depend. Jacob was going out to Gibraltar in the course of the next week. "And now, Mr. Harrington," said he, changing his tone and speaking with effort, as if he was conquering some inward feeling—"Now

it is all over, Mr. Harrington, and that I am leaving England, and perhaps may never see you again. I wish before I take leave of you to tell you, Sir, who my father was—*was*, for he is no more. I did not make a mystery of his name merely to excite curiosity, as some of the young gentlemen thought, nor because I was ashamed of my low birth. My father was Simon, the old clothes-man. I knew you would start, Mr. Harrington, at hearing his name. I knew all that you suffered in your childhood about him, and I once heard you say to Lord Mowbray, who was taunting you with something about *old Simon*, that you would not have that known, upon any account, to your school-fellows, for that they would plague you for ever. From that moment I was determined that *I* would never be the cause of recalling or publishing what would be so disagreeable to you. This was the reason why I persisted in refusing to tell my father's name, when Lord Mowbray pressed me so to declare it

before all your school-fellows. And now, I hope, concluded he, that Mr. Harrington will not hate poor Jacob, though he is the son of ——

He paused. I assured him of my regard: I assured him that I had long since got rid of all the foolish prejudices of my childhood. I thanked him for the kindness and generosity he had shewn in bearing Mowbray's persecution for my sake, and in giving up his own situation, rather than say or do what might have exposed me to ridicule.

By this time we had reached the top of the hill; and thanking me again for taking, as he said, such a kind interest in the concerns of a poor Jew like him, he added, with tears in his eyes, that he wished he might some time see me again: that he should to the last day of his life remember me, and should pray for my health and happiness, and that he was sorry he had no way of shewing me his gratitude. Again he recurred to his box, and would open it to shew me the trans-

lation of Mendelssohn's Life; or, if that did not interest me, he begged of me to take my choice from among a few books he had with him, perhaps one of them might amuse me on my journey, for he knew I was a *reading young gentleman.*

I could not refuse him. As he opened the packet of books, I saw one directed to Mr. Israel Lyons, Cambridge. I told Jacob that I was going to Cambridge. He said he should be there in a few days, for that he took Cambridge in his road; and he rejoiced that he should see me again. I gave him a direction to my college, and for his gratification, in truth, more than for my own, I borrowed the magazine containing the life of Mendelssohn, which he was so anxious to lend me. The coach now appeared at the top of the hill; I got in, and saw Jacob trudging after me for some time; but, at the first turn of the road, I lost sight of him, and then, as my two companions in the coach were not very entertaining, one of them a great fat man being fast asleep and

snoring, the other a pale spare woman being very sick and very cross, I betook myself to my magazine. I soon perceived why the life of Mendelssohn had so deeply interested poor Jacob. Mendelssohn, a Jew, born like himself in abject poverty, who, by vigorous perseverance, made his way through incredible difficulties to the highest literary reputation among the most eminent men of his country, and of his age. In consequence of his early, intense, and misapplied application in his first Jewish school, he was seized at ten years old with some dreadful nervous disease; this interested me, and I went on with his history; when he got over that, he travelled on foot from Anhalt to Berlin, to work for his bread, and to obtain instruction. He there met with a young Jew, as poor, as ardently fond of literature, and better informed than himself, who undertook to instruct him; and the two friends, sitting in a corner of a retired street in Berlin, used to study together a Hebrew Euclid.

With this unpropitious place for study, and this low beginning, still he worked on, and in time he compassed learning Latin. With infinite labour, spending sometimes hours over one page, he read Locke in a Latin version. And under and through all these obstacles, he thought and suffered, and suffered and thought, and persevered, till at last he made himself one of the first philosophical writers of his country, attained the highest reputation among the most eminent men of his time, and obtained the title of the Jewish Socrates, or the Jewish Plato; and then he was seized again with a nervous disease, and his physicians insisted upon it, that he must leave off thinking, whenever he felt an attack coming on; and to stop or prevent himself from thinking, he used to go to his window, and count the tiles on the roof of his opposite neighbours' houses. Of all these particulars I should probably have remembered none, except what related to the nervous disorder, but that it hap-

pened soon after I had read this life, that I had occasion to speak of it, and that it was of considerable advantage to me, in introducing me to good company at Cambridge. A few days after I arrived at Cambridge, Jacob called on me, I returned his book, assuring him that it had interested me very much. "Then, Sir," said he, "since you are so fond of learning and learned men, and so kind to the Jews, there is a countryman of mine now at Cambridge, whom it will be well worth your while to be acquainted with, and who, if I may be so bold to say so, has been prepossessed in your favour, by hearing of your humanity to poor Jacob."

Touched as I was by his eagerness to be of use to me, I could not help smiling at Jacob's simplicity and enthusiasm, when he proceeded to explain to me, that this person with whom he was so xious to make me acquainted was a arned rabbi, who at *this time* taught several of the gownsmen of Cambridge

Hebrew, the son of a Polish Jew, who had written a Hebrew grammar, and who was himself author of a treatise on fluxions, (since presented to, and accepted by the university), and moreover, the author of a celebrated work on botany. At the moment Jacob was speaking, certainly my fancy was bent on a phaeton and horses, rather than on Hebrew or fluxions, and the contrast was striking, between what he conceived my first objects at Cambridge would be, and what they really were. However, I felt and thanked him for his good opinion, and promised to make myself acquainted with his learned countryman. To make the matter secure, as Jacob was to leave Cambridge the next day, and as the rabbi was at the house of one of his scholars in the country, and was not to return to Cambridge till the ensuing week, Jacob left with me a letter to him; and the very parcel which I had seen directed to Mr. Israel Lyons;—this I engaged to deliver with my own hands. So

Jacob departed satisfied—happy in the hope that he had done me a service; and so in fact it proved—a very valuable service. Every father, and every son, who has been at a university, knows how much depends upon the company, the college companions, with whom a young man first associates. There are usually two sets; if he get into the dissipated set, it is all over with him, he learns nothing; if he get into the set with whom science and literature are in fashion, he acquires knowledge, and a taste for knowledge—with all the ardour inspired by sympathy and emulation, with all the facility afforded by public libraries, public lectures, the collected and combined information of the living and the dead, he pursues his studies. He then fully enjoys the peculiar benefits of a university education, the union of many minds intent upon one and the same object, working with all the advantages of the scientific division of labour in a literary manufactory.

When I went to deliver my packet to Mr. Lyons, I was surprised by seeing in him a man, as different as possible from my preconceived notion of a Jewish rabbi, I never should have guessed him to be either a Jew or a rabbi. He had little of a Jew in his appearance, and nothing of a rabbi in his manner. I expected to have seen a man nearly as old as Methuselah, with a reverend beard, dirty and shabby, and with a blue pocket handkerchief. I saw a gay looking man, of middle age, with quick sparkling black eyes, and altogether a person of modern appearance, both in dress and address. I thought I must have made a mistake, and I presented my packet with some hesitation, reading aloud the direction to Mr. Israel Lyons—

"I am the man, Sir," said he, "our honest friend Jacob has described you so well to me, Mr. Harrington—*Mr. William Harrington Harrington* (you perceive that I am well informed), that I feel as if I had had the pleasure of being

acquainted with you for some time. I am very much obliged by this visit; I should have done myself the honour to wait upon you, but I returned only yesterday, from the country, and my necessary engagements do not leave as much time for my pleasures, as I could wish."

I perceived by the tone of his address, that, though he was a Hebrew teacher, he was proud of shewing himself to be a man of the world. I found him in the midst of his Hebrew scholars, and moreover with some of the best mathematicians, and some of the first literary men in Cambridge. I was awe struck, and should have been utterly at a loss, had it not been for a print of Mendelssohn over the chimney-piece, and my life of this great man, by the help of which I had happily some ideas in common with the learned Jew, and we entered immediately into conversation, much to our mutual relief and delight. Dr. Johnson, in one of his letters, speaking of a first visit from a young gentleman, who had

been recommended to his acquaintance, says, that "the initiatory conversation of two strangers is seldom pleasing or instructive." But I am sure that I was both pleased and instructed, during this initiatory conversation. Mr. Lyons did not appear to be oppressed or incumbered by my visit. I found by his conversation, that though he was the son of a great Hebrew grammarian, and himself a great Hebrew scholar, and though he had written a treatise on fluxions, and a work on botany, yet he was not a mere mathematician, a mere grammarian, or a mere botanist, nor yet a dull pedant. In despite of the assertion, that

> " * * * Hebrew roots are always found,
> To flourish best on barren ground,"

I found this Hebrew scholar was a man of a remarkably fertile genius. He must have seen that I was pleased with him, and I had reason to hope that he was not displeased with me. He was so good as to introduce me to those of his literary

friends, who were with him;—a raw youth from school, but not without literary pretensions, I was charmed with myself, for being and feeling at ease too, in the company of so many celebrated literary characters. This visit determined my course, and decided me as to the society which I kept during the three happy and profitable years I afterwards spent at Cambridge.

Mr. Israel Lyons is now no more.—I hope it is no disrespect to his memory to say, that he had his foibles. It was no secret among our cotemporaries at Cambridge, that he was like too many other men of genius, a little deficient in economy, shall I say it? a little extravagant. The difficulties into which he brought himself by his improvidence were, however, always to him matters of jest and raillery, often, indeed, proved subjects of triumph, for he was sure to extricate himself, by some of his many talents, or by some of his many friends.

I should be very sorry to support the

dangerous doctrine, that men of genius are privileged to have certain faults.

I record with quite a different intention these *facts*, to mark the effect of circumstances in changing my own prepossessions.

The faults of Israel Lyons were not of that species, which I expected to find in a Jew. Perhaps he was aware, that Jews are in general supposed to be too *careful*, and he might, therefore, be a little vain of his own carelessness about money matters. Be this as it may, I confess that at the time I rather liked him the better for it. His disregard, on all occasions, of pecuniary interest, gave me a conviction of his liberal spirit. I was never fond of money, or remarkably careful of it myself; but I always kept out of debt; and my father gave me such a liberal allowance, that I had it in my power to assist a friend. Mr. Lyons's lively disposition and manners took off all that awe, which I might have felt for his learning and genius. Considering

him as a young man like myself, I learnt more, and was inspired by sympathy with a stronger taste for knowledge, than I should probably have acquired from a professor of a more grave and *staid* character; more, certainly, than I could have been taught by any pedantic disciplinarian. Besides, I owed to him my first acquaintance with many of the most distinguished men of science and literature. I may truly say, that these three years, which I spent at Cambridge, fixed my character, and the whole tone and colour of my future life. I do not pretend to say, that I had not, during my time at the university, and afterwards in London, my follies and imprudencies; but my soul did not, like many other souls of my acquaintance, "embody and embrute." When the time for my quitting Cambridge arrived, I went to take leave of my learned friend Mr. Israel Lyons, and to offer him my grateful acknowledgements. In the course of the conversation I mentioned the

childish terror and prejudice, with which I had been early taught to look upon a Jew. I rejoiced that I had, even while a schoolboy, conquered this foolish and false association, and that at the university, during those years which often decide our subsequent opinions in life, it had been my good fortune to become acquainted with one, whose superior abilities and kindness of disposition had formed in my mind associations of quite an opposite nature. Pleased with this just tribute to his merit, and with the disposition I shewed to think candidly of persons of his persuasion, Mr. Lyons wished to confirm me in these sentiments, and for this purpose he gave me a letter of introduction to a friend, with whom he was in constant correspondence, Mr. Montenero, a Jewish gentleman, born in Spain, who had early in life quitted that country, in consequence of his horror of tyranny and persecution. He had been fortunate enough to carry his wealth, which was

very considerable, safely out of Spain, and had settled in America, where he had enjoyed perfect toleration and freedom of religious opinion. He had travelled in almost every country in Europe, and joined extensive knowledge of books, and a cultivated taste for the arts, with a thorough knowledge of mankind and of the world—a knowledge which had not, as his friend assured me, lessened his natural generosity and benevolence of disposition, but had, by enlarging his views, increased his desire to be candid and tolerant, and had given a certain suavity and polish to his manners, in which peculiar *casts* of people, as well as mere scholars or *bookmen*, are apt to be deficient. In short, according to Mr. Lyons's description of him, this Spanish Jew must, I thought, be a most accomplished and amiable person. I eagerly accepted the offered letter of introduction, and resolved that it should be my first business and pleasure, on arriving in London, to find and make myself acquainted with Mr. Montenero.

CHAPTER V.

PEOPLE, like myself, of lively imaginations, may have often felt that change of place suddenly extinguishes, or gives a new direction to the ardour of their enthusiasm. Such persons may, therefore, naturally suspect, that, as "my steps retire from Cam's smooth margin," my enthusiasm for my learned rabbi might gradually fade away; and, that on my arrival in London, I should forget my desire to become acquainted with the accomplished Spanish Jew. But it must be observed, that, with my mother's warmth of imagination, I also had, I will not say, I *inherited*, some of my father's "*intensity of will.*" Some of that firmness of adhesion to a preconceived no-

tion or purpose, which in a good cause is called resolution, in a bad cause obstinacy; and which is either a curse or a blessing to the possessor, according to the degree or habit of exercising the reasoning faculty, with which he may be endowed.

On my arrival in London a variety of petty unforeseen obstacles arose, to prevent my accomplishing my visit to the Spanish Jew. New and never ending demands upon my time arose, both in and out of my own family, so that there seemed a necessity for my spending every hour of the day and night in a manner wholly independent of my will. There seemed to be some fatality, that set at nought all my previous plans and calculations. Every morning, for a week after my arrival, I regularly put my letter of introduction to Mr. Montenero into my pocket, resolving that I would that day find him out, and pay my visit, but after working all the morning, to bear and to forbear various engagements, to execute promised commissions, and to fulfil in-

numerable duties, I regularly came home as I went out, with my letter in my pocket, and with the sad conviction, that it was utterly impossible to deliver it *that* day. These obstacles, and this contrariety of external circumstances, instead of bending my will, or making me give up my intention, fixed it more firmly in my mind, and strengthened my determination. Nor was I the least shaken from the settled purpose of my soul, by the perversity with which every one in our house opposed, or contemned that purpose. One morning, when I had my letter and my hat in my hand, I met my father, who, after looking at the direction of the letter, and hearing that I was going on a visit to a Spanish Jew, asked what business upon earth I could have with a Jew—cursed the whole race—rejoiced that he had five and twenty years ago voted against their naturalization in England, and ended as he began, by wondering what in the name of Heaven could make me scrape acquaintance with such

fellows. When, in reply, I mentioned my friend Mr. Israel Lyons, and the high character he had drawn of Mr. Montenero, my father laughed, saying, that he would answer for it my friend Israel was not an Israelite without guile, *that* was a description of Israelite he had never yet seen, and he had seen a confounded deal of the world. He decided that my accomplished Spanish Jew would prove an adventurer, and he advised me, a young man, heir to a good English fortune, to keep out of his foreign clutches. In short, he stuck to the advice he gave me, and only wished I would stick to the promise I gave him, when I was ten years old, to have *no dealings with the Jews.* It was in vain that I rose to explain on the word *dealings.* My father's temper, naturally positive, had, I observed, become, as he had advanced in years, much more dogmatic and intolerant. I avoided contradicting his assertions; but I determined to pursue my own course in a

matter where there could be nothing really wrong or improper That morning, however, I must, I perceived, as in duty bound, sacrifice to my father; he took me under the arm, and carried me away to introduce me to some commonplace member of Parliament, who, as he assured me, was a much fitter and more profitable acquaintance for me than any member of the Jewish synagogue could possibly be.

The next morning, when, firm to my purpose, I was sallying forth, my mother, with a face of tender expostulation and alarm, stopped me, and intreated me to listen to her. My mother, whose health had always been delicate, had within these three last years fallen into what is called a very nervous state, and this, with her natural timidity and sensibility, inclined her now to a variety of superstitious feelings—to a belief in *presentiments* and presages, omens and dreams, added to her original belief in sympathies and antipathies. • Some of these

her peculiarities of opinion and feeling had perhaps, at first, only been assumed, or yielded to in her season of youth and beauty, to interest her admirers and to distinguish herself in society; but as age advanced, they had been confirmed by habit and weakness, so that what in the beginning might have been affectation, was in the end reality. "She was alarmed," she said, "by the series of strange coincidences which, from my earliest childhood, had occurred, seeming to connect my fate, in some extraordinary manner, with these Jews." She recalled all the circumstances of my illness when I was a child; she confessed that she had retained a sort of antipathy to the idea of a Jew—a weakness it might be—but she had had dreams and *presentiments*, and my fortune had been told her while I was at Cambridge: and some evil, she had been assured, hung over me within the five ensuing years—some evil connected with a Jew. In short, she did not absolutely

believe in such prophecies, but still it was extraordinary, that the first thing my mind should be intent upon, in coming to town, should be a Spanish Jew, and she earnestly wished that I would avoid, rather than seek the connexion.

Knowing my mother's turn for the romantic, I had anticipated her delight at the idea of making acquaintance with a noble-minded travelled Spaniard; but unluckily her imagination had gallopped off in a contrary direction to mine, and now my only chance was to make her hear reason, and a very bad chance I knew this to be. I endeavoured to combat her presentiment, and to explain whatever appeared extraordinary in my love and hatred of the Jews, by recalling the slight and natural circumstances at school and the university, which had changed my early prejudice; and I laboured to shew, that no natural antipathy could have existed, since it had been completely conquered by humanity and reason, so that now I had formed

what might rather appear a natural sympathy with the race of Israel. I laboured these points in vain. When I urged the literary advantages I had reaped from my friendship with Mr. Israel Lyons, she besought me not to talk of friendships with persons of that *sort*. I had now wakened another train of associations, all unfavourable to my views. My mother *wondered*—for both she and my father were great *wonderers*, as are all, whether high or low, who have lived only with one set of people—my mother *wondered*, that, instead of seeking acquaintance in the city with old Jews and persons of whom nobody had ever heard, I could not find companions of my own age and rank in life: for instance, my school-fellow and friend Lord Mowbray, who was now in town, just returned from abroad, a fine young officer, "much admired here by the ladies, I can assure you, Harrington," added my mother. This, as I had opportunity of seeing, was perfectly true;

Four, nearly five, years had made a great apparent change in Mowbray for the better; his manners were formed; his air that of a man of fashion—a military man of fashion. He had served a campaign abroad, had been at the siege of Gibraltar, had much to say, and could say it well. We all know what astonishing metamorphoses are sometimes wrought even on the most hopeless subjects, by seeing something of the world, by serving a campaign or two. How many a light, empty shell of a young man comes home full, if not of sense, at least of something bearing the semblance of sense! How many a heavy lout, a dull son of earth, returns enlivened into a conversible being, who can tell at least of what it has seen, heard, felt, if not understood: and who for years, perhaps for ever, afterwards, by the help of telling of other countries, may pass in his own for a man of solid judgment! Such being the advantages to be derived by these means, even in the

most desperate cases, we may imagine the great improvement produced in a young man of Lord Mowbray's abilities, and with his ambition both to please and to shine. In youth, and by youth, improvement in appearance and manner is easily mistaken for improvement in mind and principle. All that I had disliked in the schoolboy—the tyrannical disposition—the cruel temper—the insolent tone, had disappeared, and in their place I saw the deportment which distinguished a gentleman. Whatever remained of party spirit, so different from the wrangling, overbearing, mischievous party spirit of the boy, was in the man and the officer so happily blended with love of the service, and with *l'esprit de corps,* that it seemed to add a fresh grace, animation, and frankness, to his manner. The evil spirit of persecution was dislodged from his soul, or laid asleep within him, and in its place appeared the conciliating spirit of politeness. He shewed a desire to cultivate

my friendship, which still more prepossessed me in his favour.

Mowbray happened to call upon me soon after the conversation I had with my mother about the Spanish Jew. I had not been dissuaded from my purpose by her representations; but I had determined to pay my visit without saying any thing more about the matter, and to form my own judgment of the man. A new difficulty, however, occurred: my letter of introduction had disappeared. I searched my pockets, my portfolios, my letter-case, every conceivable place, but it was not to be found. Mowbray obligingly assisted me in this search; but after emptying half a dozen times over portfolios, pockets, and desks, I was ashamed to give him more trouble, and I gave up the letter as lost. When Mowbray heard that this letter, about which I was so anxious, was an introduction to a Jewish gentleman, he could not forbear rallying me a little, but in a very agreeable tone, upon the constancy

of my Israelitish taste, and the perfect continuance of my identity.

"I left you, Harrington, and I find you, after four years absence, intent upon a Jew; boy and man you are one and the same; and in your case, 'tis well that the boy and man should an individual make; but for my part, I am glad to change my identity, like all other mortals or chickens, once in seven years; and I hope you think I have changed for the better."

It was impossible to think otherwise, especially at that moment. In a frank open-hearted manner, he talked of his former tyrannical nature, and blamed himself for our schoolboy quarrel. I was charmed with him, and the more so, when he entered so warmly or so politely into my present distress, and sympathized with my madness of the moment. He suggested all that was possible to be done to supply the loss of the letter. Could not I get another in its stead; the ame friend who gave me one letter of

introduction could write another. No; Mr. Israel Lyons had left Cambridge, and I knew not where to direct to him. Could not I present myself to Mr. Montenero without a letter. That might be rather an awkward proceeding, but I was not to be stopped by any nice observances, now that I had set my mind upon the matter. Unluckily, however, I could by no means recollect the exact address of Mr. Montenero. I was puzzled among half a dozen different streets and numbers: Mowbray offered to walk with me, and we went to each of these streets, and to all the variety of numbers I suggested, but all in vain; no Mr. Montenero was to be found. We inquired on 'Change, but with no better success. At last, tired and disappointed, as I was returning home. Mowbray said he thought he could console me for the loss of my chance of seeing my Spanish Jew, by introducing me to the most celebrated Jew that ever appeared in England. Then turning into a street near one of

the play-houses, he knocked at the door of a house, where Macklin the actor lodged. Lord Mowbray was well acquainted with him, and I was delighted to have an opportunity of seeing this celebrated man. He was at this time past the meridian of ordinary life, but he was in the zenith of his extraordinary course, and in the full splendour and vigour of his powers.

"Here!" said Mowbray, presenting me to Macklin, "is a young gentleman, who is ambitious of being acquainted with the most celebrated Jew that ever appeared in England. Allow me to introduce him to the real, original Jew of Venice.

"This is the Jew,
"That Shakespear drew!

"Whose lines are those, Harrington? do you know?"

"*Yours*, I suppose?"

"Mine, you do me much honour; no, they are Mr. Pope's. Then you don't know the anecdote?

"Mr. Pope, in the decline of life, was persuaded by Bolingbroke, to go once more to the play-house, to see Mr. Macklin in the character of Shylock. According to the custom of the time, Pope was seated among the critics in the pit. He was so much struck and transported with admiration, that in the middle of the play, he started up, and exclaimed—

"This is the Jew,
"That Shakespear drew!

"Now, was not I right, when I told you, Harrington, that I would introduce you to the most celebrated Jew in all England, in all Christendom, in the whole civilized world?"

No one, better than Mowbray, knew the tone of enthusiastic, theatric admiration, in which the heroes of the stage, like, or are supposed to like, to be addressed.

Macklin, who was not easy to please, was pleased.

The *lines*, or as Quin insisted upon their being called, the *cordage* of his face

relaxed. He raised, turned, and settled his wig, in sign of satisfaction; then with a complacent smile gave me a little nod, and suffered Lord Mowbray to draw him out by degrees into a repetition of the history of his first attempt to play the character of Shylock; a play altered from Shakespear's, and called "*The Jew of Venice*," had been for some time in vogue. In this play, the Jew had been represented by the actors of the part as a ludicrous and contemptible, rather than a detestable character; and when Macklin, recurring to Shakespear's original Shylock, proposed, in the revived Merchant of Venice, to play the part in a serious style, he was scoffed at by the whole company of his brother actors, and it was with the utmost difficulty he could screw the manager's courage to the sticking place, and prevail upon him to hazard the attempt. Take the account in Macklin's own words*.

* Vide Macklin's life.

"When the long expected night at last arrived, the house was crowded from top to bottom, with the first company in town. The two front rows of the pit, as usual, were full of critics. I eyed them," said Macklin, "I eyed them, Sir, through the slit in the curtain, and was glad to see them there; as I wished, in such a cause, to be tried by a *special jury*. When I made my appearance in the green-room, dressed for the part, with my red hat on my head, my piqued beard, my loose black gown, and with a confidence which I had never before assumed, the performers all stared at one another, and evidently with a stare of disappointment. Well, Sir, hitherto all was right, till the last bell rung: then, I confess, my heart began to beat a little; however, I mustered up all the courage I could, and recommending my cause to Providence, threw myself boldly on the stage, and was received by one of the loudest thunders of applause I ever before experienced. The opening scenes being

rather tame and level, I could not expect much applause; but I found myself well listened to: I could hear distinctly in the pit, the words "*Very well—Very well indeed! this man seems to know what he is about.*" These encomiums warmed me, but did not overset me. I knew where I should have the pull, which was in the third act, and accordingly at this period I threw out all my fire; and, as the contrasted passions of joy for the Merchant's losses, and grief for the elopement of Jessica, open a fine field for an actor's powers, I had the good fortune to please beyond my most sanguine expectations. The whole house was in an uproar of applause; and I was obliged to pause between the speeches to give it vent, so as to be heard. The *trial scene* wound up the fulness of my reputation. Here I was well listened to, and here I made such a silent, yet forcible impression on my audience, that I retired from this great attempt most perfectly satisfied. On my return to the green-room, after

the play was over, it was crowded with nobility and critics, who all complimented me in the warmest and most unbounded manner; and the situation I felt myself in, I must confess, was one of the most flattering and intoxicating of my whole life. No money, no title, could purchase what I felt. By G—, Sir, though I was not worth fifty pounds in the world at that time, yet, let me tell you, I was *Charles the Great* for that night."

The emphasis and enthusiasm with which Macklin spoke pleased me,—enthusiastic people are always well pleased with enthusiasm. My curiosity too was strongly excited to see him play Shylock. I returned home full of the Jew of Venice; but, nevertheless, not forgetting my Spanish Jew—I could not rest without renewing my search the next morning for the letter, the value of which, now it was lost, increased in my imagination. I plagued my mother by removing every article of furniture in the drawing-room, where I last remembered to have had it in

my hand. I chased her from spot to spot lifting up even the carpet, under which, as she repeatedly and reasonably observed, it was impossible it could have got. At last she could not bear to see me perplex and vex myself any longer in this fruitless search. My mother, though she sometimes attempted—what woman does not? —to deceive a man for his good—was not naturally or habitually inclined to artifice or in the least capable of persisting in it—good or bad she never could keep her own secret for four and twenty hours. She begged I would torment myself no more, for that it was all labour in vain. She confessed, that while we were talking the preceding day, finding that no *arguments* or persuasion of hers had any effect upon me, she had determined on what she called a pious fraud—so, while I was in the room—before my face—while I was walking up and down, holding forth in praise of my Jewish friend whom I did know, and my Jewish friend whom I did not know, she had taken up Mr. Israel

Lyons' letter of introduction to Mr. Montenero, and had thrown it into the fire.

I was very much provoked; but to my mother, and a mother who was so fond of me, what could I say? After all, I confessed there was a good deal of fancy in the case on my side as well as on hers. I endeavoured to forget my disappointment. My imagination turned again to Shylock and Macklin; and to please me, my mother promised to make a large party to go with me to see the Merchant of Venice the next night that Macklin should act; but, unfortunately, just now Macklin got into a quarrel with the manager, and till this could be made up, there was no chance of his condescending to perform.

Meantime my mother having, as she thought, fairly got rid of the Jews, and Mowbray having, as he said, cured me of this fit of my Jewish insanity, desired to introduce me to his mother and sister. They had now just come to town from the Priory,—Brantefield Priory, an an-

tient family-seat, where, much to her daughter's discomfiture, Lady de Brantefield usually resided eight months of the year, because there she felt her dignity more safe from contact, and herself of more indisputable and unrivalled consequence, than in the midst of the jostling pretensions and modern innovations of the metropolis. At the Priory every thing attested, recorded, and flattered her pride of antient and illustrious descent. In my childhood I had once been with my mother at the Priory, and I still retained a lively recollection of the antique wonders of the place. Foremost in my memory came an old picture, called "*Sir Josseline going to the Holy Land*," where Sir Josseline de Mowbray stood, in complete armour, pointing to a horrid figure of a prostrate Jew, on whose naked back an executioner, with uplifted whip, was prepared to inflict stripes, for some shocking crime, some deed without a name. This picture had been painted in times when the proportions of the human figure

were little attended to, and when foreshortening was not at all understood: this added to the horrible effect, for the executioner's arm and scourge were of tremendous size; Sir Josseline stood miraculously tall, and the Jew, crouching, supplicating, sprawling, was the most distorted squalid figure eyes ever beheld, or imagination could conceive.

After having once beheld it, I could never bear to look upon it again, nor did I ever afterwards enter the tapestry chamber:—but there were some other of the antique rooms, in which I delighted, and divers pieces of old furniture, which I reverenced. There was an antient bed, with scolloped tester, and tarnished quilt, in which Queen Elizabeth had slept. And a huge embroidered pincushion done by no hands, as you may guess, but those of unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots, who, during her captivity, certainly worked harder than ever Queen worked before, or since.

Then there was an old worm-eaten chair, in which John of Gaunt had sat.

And, I remember, that while Lady de Brantefield expressed her just indignation against the worms, for having dared to attack this precious relique, I, kneeling to the chair, admired the curious fretwork, the dusty honeycombs, which these invisible little workmen had excavated. But John of Gaunt's chair was nothing to King John's table. There was a little black oak table, with broken legs, which was invaluable – for, as Lady de Brantefield confidently affirmed, King John of France, and the Black Prince, had sat and supped at it. I marvelled much in silence—for I had been sharply reproved for some observation, I had unwittingly made, on the littleness and crookedness of a dark, corner-chimneyed nook shewn us for the banquetting-room; and I had fallen into disgrace for having called the winding stair-cases, leading to the *turret chambers, back stairs.*

Of Lady de Brantefield, the *touch-me-not* mistress of the mansion, I had retained a sublime, but not a beautiful, idea

—I now felt a desire to see her again, to verify my old notion.

Of Lady Anne Mowbray, who, at the time I had been at the Priory, was a little child, some years younger than myself, I could recollect nothing, except that she wore a pink sash, of which she was very vain, and that she had been ushered into the drawing-room after dinner by Mrs. Fowler, at the sight of whom my inmost soul had recoiled. I remember, indeed, pitying her little ladyship, for being under such dominion, and longing to ask her whether Fowler had told her the story of Simon the Jew. But I could never commune with Lady Anne, for either she was up in the nursery, or Fowler was at her back in the drawing-room, or little Lady Anne was sitting upright on her stool at her mother's feet, whom I did not care to approach, and in whose presence I seldom ventured to speak—consequently my curiosity on this point had, from that hour, slumbered within me; but it now wakened, upon my mother's proposing

to present me to Lady Anne, and the pleasure of asking, and the hope of obtaining an answer to my long meditated question, was the chief gratification I promised myself from the renewal of our acquaintance with her ladyship.

CHAPTER VI.

MY recollection of Lady de Brantefield proved wonderfully correct, she gave me back the image I had in my mind—a stiff, haughty looking, faded picture, of a faded old beauty. Adhering religiously to the fashion of the times, when she had been worshipped, she made it a point to wear the old headdress exactly. She was in black, in a hoop of vast circumference, and she looked and moved as if her being Countess de Brantefield in her own right, and concentring in her person five baronies, ought to be for ever present to the memory of all mankind, as it was to her own.

My mother presented me to her ladyship. The ceremony of introduction be-

tween a young gentleman, and an old lady of those times, performed on his part with a low bow, and look of profound deference on hers, with back-stepping-curtsey, and bridled head, was very different from the nodding, bobbing trick of the present day. As soon as the *finale* of Lady de Brantefield's sentence, touching honour, happiness, and family connexion would permit, I receded and turned from the mother to the daughter, little Lady Anne Mowbray, a light fantastic figure, bedecked with "daisies pied," covered with a profusion of tiny French flowers, whose invisible wire stalks kept in perpetual motion, as she turned her pretty head from side to side. Smiling, sighing, tittering, flirting with the officers round her, Lady Anne appeared, and seemed as if she delighted in appearing as perfect a contrast as possible, to her august and formidable mother. The daughter had seen the ill effect of the mother's haughty demeanour, and mistaking reverse of wrong for

right, had given reserve and dignity to the winds. Taught by the happy example of Colonel Topham, who preceded me, I learned that the low bow would have been here quite out of place—ridiculous! of the last century, like Sir Charles Grandison. The sliding bow was for Lady Anne, and the way was to dash into nonsense with her directly, and full into the midst of nonsense I dashed. Though her ladyship's perfect accessibility seemed to promise prompt reply to any question that could be asked; yet, the single one, about which I felt any curiosity, I could not contrive to introduce, during the first three hours I was in her ladyship's company. There was such a quantity of preliminary nonsense to get through, and, so many previous questions to be disposed of: for example, I was first to decide which of three colours I preferred, all of them pronounced to be the *prettiest* in the universe, *boue de Paris*, *œil de l'empereur*, and a *suppressed sigh*.

At that moment Lady Anne wore the *suppressed sigh*, but I did not know it, I mistook it, for *boue de Paris*—Conceive my ignorance! No two things in nature, not a horse-chesnut and a chesnut-horse, could be more different.

Conceive my confusion! and Colonels Topham and Beauclerk standing by. But I recovered myself in public opinion, by admiring the slipper on her ladyship's little foot. Now I shewed my taste, for this slipper had but the night before arrived express from Paris, and it was called a *venez-y voir*; and how a slipper, with a heel so high, and a quarter so low, could be kept on the foot, or how the fair could walk in it, I could not conceive, except by the special care of her guardian sylph.

After the *venez y voir* had fixed all eyes as desired, the lady turning alternately to Colonels Topham and Beauclerk, with rapid gestures of ecstacy, exclaimed—

"The *pouf!* the *pouf!* Oh! on Wednesday I shall have the *pouf!*"

Now what manner of thing a *pouf* might be, I had not the slightest conception. "It requireth," saith Bacon, "great cunning, for a man in discourse to seem to know, that which he knoweth not." Warned by *l'œil de l'empereur*, and the *suppressed sigh*, this time I found safety in silence. I listened and learned, first, that *un pouf*, was the most charming thing in the creation. Next, that nobody upon earth could be seen in Paris without one. That, one was coming from Mademoiselle Bertin, per favour of Miss Wilkes, for Lady Anne Mowbray, and that it would be on her head on Wednesday; and Colonel Topham swore, there could be no resisting her ladyship in the *pouf*, she would look so killing.

"So killing," was the Colonel's last—

I now thought that I had Lady Anne's ear to myself; but she ran on to something else, and I was forced to follow as

she skimmed over fields of nonsense. At last she did stop to take breath, and I did get in my one question.

"Ha! poor Fowler, frighten me? Lord! no—like her? oh! yes—doat upon Fowler! didn't you?—No, you hated her, I remember. Well, but I assure you, she's the best creature in the world. I could always make her do just what I pleased. Positively, I must make you make it up with her, if I can remember it, when she comes up to town—she is to come up for my birthday. Mamma you know always, generally leaves her at the Priory, to take care of all the old trumpery, and shew the place—you know its a *shew place*. But I tell Colonel Topham, when I've a place of my own, I positively will have modern gothic and all furniture in the very newest stile. I'm so sick of old reliques.—Natural, you know, when *I have been having* a surfeit all my life of old beds, and chairs, and John of Gaunt, and the Black Prince. But the Black Prince I remember was al-

ways a vast favourite of yours. Well, but poor Fowler, you must like her too, I assure you she always speaks with tenderness of you; she is really the best old soul! for she's growing oldish, but so faithful, and so sincere too. Only flatters mamma sometimes so, I can hardly help laughing in her face—But then you know mamma, and old ladies when they come to that pass, must be flattered to keep them up—'Tis but charitable—Really right! Poor Fowler's daughter is to be my maid."

"I did not know Fowler had a daughter, and a daughter grown up."

"Nancy Fowler! not know! Oh yes, quite grown up, fit to be married, only a year younger than I am. And there's our old apothecary in the country has taken such a fancy to her, but he's too old and *wiggy*—But it would make a sort of lady of her, and her mother will have it—But she sha'nt—I've no notion of compulsion. Nancy shall be my maid, for she is quite out of the common style; can

copy verses for one—I've no time you know—and draws patterns in a minute. I declare I don't know which I love best—Fowler, or Nancy—Poor old Fowler I think. Do you know she says I'm so like her print of the Queen of France. It never struck me; but I'll go and ask Topham."

I perceived that Fowler, wiser grown, had learned how much more secure the reign of flattery is than the reign of terror. She was now, as I found, supreme in the favour of both her young and old lady. The specimen I have given of Lady Anne Mowbray's conversation, or rather of Lady Anne's mode of talking, will, I fancy, be amply sufficient to satiate all curiosity concerning her ladyship's understanding and character. She had, indeed, like most of the young ladies, her companions—"no character at all."

Female conversation in general was at this time very different from what it is in our happier days. A few bright stars had risen, and shone, and been

admired; but the useful light had not diffused itself. Miss Talbot and Mrs. Carter's learning and piety, Mrs. Montague's genius, Mrs. Vesey's elegance, and Mrs. Boscawen's* "polished ease," had brought female literature into fashion in certain favoured circles; but it had not, as it has now, become general in almost every rank of life. Young ladies had, it is true, got beyond the Spectators and the Guardian: Richardson's novels had done much towards opening a larger field of discussion. One of Miss Burney's excellent novels had appeared, and had made an æra in London conversation; but still it was rather venturing out of the safe course for a young lady to talk of books, even of novels: it was not, as it is now, expected that she should know what is going on in the literary world. Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews, and varieties of literary and scientific journals, had not—

"Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

* See Bas-bleu.

Formerly a literary lady was rather a wonder than a companion. There were women of superior talents; but female society was not, as it is now, generally well informed. But before there was a regular demand and an established market, there were certain hawkers and pedlars of literature, fetchers and carriers of bays, and at every turn copies of impromptus, charades, and lines by the Honourable Miss C——, and the Right Honourable Mrs. D——, were put into my hands by young ladies, begging for praise, which it was seldom in my power conscientiously to bestow. I early had a foreboding—one of my mother's *presentiments*—that I should come to disgrace with Lady Anne Mowbray about some of these cursed scraps of poetry. Her Ladyship had one—shall I say?—*peculiarity*. She could not bear that any one should differ from her in matters of taste; and though she regularly disclaimed being a reading lady, she was most assured of what she was

most ignorant. With the assistance of Fowler's flattery, together with that of all the hangers on at Brantefield Priory, her temper had been rendered incapable of bearing contradiction. But this defect was not immediately apparent: on the contrary, Lady Anne was generally thought a pleasant, good-humoured creature, and most people wondered that the daughter could be so different from the mother Lady de Brantefield was universally known to be positive and prejudiced. Her prejudices were all old fashioned, and ran directly counter to the habits of her acquaintance. Lady Anne's, on the contrary, were all in favour of the present fashion, whatever it might be, and ran smoothly with the popular stream. The violence of her temper could, therefore, scarcely be suspected, till something opposed the current: a small obstacle would then do the business—would raise the stream suddenly to a surprising height, and would produce a tremendous noise. It was my

ill-fortune one unlucky day to cross Lady Anne Mowbray's humour, and to oppose her opinion. It was about a trifle; but trifles, indeed, made, with her, the sum of human things. She came one morning, as it was her custom, to loiter away her time at my mother's till the proper hour for going out to visit. For five minutes she sat at some fashionable kind of work—*wafer work*, I think it was called, a work which has been long since consigned to the mice; then her ladyship yawned, and said she must go to *look out at window*. (Vulgar, thought I, if it were from any one but the fashionable Lady Anne Mowbray). She saw Colonel Topham passing by—made a sign to him to come in. "Colonel, the verses? Lord Chesterfield's verses you promised me? That's a dear man! But you must stay and copy them into my *album*. Can't stay? Well, leave the verses then, and I'll copy them myself. Where's my *album*? Mrs. Harrington, I lent it to you? Oh! here it is. Mr.

Harrington, you will finish copying this for me." So I was set down to the *album* to copy—*Advice to a Lady in Autumn.*

"Asses' milk, half a pint, take at seven, or before."

My mother, who saw that I did not relish the asses' milk, put in a word for me.

"My dear Lady Anne, it is not worth while to write these lines in your *album*, for they have been in print long ago, in every lady's old memorandum-book, and in Dodsley's Collection, I believe."

"But still that was quite a different thing," Lady Anne said, "from having them in her *album*; so Mr. Harrington must be so very good."

I did not understand the particular use of copying in my illegible hand what could be so much better read in print; but it was all-sufficient that her ladyship chose it. When I had copied the verses I must, Lady Anne said, read the lines, and admire them. But I had read them twenty times before, and I could not say that they were as fresh the twentieth

reading as at the first. Lord Mowbray came in, and she ran to her brother:—"Mowbray! can any thing in nature be prettier than these verses of Lord Chesterfield's? Mowbray, you who are a judge, listen to these two lines:—

'The dews of the evening most carefully shun,
Those tears of the sky for the loss of the sun.'

Now, here's your friend, Mr. Harrington, says it's only a *prettiness*, and something about Ovid. I'm sure I wish you'd advise some of your friends to leave their classics, as you did yourself, at the musty university. What have we to do with Ovid in London?"

"His art of love, Anne, my dear, excepted," said Mowbray, slily.

"*Art!*" said Lady Anne, "nonsense! But listen to me. You, Mr. Harrington, who set up for such a critic, what fault can you find, pray, with—

'Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much?'"

By the lady's tone of voice, raised complexion, and whole air of the head,

I saw the danger was imminent, and to avoid the coming storm, I sheltered myself under the cover of modesty; but Mowbray dragged me out to make sport for himself.

"Oh! Harrington, that will never do. No critic! No judge! You! with all your college honours fresh about you. Come, come, Harrington, pronounce you must. Is this poetry or not?

'Keep all cold from your breast, there's already too much.'"

"Whether prose or poetry, I pronounce it to be very good advice."

"Good advice! the thing, of all others, I have the most detested from my childhood," cried Lady Anne; "but I insist upon it, it is good poetry, Mr. Harrington."

"And equally good grammar, and good English, and good sense," cried her brother, in an ironical tone. "Come, Harrington, acknowledge it all, man-all equally. Never stop half way, when a young—and such a young lady, sum-

mons you to surrender to her your truth, taste, and common sense. Gi' her a' the plea, or you'll get na good of a woman's hands."

"So, Sir!—So, my Lord, you are against me too, and you are mocking me too, I find. I humbly thank you, gentlemen," cried Lady Anne, in a high tone of disdain; "from a colonel in the army, and a nobleman who has been on the continent, I might have expected more politeness. From a Cambridge scholar, no wonder!"

"My mother laid down her netting in the middle of a row, and came to keep the peace. But it was too late; Lady Anne was deaf and blind with passion. She confessed she could not see what use either of the universities were in this world, except to make bears and bores of young men.

Her ladyship, fluent in anger beyond conception, poured, as she turned from her brother to me, and from me to her brother, a flood of nonsense; which, when it had once broke bounds, there was no

restraining in its course. Amazed at the torrent, my mother stood aghast; Mowbray burst into unextinguishable laughter: I preserved my gravity as long as I possibly could; I felt the risible infection seizing me, and that malicious Mowbray, just when he saw me in the struggle—the agony—sent me back such an image of my own length of face, that there was no withstanding it. I, too, breaking all bounds of decorum, gave way to visible and audible laughter; from which I was first recovered, by seeing the lady burst into tears, and by hearing, at the same moment, my mother pronounce in a tone of grave displeasure, "*Very ill bred! Harrington.*" My mother's tone of displeasure affecting me much more than the young lady's tears, I hastened to beg pardon, and I humbled myself before Lady Anne; but she spurned me, and Mowbray laughed the more. Mowbray, I believe, really wished that I should like his sister; yet he could not refrain from indulging his taste for ridicule, even at her expense.

My mother wondered how Lord Mowbray could tease his sister in such a manner; and as for Harrington, she really thought he had known that the first law of good breeding is never to say or do any thing that can hurt another person's feelings.

"Never *intentionally*, to hurt another's feelings, ma'am," said I; "I hope you will allow me to plead the innocence of my intentions."

"Oh, yes! there was no malicious *intent*—Not guilty—Not guilty!" cried Mowbray. "Anne, you acquit him there, don't you, Anne?"

Anne sobbed, but spoke not.

"It is little consolation, and no compensation to the person who is hurt," said my mother, "that the offender pleads he did not mean to say or do any thing rude—a rude thing is a rude thing—the intention is nothing—all we are to judge of is, the fact."

"Well, but after all, in fact," said Mowbray, "there was nothing to make any body seriously angry."

"Of that, every body's own feelings must be the best judge," said my mother, "the best, and the sole judge."

"Thank heaven! that is not the law of libel *yet*, not the law of the land *yet*," said Mowbray, "no knowing what we may come to. Would it not be hard, ma'am, to constitute the feelings of one person *always* sole judge of the intentions of another: though in cases like the present, I submit. Let it be a ruled case, that the sensibility of a lady be the measure of a gentleman's guilt."

"I don't judge of these things by rule and measure," said my mother, "try my smelling bottle, my dear." Very few people, especially women of delicate nerves and quick feelings, could, as my mother observed, bear to be laughed at; particularly by those they loved; and especially before other people who did not know them perfectly. My mother was persuaded, she said, that Lord Mowbray had not reflected on all this, when he had laughed so inconsiderately.

Mowbray allowed that he certainly had

not reflected, when he had laughed inconsiderately. "So come, come, Anne, sister Anne, be friends!" then playfully tapping his sister on the back, the pretty, but sullen back of the neck, he tried to raise the drooping head; but finding the chin resist the upward motion, and retire resentfully from his touch, he turned upon his heel, and addressing himself to me—

"Well! Harrington," said he, "the news of the day, the news of the theatre, which I was bringing you full speed, when I stumbled upon this cursed half-pint of asses' milk, which Mrs. Harrington was so angry with me for overturning."

"But what's the news, my lord?" said my mother.

"News!--not for you ma'am, only for Harrington; news of the Jews."

"The Jews!" said my mother.

"The Jews!" said I, both in the same breath, but in very different tones. "What of the Jews?"

"*Jews*, did I say," replied Mowbray, "Jew, I should have said."

"Mr. Montenero!" cried I.

"Montenero!—Can you think of nothing but Mr. Montenero, whom you've never seen, and never will see?"

"Thank you for that, my lord," said my mother; "a touch from you is worth a hundred strokes from me."

"But of what Jew then are you talking, and what's your news, my lord," said I.

"My news is only—for heaven's sake, Harrington, do not look, expecting a mountain, for 'tis only a mouse. The news is, that Macklin, the honest Jew of Venice, has got the pound, or whatever number of pounds he wanted to get from the manager's heart; the quarrel's made up, and if you keep your senses, you may have a chance to see, next week, this famous Jew of Venice."

"I am heartily glad of it!" cried I, with enthusiasm.

"And is that all," said my mother, coldly.

"Mr. Harrington," said Lady Anne,

"is really so enthusiastic about some things, and so cold about others, there is no understanding him; he is very, very *odd.*"

Notwithstanding all the pains my mother took to atone for my offence, and notwithstanding that I had humbled myself to the dust, to obtain pardon, I was not forgiven.

Lady de Brantefield, Lady Anne, and some other company dined with us; and Mowbray, who seemed to be really sorry that he had vexed his sister, and that he had in the hey-day of his spirit unveiled to me her defects of temper, did every thing in his power to make up matters between us. At dinner, he placed me beside Anne, little sister Anne; but no caressing tone, no diminutive of kindness in English, or soft Italian, could touch her heart, or move the gloomy purpose of her soul. Her sulky ladyship almost turned her back upon me, as she listened only to Colonel Topham, who was on the other side. Mowbray coaxed her to eat, but she refused every thing he offered—

would not accept even his compliments—his compliments on her *pouf*—would not allow him to shew her off, as he well knew how to do, to advantage; would not, when he exerted himself to prevent her silence from being remarked, smile at any one of the many entertaining things he said; would not, in short, even passively permit his attempts to cover her ill humour, and to make things pass off well.

In the evening, when the higher powers drew off to cards, and when Lady Anne had her phalanx of young ladies round her; and whilst I stood a defenceless young man at her mercy, she made me feel her vengeance. She talked *at* me continually; and at every opening gave me sly cuts, which she flattered herself I felt sorely.

Mowbray turned off the blows as fast as they were aimed, or treated them all as playful traits of lover-like malice, tokens of a lady's favor.

"Ha! a good cut, Harrington!—Happy man!—Up to you there, Harrington—high favour, when a lady conde-

scends to remember and *retaliate*—Paid you for old scores, Harrington.—Sign you're in her books now.—No more to say to you, Mr. Harrington.—A fair challenge to you, to say a great deal more to her."

And all the time her ladyship was aiming to vex, and hoping that I was heartily mortified, as from my silence and melancholy countenance she concluded that I was;—in reality I stood deploring, that so pretty a creature had so mean a mind.

The only vexation I felt was at her having destroyed the possibility of my enjoying that delightful illusion which beauty creates.

My mother, who had been, as she said, quite nervous all this evening, at last brought Lady Anne to terms, and patched up a peace, by prevailing on Lady de Brantefield, who could not be prevailed on by any one else, to make a party to go to some new play which Lady Anne was *dying* to see. It was a sentimental co-

medy, and I did not much like it; however, I was all complaisance for my mother's sake, and she in return renewed her promise, to go with me whenever Macklin should act Shylock.

By the extraordinary anxiety my mother shewed, and by the pains she took, that there should be peace betwixt Lady Anne and me, I perceived what had never before struck me, that my mother wished me to be in love with her ladyship.

Now I could sooner have been in love with Lady de Brantefield. Give her back a decent share of youth and beauty, I think I could sooner have liked the mother than the daughter.

By the force and plastic power of my imagination, I could have turned and moulded Lady de Brantefield, with all her repulsive haughtiness, into a Clelia, or a Princess de Cleves, or something of the Richardson full dressed heroine, with hoop and fan—and *stand off man!*—And then there would be cruelty and difficulty,

and incomprehensibility—something to be conquered—something to be wooed and won.

But with Lady Anne Mowbray my imagination had nothing to work upon, no point to dwell on, nothing on which a lover's fancy could feed. There was no doubt, no hope, no fear, no reserve, no woman.

My mother, I believe, now saw that it would not, at least for the present, do; but she had known many of Cupid's capricious turns. Lady Anne was extremely pretty, and universally allowed to be so; her ladyship was much taken notice of in public, and my mother knew young men are vain of having their mistresses and wives admired by our sex. But my mother calculated ill as to my particular character. To the Opera and to Ranelagh, to the Pantheon, and to all the fashionable public places of the day, I had had the honour of attending Lady Anne; and I had had the glory of hearing "Beautiful!"—"Who is she?"—and "Who is with her?"

My vanity, I own, had been flattered, but no farther. My imagination was always too powerful--my passions too sincere and too romantic, to be ruled by the opinions of others, or to become the dupe of personal vanity. My mother had fancied that a fortnight in London would have brought my imagination down to be content with the realities of fashionable life. She trusted that Lady Anne Mowbray would rise in my opinion, when I should have seen, wherever I went, so many young ladies imitating her, or wishing to be like her. Inferior to her in beauty and in fashion, but nearly of the same standard in mind and manners. My mother was right as to the fact, but wrong in her conclusion. This did not incline me more towards Lady Anne, but it disinclined me towards marriage.

My exalted ideas of love were lowered —my morning visions of life fled—I was dispirited.

Mowbray had rallied me on my pining for Cambridge, and on preferring Israel

Lyons, the Jew, to him and all the best company in London.

Mowbray had hurried me about with him to all manner of gaieties, but still I was not happy;—my mind—my heart wanted something more.

In this my London life I found it irksome that I could never, as at dear Cambridge, pause upon my own reflections. If I stopped to prune contemplation's wings awhile, so ruffled and impaired, some of the low realities, some of the impertinent necessities of fashionable life would tread on my heels. I had never one happy moment in solitude to indulge my imagination. The order of the day or night was for ever pressed upon me—and the order of the day was now to go to this new sentimental comedy--my mother's favourite actor, the silver-toned Barry, was to play the lover of the piece; so she was sure of as many fashionable young ladies as her box could possibly hold. At this period, in England, every fashionable belle declared herself partisan of some

actor or actress; and every fashionable beau aspired to the character of a dramatic critic. Mowbray, of course, was distinguished in that line, and his pretty little sister, Lady Anne, was, at least in face, formed to grace the front box. The hours of the great world were earlier then than they are now, and nothing interfered, indeed nothing would have been suffered to interfere, with the hour for the play. As a veteran wit described it, "There were at this time four estates in the English constitution, King, Lords, Commons, and the Theatre."—Statesmen, courtiers, poets, philosophers, crowded pell-mell with the white gloved beaux to the stage-box and the pit. It was thought well-bred, it was *the thing* to be in the boxes before the third act, before the second act, nay, incredible as it may in these times appear, before the first act began. Our fashionable party were seated some minutes before the curtain drew up.

CHAP. VII.

THE beaux and belles in the boxes of the crowded theatre had bowed and curtsied, for in those days beaux did bow and belles did curtsy; the impatient sticks in the pit, and shrill catcalls in the gallery, had begun to contend with the music in the orchestra; and thrice had we surveyed the house to recognise every body whom any body knew, when the door of the box next to ours, the only box that had remained empty, was thrown open, and in poured an over-dressed party, whom nobody knew. Lady de Brantefield, after one reconnoitring glance, pronounced them to be city Goths and Vandals; and without resting her glass upon them for half a moment, turned it to some more profitable field of speculation. There was no gentleman of this party, but a portly matron towering above the rest seemed

the principal mover and orderer of the group. The awkward bustle they made, facing and backing, placing and changing of places, and the difficulty they found in seating themselves, were in striking contrast with the high bred ease of the ladies of our party. Lady Anne Mowbray looked down upon their operations with a pretty air of quiet surprise, tinctured with horror, while my mother's shrinking delicacy endeavoured to suggest some idea of propriety to the city matron, who having taken her station next to us in the second row, had at last seated herself so that a considerable portion of the back part of her head dress was in my mother's face: moreover, the citizen's huge arm, with its enormous gauze cuff, leaning on the partition which divided or ought to have divided her from us, considerably passed the line of demarcation. Lady de Brantefield, with all the pride of all the de Brantefields since the Norman conquest concentrated in her countenance, threw an excommunicating, withering

look upon the arm—but the elbow felt it not—it never stirred. The lady seemed not to be made of penetrable stuff. In happy ignorance she sat fanning herself or a few seconds, then suddenly starting and stretching forward to the front row where five of her young ladies were wedged, she aimed with the butt end of her fan at each of their backs in quick succession, and in a more than audible whisper asked, " Cecy!—Issy!—Henny! Queeney! Miss Coates, where's Berry?"—All eyes turned to look for Berry—" Oh, mercy, behind in the back row; Miss Berry that must not be—come forward, here's my place or Queeney's," cried Mrs. Coates, stretching backwards with her utmost might to seize some one in the farthest corner of the back row, who had hitherto been invisible. We expected to see in Miss Berry another vulgarian produced, but, to our surprise, we beheld one who seemed of a different order of beings from those by whom she was surrounded. Lord Mowbray and I looked

at each other, struck by the same sentiment, pained for this elegant timid young creature, as we saw her, all blushing and reluctant, forced by the irresistible fat orderer of all things, to "step up on the seat,"—to step forward from bench to bench, and then wait in painful pre-eminence while Issy and Cecy, and Queeney and Miss Coates settled how they could make room, or which should vacate their seat in her favour. In spite of the awkwardness of her situation she stood with such quiet, resigned, yet dignified grace, that ridicule could not touch her. The moment she was seated with her back to us, and out of hearing, Lady Brantefield turned to her son and asked, who is she?

"An East-Indian I should guess, by her dark complexion," whispered Lady Anne to me.

Some veil or lappet intercepted my view of her face, but, from the glimpse I caught of it, as she passed, it struck me as uncommonly interesting, though with a

peculiar expression and foreign air—whether she was handsome, or not, though called upon to decide, I could not determine. The curtain drew up, and our attention was called to the stage. It was announced to the audience, that, owing to the sudden illness of the actor who was to have performed the principal part in the comedy advertised for this night, there was a necessity for changing the play, and they should give in its stead the Merchant of Venice.

The Merchant of Venice, and Macklin the Jew!—Murmurs of discontent from the ladies in my box, who regretted their sentimental comedy and their silver-toned Barry, were all lost upon me; I rejoiced that I should see Macklin in Shylock. While the prologue was spoken my attention was again caught by the proceedings of the persons in the next box. There seemed to be some sudden cause of distress, as I gathered from exclamations of —"How unlucky!—How distressing!—What shall we do?—What can we do?

Better go away—impossible!—carriage gone!—must sit it out—may be she won't mind--Oh! she will!--Shylock!—Jessica! —How unfortunate!—poor Miss Berry!"

"Jessica!" whispered Mowbray to me, with an arch look—"let me pass," added he, just touching my shoulder. He made his way to a young lady at the other end of the box; and I, occupying immediately the ceded place, stationed myself so that I had a better view of my object, and could observe her without being seen by any one. She was perfectly still, and took no notice of the whispering of the people about her, though, from an indescribable expression in the air of the back of her head and neck, I was convinced that she heard all that passed among the young and old ladies in her box. The play went on—Shylock appeared—I forgot every thing but him—such a countenance!—such an expression of latent malice and revenge, of every thing detestable in human nature! Whether speaking, or silent, the Jew fixed

and kept possession of my attention. It was an incomparable piece of acting—much as my expectations had been raised, it far surpassed any thing I had conceived—I forgot it was Macklin, I thought only of Shylock. In my enthusiasm I stood up, I pressed forward, I leaned far over towards the stage that I might not loose a word, a look, a gesture. When the act finished, as the curtain fell, and the thunders of applause died away, I heard a soft low sigh near me, I looked and saw the Jewess—she had turned away from the young ladies, her companions, and had endeavoured to skreen herself behind the pillar against which I had been leaning. I had, for the first time, a full view of her face, and of her countenance of great sensibility, painfully, proudly repressed. She looked up while my eyes were fixed upon her—a sudden and deep colour spread over her face and mounted to her temples. In my confusion I did the very thing I should not have done, and said the thing of all others I

should not have said. I expressed a fear that I had been standing in such a manner as to prevent her from seeing Shylock, she bowed mildly, and was, I believe, going to speak.

"You have indeed, Sir," interrupted Mrs. Coates; "stood so, that nobody could see nothing but yourself. So, since you mention it, and speak without an introduction, excuse me if I suggest, against the next act, that this young lady has never been at a play before in her life— in Lon'on, at least. And though it i'n't the play I should have chose for her, yet since she is here, 'tis better she should see something than nothing, if gentlemen will give her leave."

I bowed, in sign of submission and repentance; and was retiring, so as to leave my place vacant, and a full opening to the stage. But in a sweet, gentlewoman-like voice, seeming, perhaps, more delightful from contrast, the young lady said, that she had seen, and could see quite as much as she wished, of the play;

and she begged that I would not quit my place. "I should oblige her," she added, in a lower tone, "if I would continue to stand as I had done." I obeyed, and placed myself so as to screen her from observation, during the whole of the next act. But now, my pleasure in the play was over. I could no longer enjoy Macklin's incomparable acting; I was so apprehensive of the pain which it must give to the young Jewess. At every stroke, characteristic of the skilful actor, or of the master poet, I felt a strange mixture of admiration and regret. I almost wished that Shakespear had not written, or Macklin had not acted, the part so powerfully: my imagination formed such a strong conception of the pain the Jewess was feeling, and my inverted sympathy, if I may so call it, so overpowered my direct and natural feelings, that at every fresh development of the Jew's villainy I shrunk, as though I had myself been a Jew.

Each exclamation against this dog of

a Jew, and still more, every general reflection on Jewish usury, avarice, and cruelty, I felt poignantly. No power of imagination could make me pity Shylock, but I felt the force of some of his appeals to justice; and some passages struck me in quite a new light, on the Jewish side of the question.

> "Many a time, and oft,
> In the Rialto, you have rated me,
> About my monies and my usances;
> Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
> For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe.
> You call me misbeliever! cut-throat dog!
> And spit upon my Jewish gabardine;
> And all, for use of that which is my own.
> Well, then, it now appears you need my help.
> Go to, then—you come to me, and you say,
> Shylock, we would have monies; you say so.
> * * * * *
> Shall I bend low, and in a bondsman key,
> With bated breath, and whisp'ring humbleness,
> Say this——Fair Sir, you spit on me last Wednesday;
> You spurned me, such a day; another time
> You called me dog; and for these curtesies
> I'll lend you thus much monies?"

As far as Shylock was concerned, I

was well content he should be used in such a sort; but if it had been any other human creature, any other Jew even; if it had been poor Jacob, for instance, whose image crossed my recollection; *I believe* I should have taken part with him. Again, I was well satisfied that Anthonio should have hindered Shylock of half a million, should have laughed at his losses, thwarted his bargains, cooled his friends, heated his enemies; Shylock deserved all this: but when he came to—

"What's his reason?—I am a *Jew*. Hath not a Jew eyes? Hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer as a Christian is?—If you prick us, do we not bleed?—If you tickle us, do we not laugh?—If you poison us, do not we die?—and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the

rest, we will resemble you in that.—If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?—Revenge.—If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be, by Christian example? Why, revenge."

I felt, at once, horror of the individual Shylock, and submission to the strength of his appeal. During the third act, during the Jessica scenes, I longed so much to have a look at the Jewess, that I took an opportunity of changing my position. The ladies in our box were now so happily occupied with some young officers of the guards, that there was no farther danger of their staring at the Jewess. I was so placed, that I could see her, without being seen; and during the succeeding acts, my attention was chiefly directed to the study of all the changes in her expressive countenance. I now saw and heard the play solely with reference to her feelings; I anticipated every stroke which could touch her, and became every moment more and more interested and delighted with her, from the perception, that my anticipations

were just, and that I perfectly knew how to read her soul, and interpret her countenance. I saw, that the struggle to repress her emotion was often the utmost she could endure; and at last I saw, or fancied I saw, that she grew so pale, that, as she closed her eyes at the same instant, I was certain she was going to faint; and quite forgetting that I was an utter stranger to her, I started forward—and then, unprovided with an apology, could only turn to Mrs. Coates, and fear, that the heat of the house was too much for this young lady. Mrs. Coates, alarmed immediately, wished they could get her out into the air, and began regretting that her gentlemen were not with their party to-night—there could be no getting servants or carriage—what could be done. I eagerly offered my services, which were accepted, and we conducted the young lady out. She did not faint; she struggled against it; and it was evident, that there was no affectation in the case; but on the contrary, an anxious desire not to give trouble, and a great dread of

exposing herself to public observation. Mrs. Coates's carriage, as she repeated twenty times, was ordered not to come till after the farce, and she kept on hoping, and hoping, that Miss Berry would be stout enough to go back to see "The Maid of the Oaks." Miss Berry did her utmost to support herself; and said she believed she was now quite well, and could return to their box; but I saw she wished to get away, and I ran to see if a *chair* could be had. Lord Mowbray, who had assisted in conducting the ladies out, now followed me; he saw, and called to one of his footmen, and dispatched him for a chair.

"There now," said Mowbray, "we may leave the rest to Mrs. Coates, who can elbow her own way through it. Come back with me, Mrs. Abingdon plays Lady Bab Lardoon, her favourite character—she is incomparable, and I would not miss it for the world."

Then I begged Mowbray to go back, for I could not leave these ladies.

"Well," said he, parting from me, and pursuing his own way. "I see how it is—I see how it will be. These things are ruled in Heaven above, or Hell beneath. 'Tis in vain struggling with one's destiny—so you to your Jewess, and I to my little Jessica. *We shall have her* again I hope in the farce, the prettiest creature I ever saw."

Mowbray hastened back to his box, and how long it might be between my return to the Jewess, and the arrival of the chair I do not know; it seemed to me not above two minutes, but Mowbray insisted upon it, that it was a full quarter of an hour. He came to me again, just as I had received one silent look of gratitude, and while I was putting the young lady into the chair, bustling Mrs. Coates was giving her orders and address to the servant, while Mowbray whispered me, that my mother was in an agony, and had sent him out to see what was become of me. Mrs. Coates, all thanks, and apologies, and hurry,

now literally elbowed her way back to her box, expressing her reiterated fears, that we should lose the best part of "The Maid of the Oaks," which was the only farce she made it a rule ever to stay for. In spite of her hurry and her incessant talking, I named the thing I was intent upon: I said, that with her permission I should do myself the honour of calling upon her the next morning, to inquire after Miss Berry's health.

"I am sure, Sir," she replied, "Mr. Alderman Coates, and myself, will be particularly glad of the honour of seeing you to-morrow, or any time; and, moreover, Sir, the young lady," added she with a shrewd, and to me offensive smile, "the young lady no doubt's well worth inquiring after, a great heiress, as the saying is, as rich as a Jew she'll be, Miss Montenero."

"Miss Montenero!" repeated Lord Mowbray and I, in one and the same instant, "I thought," said I, "this young lady's name was Berry."

"Berry, yes—Berry, we call her, we, who are intimate, I call her for short—that is short for Berenice, which is her out o'the way Christian, that is Jewish name. Mr. Montenero, the father, is a Spanish or American Jew, I'm not clear which, but he's a charming man for a Jew, and the daughter most uncommon fond of him, to a degree!—can't now bear any reflexions the most distant, now, Sir, upon the Jews, which was what distressed me, when I found the play was to be this Jew of Venice, and I would have come away, only that I couldn't possibly." Here Mrs. Coates, without any mercy upon my curiosity about Mr. Montenero and his daughter, digressed into a subject utterly uninteresting to me, and would explain to us the reasons, why Mr. Alderman Coates, and Mr. Peter Coates her son were not this night of her party. This lasted till we reached her box, and then she had so much to say to all the Miss Issys, Cecys, and Hennys, that it

was with the utmost difficulty I could even, by carefully watching my moment, obtain a card with her own, and another with Miss Montenero's address. This time there was no danger of my losing it. I rejoiced to see that Miss Montenero did not live with Mrs. Coates.

For all further satisfaction of my curiosity, I was obliged to wait till the next morning.

CHAP. VIII.

DURING the whole of the night, sleeping or waking, the image of the fair Jewess, of Shylock, and of Mrs. Coates, were continually recurring, and turning into one another in a most provoking manner. At breakfast my mother did not appear; my father said, that she had not slept well, and that she would breakfast in her own apartment; this was not unusual; but I was particularly sorry that it happened this morning, because being left *tete-à-tete* with my father, and he full of a debate on the malt tax, which he undertook to read to me from the rival papers, and to make me understand the merits, I was compelled to sit three

quarters of an hour longer after breakfast than I had intended; so that the plan I had formed of waiting upon Mr. Montenero very early, before he could have gone out for the day, was disconcerted. When at last my father had fairly finished, when he had taken his hat and his cane, and departing left me as I thought happily at liberty to go in search of my Jewess, another detainer came. At the foot of the stairs my mother's woman appeared, waiting to let me know, that her lady begged I would not go out till she had seen me—adding, that she would be with me in less than a quarter of an hour.

I flung down my hat, I believe, with rather too marked an expression of impatience; but five minutes afterwards came a knock at the door. Mr. Montenero was announced, and I blessed my mother, my father, and the malt tax, for having detained me at home. The first appearance of Mr. Montenero more than answered my expectations. He had that

indescribable air, which, independently of the fashion of the day, or the mode of any particular country, distinguishes a gentleman—dignified, courteous, and free from affectation. From his figure, you might have thought him a Spaniard —from his complexion an East Indian; but he had a peculiar cast of countenance which seemed not to belong to either nation. He had uncommonly black penetrating eyes, with a serious, rather melancholy, but very benevolent expression. He was past the meridian of life. The lines in his face were strongly marked; but they were not the common-place wrinkles of ignoble age, nor the contractions of any of the vulgar passions: they seemed the traces of thought and feeling. He entered into conversation directly and easily. I need not say that his conversation was immediately interesting, for he spoke of Berenice. His thanks to me were, I thought, peculiarly gentlemanlike, neither too much nor too little. Of course,

I left him at liberty to attribute her indisposition to the heat of the playhouse, and I stood prepared to avoid mentioning Shylock to Jewish ears; but I was both surprised and pleased by the openness and courage with which he spoke on the very subject, from which I had fancied he would have shrunk. Instead of looking for any excuse for Miss Montenero's indisposition, he at once named the real cause; she had been, he said, deeply affected by the representation of Shylock, that detestable Jew, whom the genius of the greatest poet that ever wrote, and the talents of one of the greatest actors who had ever appeared, had conspired to render an object of public execration. But recently arrived in London, continued Mr. Montenero, I have not had personal opportunity of judging of this actor's talent; but no Englishman born can have felt more strongly than I have the power of your Shakespear's genius to touch and rend the human heart.

Mr. Montenero spoke English with a foreign accent, and something of a foreign idiom; but his ideas and feelings forced their way regardless of grammatical precision, and I thought his foreign accent agreeable. To an Englishman, what accent that conveys the praise of Shakespear can fail to be agreeable? The most certain method by which a foreigner can introduce himself at once to the good will and good opinion of an Englishman, is by thus doing homage to this national object of idolatry. I perceived that Mr. Montenero's was not a mere compliment, he spoke with real feeling.

"In this instance," resumed he, "we poor Jews have felt your Shakespear's power to our cost—too severely, and considering all the circumstances, rather unjustly, you are aware?"

"*Considering all the circumstances*," I did not precisely understand; but I endeavoured, as well as I could, to make some general apology for Shakespear's

severity, by adverting to the time when he wrote, and the prejudices which then prevailed.

"True," said he, "and as a dramatic poet, it was his business, I acknowledge, to take advantage of the popular prejudice as a *power*—as a means of dramatic pathos and effect; yet, you will acknowledge, that we Jews must feel it peculiarly hard, that the truth of the story on which the poet founded his plot should have been completely sacrificed to fiction, so that the characters were not only misrepresented, but reversed."

I did not know to what Mr. Montenero meant to allude: however, I endeavoured to pass it off with a slight bow of general acquiescence, and the hundred-times-quoted remark, that poets always succeed better in fiction than in truth. Mr. Montenero had quick penetration, he saw my evasion, and would not let me off so easily. He explained.

"In the *true* story*, from which

* See Steevens' Life of Sixtus V, and Malone's Shakespear.

Shakespear took the plot of the Merchant of Venice, it was a Christian who acted the part of the Jew, and the Jew that of the Christian; it was a Christian who insisted upon having the pound of flesh from next the Jew's heart. But," as Mr. Montenero repeated, "Shakespear was right, as a dramatic poet, in reversing the characters."

Seeing me struck, and a little confounded, by this statement, and even by his candour, Mr. Montenero said, that perhaps his was only the Jewish version of the story, and he quickly went on to another subject, one far more agreeable to me—to Berenice. He hoped that I did not suspect her of affectation from any thing that had passed; he was aware, little as he knew of fine ladies, that they sometimes were pleased to make themselves noticed, perhaps rather troublesome, by the display of their sensibility; but he assured me that his Berenice was not of this sort.

Of this I was perfectly convinced. The moment he pronounced the name

of Berenice, he paused, and looked as if he were afraid he should say too much of her; and I suppose I looked I as felt, afraid that he would not say enough. He gently bowed his head and went on:

"There are reasons why she was peculiarly touched and moved by that exhibition. Till she came to Europe—to England—she was not aware, at least not practically aware, of the strong prepossessions which still prevail against us Jews." He then told me that his daughter had passed her childhood chiefly in America, "in a happy part of that country, where religious distinctions are scarcely known—where characters and talents are all-sufficient to attain advancement—where we Jews formed a respectable part of the community—where, in most instances, they are liberally educated, many following the honourable professions of law and physic with credit and ability, and associating with the best society that country affords. Living in a retired village, her father's

the only family of Israelites who resided in or near it, all her juvenile friendships and attachments had been formed with those of different persuasions; yet each had looked upon the variations of the other as things of course, or rather as things which do not affect the moral character—differences which take place in every society. My daughter was, therefore, ill prepared," said Mr. Montenero, "for European prepossessions; and with her feeling heart and strong affection for those she loves, no wonder she has often suffered, especially on my account, since we came to England; and she has become, to a fault, tender and susceptible on this point."

I could not admit that there was any fault on her part; but I regretted that England should be numbered among the countries subject to such prejudices. I hoped, I added, that such illiberality was now confined to the vulgar, that is, the ill-educated and the ill-informed.

The well-educated and well-inform-

ed," he answered, "were, of course, always the most liberal, and were usually the same in all countries. He begged pardon if he had expressed himself too generally with respect to England. This was the common fault of strangers and foreigners to generalize too quickly, and to judge precipitately of the whole of a community from a part. The fact was, that he had, by the business which brought him to London, been unfortunately thrown among some vulgar rich of contracted minds, who, though they were, as he was willing to believe, essentially good and good-natured persons, had made his Berenice suffer sometimes more than they could imagine by their want of delicacy, and want of toleration.

As Mr. Montenero spoke these words, the image of vulgar, ordering Mrs. Coates —that image which had persecuted me half the night, by ever obtruding between me and the fair Jewess—rose again full in my view. I settled immediately, that

it was she and her tribe of Issys, and Cecys, and Hennys, and Queeneys, were "the vulgar rich," to whom Mr. Montenero alluded. I warmly expressed my indignation against those who could have been so brutal as to make Miss Montenero suffer by their vile prejudices.

"'*Brutal!*" Mr. Montenero repeated, smiling at my warmth, "is too strong an expression: there was no brutality in the case. I must have expressed myself ill to give rise to such an idea. There was only a little want of consideration for the feelings of others—a little want of liberality."

Even so I could not bear the thought, that Miss Montenero should have been, on her first arrival in England, thrown among persons who might give her quite a false idea of the English, and a dislike to the country.

"There is no danger of that sort," he replied. "Had she been disposed to judge so rashly and uncharitably, the humane and polite attentions she

met with last night from a gentleman who was an utter stranger to her, and who could only know that she was a foreigner in want of assistance, must have been to her at once conviction and reproof." (I bowed, delighted with Mr. Montenero and with myself.) "But I hope and believe," continued he, "that my Berenice is not disposed to form uncharitable judgments either of individuals or nations; especially not of the English, of whom she has, from their history and literature, with which we are not wholly unacquainted, conceived the highest ideas."

I bowed again, though not quite so much delighted with this general compliment to my nation, as by that peculiar to myself. I expressed my hopes that the English would justify this favourable prepossession, and that on further acquaintance with different societies in London, Mr. and Miss Montenero would find, that among the higher classes in this country there is no want of liberality of opinion, and certainly no want of

delicacy of sentiment and manner—no want of attention to the feelings of those who are of a different persuasion from ourselves. Just at this moment my mother entered the room. Advancing towards Mr. Montenero, she said, with a gracious smile—

"You need not introduce us to each other, my dear Harrington, for I am sure that I have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Clive, from India."

"Mr. Montenero, from America, ma'am."

"Mr. Montenero! I am happy to have the honour—the pleasure—I am very happy—."

My mother's politeness struggled against truth; but whilst I feared that Mr. Montenero's penetration would discern that there was no pleasure in the honour—a polite inquiry followed concerning Miss Montenero's indisposition. Then, after an ineffectual effort to resume the ease and cordiality of her manner, my mother leant back languidly on the

sofa, and endeavoured to account for the cloud which settled on her brow by adverting to the sleepless night she had passed, and to the fears of an impending head-ache, assuring Mr. Montenero at the same time that society and conversation were always of service to her. I was particularly anxious to detain, and to draw him out before my mother, because I felt persuaded that his politeness of manner, and his style of conversation, would counteract any *presentiment* or prejudice she had conceived against him and his race. He seemed to lend himself to my views, and with benevolent politeness exerted himself to entertain my mother. A Don Quixote was on the table, in which there were some good prints, and from these he began and gave us many amusing and interesting accounts of Spain, where he had passed the early part of his life. From Don Quixote to Gil Blas—to the Duc de Lerma—to the Tower of Segovia—to the Inquisition—to the Spanish pa-

laces and Moorish antiquities, he let me lead him backwards and forwards as I pleased. My mother was very fond of some of the old Spanish ballads and Moorish Romances; I led to the *Rio Verde,* and the fair Zaida, and the Moor Alcanzor, with whom both in their Moorish and English dress Mr. Montenero was well acquainted, and of whom he was enthusiastically fond.

My mother was fond of painting: I asked some questions concerning the Spanish painters, particularly about Murillo; of one of his pictures we had a copy, and my mother had often wished to see the original. Mr. Montenero said he was happy in having it in his power to gratify her wish, he possessed the original of this picture. But few of Murillo's paintings had at this time found their way out of Spain, national and regal pride had preserved them with jealous care; but Mr. Montenero had, from an intermarriage in a noble Spanish family, inherited some of Murillo's master pieces,

which, with a small but valuable collection of Spanish pictures he had been many years in forming, he had brought with him to England. He had not yet arranged them as he could wish, he was preparing an apartment for them, but in the mean time he should be happy to have the honour of shewing them to us and to any of our friends. He particularly addressed himself to my mother; she replied in those general terms of acquiescence and gratitude, which are used when there is no real intention to accept an invitation, but yet a wish to avoid such an absolute refusal as should appear ill bred. I, on the contrary, sincerely eager to accept the offered favour, fixed instantly the time, and the soonest possible. I named the next day at one o'clock Mr. Montenero then took his leave, and as the door closed after him, I stood before my mother, as if waiting for judgment; she was silent—

"Don't you think him agreeable, ma'am?"

"Very agreeable."

"I knew you would think so, my dear mother, an uncommonly agreeable man."

"But ——"

"But what, ma'am."

"But so much the worse."

"How so, ma'am? Because he is a Jew, is he forbidden to be agreeable?" said I, smiling.

"Pray be serious, Harrington—I say the more agreeable this man is, the better his manner, the more extensive his information, the higher the abilities he possesses, the greater are his means of doing mischief."

"A conclusive argument," said I, "against the possession of good manners, information, abilities, and every agreeable and useful quality! and an argument equally applicable to Jews and Christians."

"Argument!" repeated my mother, "I know my dear, I am not capable of arguing with you—indeed I am not fond of arguments, they are so unfeminine; I

seldom presume to give even my *opinion*, except on subjects of sentiment and feeling; there ladies may venture I suppose to have a voice as well as gentlemen, perhaps better, sometimes. In the present case it may be very ridiculous, but I own that, notwithstanding this Mr. Montenero is what you'd call an uncommonly agreeable man, there is a *something* about him—In short I feel something like an antipathy to him—and in the whole course of my life, I have never been misled by these *antipathies*. —I don't say they are reasonable, I only say, that I can't help feeling them, and if they never mislead us, you know they have all the force of instincts, and in some cases instincts are superior even to that reason of which man is so proud."

I did not advert to the *if*, on which this whole reasoning rested, but I begged my mother would put *herself* out of the question for one moment, and consider to what injustice and intolerance such antipathies would lead in society.

"Perhaps in general it might be so," she said, "but in this particular instance she was persuaded, she was right and *correct*; and after all, is there a human being living, who is not influenced at first sight by countenance. Does not Lavater say, that even a cock-chaffer, and a dish of tea have a physiognomy."

I could not go quite so far as to admit the cock-chaffer's physiognomy in our judgment of characters. The prevailing habits and ruling passions, by the frequency and the force of their action, must in time affect more or less certain muscles of the face, diminishing or increasing the size or sensibility of those muscles. "But then, ma'am," concluded I, "before we can judge, before we can decide, we should see what is called the play of the countenance, we should see the working of the muscles. Now for instance when we have seen Mr. Montenero two or three times, when we have studied the muscles of his countenance—"

"I! I study the muscles of the man's

countenance," interrupted my mother, indignantly, "I never desire to see him, or his muscles again, Jew, Turk, or *Mussulman*, let me hear no more about him. Seriously, my dear Harrington, this is the subject on which I wished to speak to you this morning, to warn you from forming this dangerous acquaintance.—I dreamed last night—but I know you won't listen to dreams—I have a *presentiment*—but you have no faith in *presentiments*—what shall I say to you?—Oh! my dear Harrington, I appeal to your own heart—your own feelings, your own conscience, must tell you all I at this moment foresee and dread. Oh! with your ardent, too ardent imagination, your susceptibility! Surely, surely, there is an absolute fatality in these things! At the very moment I was preparing to warn you, Mr. Montenero appears, and strengthens the dangerous impression. And after all the pains I took to prevent your ever meeting, is it not extraordinary, that you should meet his daughter at the

playhouse? Promise me, I conjure you," cried she, turning and seizing both my hands, "promise me, my dear son, that you will see no more of this Jew and Jewess."

It was a promise, I could not, would not make,—some morning visitors came in and relieved me. My mother's imagination was as vivacious, but not as tenacious as my own. There was in her a feminine mobility, which to my masculine strength of passion, and consequent tenacity of purpose, appeared often inconceivable, and sometimes provoking. In a few minutes her fancy turned to old China, and new lace, and all the fears which had so possessed and agitated her mind subsided.

Among the crowd of morning visitors, Lady Anne Mowbray ran in and ran out; fortunately she could not stay one minute, and still more fortunately my mother did not hear a word she said, or even see her ladyship's exit and entrance, so many ladies had encompassed my mother's

sofa, displaying charming bargains of French lace. The subject engrossed all their faculties, and abstracted their attention. Lady Anne had just called to tell me a secret, that her mother had been saying all morning to every body, how odd it was of Mr. Harrington to take notice, whether a Jewess fainted or not. Lady Anne said, for her part she had taken my part. She did not think it *so* odd of me, but she thought it odd and ridiculous of the Jewess to faint about Shylock.—But the reason she called was, because she was dying with curiosity to know if I had heard any more about the Jewess. Was she an heiress or not?—I must find out and tell—she had heard, but she could not stay now—going to ride in the Park.

I had often observed that my mother's *presentiments* varied from day to day, according to the state of her nerves, or of some slight external circumstances. I was extremely anxious to prevail upon her to accompany me to see the Spanish

pictures, and I, therefore, put off my visit for a day, when I found my mother had engaged herself to attend a party of fair encouragers of smugglers to a cheap French lace shop. I wrote an apology to Mr. Montenero, and Heaven knows how much it cost me. But my heroic patience was of no avail; I could not persuade my mother to accompany me. To all her former feelings, the pride of opinion and the jealousy of maternal affection were now added, she was piqued to prove herself in the right, and vexed to see, that, right or wrong, I would not yield to her intreaties. I thought I acted solely from the dictates of pure reason and enlightened philanthropy.

CHAP. IX.

MOWBRAY was curious, he said, to know how the Jewess would look by daylight, and he begged that he might accompany me to see the pictures. As I had told him that I had liberty to take with me any of my friends, I could not refuse his request, though I must own that I would rather h ve gone without him. I was a little afraid of his raillery, and of the quickness of his observation. During our walk, however, he with address—with that most irresistible kind of address, which assumes an air of perfect frankness and cordiality, contrived to dissipate my feelings of embarrassment; and by the time we got to Mr. Montenero's door, I rejoiced that I had with me a friend and supporter.

"A handsome house! a splendid house, this," said Mowbray, looking up at the front, as we waited for admission. "If the inside agree with the out, faith Harrington your Jewish heiress will soon be heard of on 'change, and at court too, you'll see. Make haste and secure your interest in her, I advise you."

To our great disappointment the servant told us, that neither Mr. nor Miss Montenero was at home. But orders had been left with a young man of his to attend me and my company. At this moment I heard a well known voice on the stairs, and Jacob, poor Jacob appeared—joy flashed in his face at the sight of me, he flew down stairs, and across the hall, exclaiming—"It is! it is my own good master, Mr. Harrington."

But he started back at the sight of Mowbray, and his whole countenance and manner changed. In an embarrassed voice, he began to explain why Mr. Montenero was not at home, that he had waited yesterday in hopes of seeing

me at the appointed time, till my note of apology had arrived. I had not positively named any day for my visit, and Mr. Montenero had particular business, that obliged him to go out this morning, but that he would be back in an hour: "Mean time, as Mr. Montenero had desired, Sir," said Jacob, "I shall have the honour of shewing the pictures to you, and your friend."

It was not till he came to the words *your friend*, that Jacob recollected to bow to Lord Mowbray, and even then it was a stiffnecked bow. Mowbray, contrary to his usual assurance, looked a little embarrassed, yet spoke to Jacob as to an old acquaintance.

Jacob led us through several handsome, I might say splendid apartments, to the picture room.

"Good! Good!" whispered Mowbray as we went along, till the moment we entered the picture room, then making a sudden stop, and start of recollection, and pulling out his watch, declared, that

he had till that minute forgotten an indispensable engagement; that he must come some other day, to see these charming pictures. He begged that I would settle that for him—he was excessively sorry, but go he must—and off he went immediately.

The instant he was out of sight, Jacob seemed relieved from the disagreeable constraint under which he laboured, and his delight was manifest, when he had me to himself. I conceived that Jacob bore malice against Mowbray, for the old quarrel at school. I was surprised at this, and in my own mind I blamed Jacob.

I have always found it the best way to speak openly, and to go to the bottom of mysteries and quarrels at once: so turning to Jacob, I asked him, whether in right of our former acquaintance I might speak to him with the freedom of one who heartily wished him well. The tears came into his eyes, and he could only say, "Speak, pray,—and thank you, Sir."

"Then Jacob," said I, "I thought you could not, for such a number of years, bear malice, for a schoolboy's offence—and yet, your manner just now to Lord Mowbray—Am I mistaken? Set me right if I am. Did I misinterpret your manner, Jacob?"

"No, Sir," said he, looking up in my face, with his genuine expression of simplicity and openness, "no, Sir, you do not mistake, nor misinterpret Jacob's manner; you know him too well, and his manner tells too plainly; you do not misinterpret the feeling, but you mistake the cause; and since you are so kind to bid me set you right, I shall do so; but it is too long a story to keep you standing."

"Not at all—I am interested—go on."

"I should not," said Jacob, "be worthy of this interest—this regard, which it is joy to my very heart to see that you still feel for me. I should not be worthy in the least of it, if I could bear malice so many years, for a schoolboy's offence.

"No, Mr. Harrington, the schoolboy young lord is forgotten. But long since that time, since this young lord has been grown into a man, and an officer—at Gibraltar"—

The recollection of whatever it was, that happened at Gibraltar, seemed to come at this instant so full upon Jacob's feelings, that he could not go on. He took up his story farther back. He reminded me of the time when we had parted at Cambridge; he was then preparing to go to Gibraltar, to assist in keeping a store there, for the brother and partner of his friend and benefactor the London Jeweller, Mr. Manessa; who had ventured a very considerable part of his fortune upon this speculation.

Many Jews had enriched themselves lately, at Gibraltar, by keeping stores for the troops; and during the siege it was expected that it would be a profitable business.

Mr. Manessa's store under Jacob's care went on prosperously, till the day when

Lord Mowbray arrived at Gibraltar with a regiment, of which, young as he was, he was lieutenant-colonel: "He recognized me, the first time we met; I saw he was grown into a fine looking officer; and indeed, Mr. Harrington, I saw him, without bearing the least malice for any little things that had passed, which I thought, as you say, were only schoolboy follies. But in a few minutes I found, to my sorrow, that he was not changed in mind towards me.

"His first words at meeting me in the public streets were, 'So, are you here? Young Shylock! what brings you to Gibraltar? you are of the tribe of Gad, I think, you *Wandering Jew!*'

"Lord Mowbray's servants heard, and caught their lord's witticism: the serjeants and soldiers repeated the colonel's words, and the nicknames spread through the regiment, and through the garrison; wherever I turned, I heard them echoed: poor Jacob was called *Young Shylock*, by some; and by others, the Wandering

Jew. It was a bitter jest, and soon became bitter earnest.

"The ignorant soldiers really believed me to be that Jew, whom Christians most abominate *.

"The common people felt a superstitious dread of me: the mothers charged their children to keep out of my way; and if I met them in the streets, they ran away from me and hid themselves.

"You may think, Sir, I was not happy. I grew melancholy; and my melancholy face, they said, was a proof, that I was what I was said to be. I was ashamed to shew my face. I lost all relish for my food, and began to pine away. My master noticed it, and he was sorry for me; he took my part, and spoke to the young lord, who thereupon grew angry, and high words passed; the young lord cursed at my master for an insolent Jew dog. As to me, his lordship swore, that

* See Percy's Reliques of Antient Poetry, for the ballad of the Wandering Jew.

he knew me from a boy; that he had known enough of my tricks, and that of course for that I must bear him malice; and he vowed I should not bear it to him for nothing.

"From that day, there was a party raised against us in the garrison. Lord Mowbray's soldiers, of course, took his part, and those who were most his favourites, abused us Jews the most. They never passed our store any day, without taunt and insult; ever repeating the names their colonel had given me. It was hard to stand still and mute, and bear every thing, without reply. But I was determined not to bring my master into any quarrel, so I bore all.

"Presently the time came, when there was great distress for provisions in the garrison; then the cry against the Jews was terrible: but I do not wish to say more of what followed, than is necessary to my own story. You must have heard, Sir, of the riot at Gibraltar, the night when the soldiery got at the spirit stores?

I had read accounts of some such thing in the newspapers of the day; I had heard of excesses committed by the soldiery, who were enraged against the Jew merchants: and I recollected some story * of the soldiers having roasted a pig before a Jew's door, with a fire made of the Jew's own cinnamon.

"That fire, Sir," said Jacob, "was made before our door: it was kindled by a party of Lord Mowbray's soldiers, who, madly intoxicated with the spirits they had got from the stores, came in the middle of that dreadful night to our house, and, with horrible shouts, called upon my master to give up to them the *wandering Jew.* My master refusing to do this, they burst open his house, pillaged, wasted, destroyed, burnt all before our eyes! We lost every thing! I do not mean to say *we—I,* poor Jacob, had little to lose. It is not of that, though it was my all, it is not of that I speak, but my master!—from a rich man, in one hour

* Drinkwater's Siege of Gibraltar.

became a beggar!—the fruit of all his labour lost—nothing left for his wife or children. I never can forget his face of despair by that fire-light. I think I see it now! He did not recover it, Sir!—he died of a broken heart. He was the best and kindest of masters to me.

"And can you wonder now, Mr. Harrington, or do you blame Jacob, that could not look upon that lord with a pleased eye, nor smile when I saw him again?"

I did not blame Jacob—I liked him for the warmth of his feeling for his master. When he was a little composed, however, I represented that his affection and pity might have raised his indignation too strongly against Lord Mowbray, and might have made him impute to him a greater share than he really had in their misfortunes. Lord Mowbray was a very young officer at that time, too young to be trusted with the command of men in such difficult circumstances. Lord Mowbray had been exceedingly blameable, in

giving, even in jest, the nicknames which had prejudiced his soldiers against an innocent individual; but I could not conceive that he had a serious design to injure; nor could he, as I observed, possibly foresee the fatal consequences that afterwards ensued. As to the excesses of his soldiers, for their want of discipline he was answerable; but Jacob should recollect the distress to which the soldiers had been previously reduced, and the general prejudice against those who were supposed to be the cause of the scarcity. Lord Mowbray might be mistaken like others—but as to his permitting their outrages, or directing them against individual Jews whom he disliked, I told Jacob it was impossible for me to believe it. Why did not the Jew merchant state his complaint to the General, who had, as Jacob allowed, punished all the soldiers who had been convicted of committing outrages. If Lord Mowbray had been complained of by Mr. Manessa, a court-martial would have been held; and if the

harges had been substantiated, his title of colonel or lord would have availed him nothing, he would have been broke.' Jacob said, his poor master, who was ruined and in despair, thought not of court-martials—perhaps he had no legal proofs—perhaps he dreaded, with reason, the popular prejudice in the garrison, and dared not, being a Jew, appear against a Christian officer. How that might have been, Jacob said, he did not know—all he knew was, that his master was very ill, and that he returned to England soon afterwards.

But still, argued I, if Lord Mowbray had not been brought to a court-martial, if it had been known among his brother officers that he had been guilty of such unofficer-like conduct, no British officer would have kept company with him—I was, therefore, convinced, that Jacob must have been misinformed and deceived by exaggerated reports, and prejudiced by the warmth of his own feelings for the loss of his master.

Jacob listened to me with a look of incredulity, yet as if with a wish to believe that I was right—he softened gradually—he struggled with his feelings.

"He knew," he said, "that it was our Christian precept to forgive our enemies—very good precept—but was it easy?—Did all Christians find it easy to put it in practise. And you, Mr. Harrington, you who can have no enemies, how can you judge?"

Jacob ended by promising, with a smile, that he would shew me that a Jew could forgive.

"This young lord is now your friend, I will endeavour not to think ill of him in future, and to forget the past."

Then, eager to get rid of the subject, he spoke of other things I thanked him for his having introduced me to Mr. Israel Lyons—he was delighted to hear of the advantage I had derived from this introduction at Cambridge, and of its having led to my acquaintance with Mr. Montenero.

He had been informed of my meeting Miss Montenero at the theatre; and he told me of his hopes and fears when he heard her say she had been assisted by a gentleman of the name of Harrington.

I did not venture, however, to speak much of Miss Montenero; but I expatiated on the pleasure I had in Mr. Montenero's conversation, and on the advantages I hoped to derive from cultivating his society.

Jacob, always more disposed to affection and gratitude, than to suspicion or revenge, seemed rejoiced to have got rid of the thoughts of Lord Mowbray, and he appeared inspired with fresh life and spirit when he talked of Mr. Montenero and his daughter. He mentioned their kindness, their generosity to the widow and children of his deceased master, and of Mr. Montenero's goodness to the surviving brother and partner, the London jeweller, Mr Manessa, Jacob's first benefactor. The Manessas had formerly been settled in Spain, at the time Mr.

Montenero had lived there; and, when he was in some difficulties with the Inquisition, had in some way essentially served him, either in assisting his escape from that country, or in transmitting his property. Jacob was not acquainted with the particulars, but he knew that Mr. Montenero was most grateful for the obligation, whatever it had been; and now that he was rich, and the Manessas in distress, he seemed to think he could never do enough for them. Jacob became first acquainted, as he told me, with Mr. Montenero in consequence of his connection with these Manessas. The widow had represented him as being a faithful friend, and the two children of his deceased master were fond of him. Mr. Montenero's attachment to the Manessas immediately made him take notice of Jacob. As soon as their affairs could be settled, Jacob told me that he was to take charge of them, go to their house in the city, and that Mr. Montenero had promised, if possible, to obtain for him a share in the firm of

the surviving brother and partner, Manessa, the jeweller. In the mean time Jacob was employed by Mr. Montenero in making out catalogues of his books and pictures, arranging his library and cabinet of medals, &c., to all which he was fully competent. Jacob said, he rejoiced that these occupations would keep him a little while longer at Mr. Montenero's, where he should have more frequent opportunities of seeing me than he could hope for when he should be at the other end of the town.—"Besides," added he, "I don't know how I shall ever be able to do without the kindness Mr. Montenero shews me—and as for Miss Montenero!"—Jacob's countenance expanded, and his voice was by turns softened into tenderness, and raised to enthusiasm, as he again spoke of the father and daughter: and when my mind, touched and warmed by the panegyric of Berenice, which Jacob pronounced with the true eloquence of the heart, she, leaning on her father's arm, entered the room. The dignified

simplicity, the graceful modesty of her appearance, so unlike the fashionable forwardness, or the fashionable bashfulness, or any of the various airs of fashionable affectation, which I had seen in Lady Anne Mowbray, and her class of young ladies, charmed me perhaps more from contrast and from the novelty of the charm. There was a timid sensibility in her countenance when I spoke to her, which, joined to the feminine reserve of her whole manner, the tone of her voice, and the propriety and elegance of the very little she said, pleased me inexpressibly. I wished only that she had said more. However, when her father spoke, it seemed to be almost the same as if she spoke herself, her sympathy with him appeared so strongly. I was convinced that all which he said, she thought and felt, and this gave an additional interest to his conversation. He began by speaking of Jacob. He was glad to find that I was *the* Mr. Harrington, whom Jacob had been so eager to see. It was evident that they knew all the good

that grateful young man could tell of me; and the smile which I received from the father and daughter at this instant would have overpaid me for any obligations I could have conferred. Jacob retired, observing, that he had taken up all my time with the history of his own private affairs, and that I had not yet seen any of the pictures. Mr. Montenero immediately led me to one of Murillo's, regretting that he had not the pleasure of shewing it to my mother. I began to speak of her sorrow at not being able to venture out; I made some apology, but whatever it was, I am sure I did not, I could not, pronounce it well. Mr. Montenero bowed his head courteously, removed his eyes from my face, and glanced for one moment at Miss Montenero with a look of regret, quickly succeeded by an expression in his countenance of calm and proud independence. He was sorry, he said, that he could not have the honour of seeing Mrs. Harrington—the pleasure of presenting his daughter to her.

I perceived that he was aware of what I had hoped had escaped his penetration, my mother's prepossession against him and his daughter. I saw that he attributed it to a general prejudice against his race and religion—and I perceived that this hurt his feelings much, though his pride or his philosophy quickly repressed his sensibility. He never afterwards spoke of my mother—never hoped to see her another day—or hoped even that the cold, which had prevented her from coming out, would be better. We understood, and saw that we [illegible] on this point [illegible] vexed and [illegible] able to bring [illegible] turned the conv[illegible] could to Mr. [illegible] tion of him—[illegible].

Mr. Mon[illegible] only for his [illegible] Jews in general, [illegible] well acquainted [illegible].

I observed, [illegible]

said, that from the information he had received from Mr. [illegible] and from Jacob, he was thoroughly aware of my early prejudices and antipathies to [illegible] Jews. He observed to his [illegible] that Mr. Harrington had double [illegible] in his present liberality, since he had conquered what it is so difficult, scarcely possible, completely to conquer, an early prepossession, fostered perhaps by the opinion of many whose opinions must have had great influence on his mind. [illegible] this compliment, I thought I [illegible] and still more [illegible] his daughter, [illegible] and that [illegible] *were so* [illegible] *completely to* [illegible] I promised myself [illegible] convince them [illegible] had formed [illegible] was flattered by [illegible] that I had inspired some interest. We went on with the picture [illegible] fond of the arts,

was no connoisseur, I was relieved and pleased to find that Mr Montenero had none of the jargon of connoisseurship; while his observations impressed me with a high idea of his taste and judgment, they gave me some confidence in my own. I was delighted to find that I understood, and could naturally and truly agree with all he said, and that my untutored preferences were what they ought, according to the right rules of art and science, to be. In short, I was proud to find that my taste was in general the same as his and his daughter's. What pleased me far more than Mr. Montenero's taste, was the liberality and the enlargement of mind I saw in all his opinions and sentiments. There was in him a philosophic calmness and moderation; his reason seemed to have worked against great natural sensibility, perhaps susceptibility, till this calm had become the settled temper of his soul. I fancied also, that I perceived a constant care in him to cultivate the

same temper in his daughter, and to fortify her against that extreme sensibility to the opinion of others, and that diffidence of herself, to which, as I recollected, he had formerly adverted.

After having admired some of Murillo's pictures, we came to one which I, unpractised as I was in judging of painting, immediately perceived to be inferior.

"You are quite right," said Mr. Montenero, "it is inferior to Murillo, and the sudden sense of this inferiority absolutely broke the painter's heart. This picture is by a painter of the name of Castillo, who had thought comfortably well of himself till he saw the masterpieces of Murillo's genius. Castillo surveyed them for some time in absolute silence, then turning away, exclaimed, *Castillo is no more!*—and soon Castillo was no more. From that moment he pined away, and soon afterwards died: not from envy," continued Mr. Montenero—"no; he was a man of mild, amiable temper, incapable of envy—but

he fell a victim to excessive sensibility, a dangerous, though not a common vice of character."

"Weakness, not vice, I hope," I heard Miss Montenero say in a low voice.

The father answered, with a sigh, "that, however, cannot be called a virtue, which incapacitates from the exercise of independent virtue, and which, as you find, not only depresses genius, but may extinguish life itself."

Mr. Montenero then turned to me, and with composure went on speaking of the pictures. Ever since I knew I was to see these pictures, I had been studying Cumberland's Lives of the Spanish Painters, and this I honestly told Mr. Montenero, when he complimented me upon my knowing all the names and anecdotes to which he alluded—he smiled—so did his daughter; and he was so good as to say, that he liked me better for telling him this so candidly, than if I had known all that the connoisseurs and anecdote-mongers, living or dead, have ever said or written.

We came to a picture by Alonzo Cano, who, excelling in architecture, statuary, and painting, has been called the Michael Angelo of Spain.

"He at least was not deficient in a comfortably good opinion of himself, Mr. Montenero," said I. "Is not it recorded of Cano, that having finished a statue of Saint Antonio de Padua for a Spanish counsellor, the tasteless lawyer and niggardly devotee hesitated to pay the artist his price, observing that Cano, by his own account, had been only twenty-five days about it. The counsellor sat down with stupid self-sufficiency to calculate, that at a hundred pistoles, divided by twenty-five days, the artist would be paid at a higher rate than he was himself for the exercise of his talents. 'Wretch! talk to me of *your* talents,' exclaimed the enraged artist; 'I have been fifty years learning to make this statue in twenty-five days:' and as he spoke, Cano dashed his statue to pieces on the pavement of the academy."

The affrighted counsellor fled from the house with the utmost precipitation, concluding that the man who was bold enough to destroy a saint, would have very little remorse in destroying a lawyer."

"Happily for Cano, this story did not reach the ears of the Inquisition," said Mr. Montenero, "or he would have been burnt alive."

Mr. Montenero then pointed out some exquisite pieces by this artist, and spoke with enthusiasm of his genius. I perceived some emotion, of which I could not guess the cause, in the countenance of his daughter; she seemed touched by what her father said about this painter or his pictures.

Mr. Montenero concluded his panegyric on Cano's genius by saying, "besides being a great genius, we are told that he was very religious, and, some few peculiarities excepted, very charitable."

"*You* are very charitable, I am sure," said Miss Montenero, looking at her father, and smiling: "I am not sure that

I could speak so charitably of that man." A sigh quickly followed her smile, and I now recollected having heard or read that this painter bore such an antipathy to the Jews, that he considered every touch of theirs as contamination; and if he accidentally came in contact with them, would cast off and give away his clothes, forbidding the servant to whom he gave them on any account to wear them.

Miss Montenero saw that I recollected to what she alluded—that I had a just feeling of the benevolent magnanimity of her father's character. This raised me, I perceived, in the daughter's opinion. Though scarcely a word passed at the moment, yet I fancied that we felt immediately better acquainted. I ventured to go and stand beside her, from doing which, I had hitherto been prevented by I know not what insurmountable difficulty or strange spell.

We were both opposite to a Spanish copy of Guido's Aurora Surgens. I observed, "that the flame of th torch

borne by the winged boy, representing Lucifer, points westward, in a direction contrary to that in which the manes of the horses, the drapery of Apollo, and that of the dancing hours are blown, which seemed to me to be a mistake.

Berenice said that Guido had taken this picture from Ovid's description, and that he had, with great art, represented, by the very circumstance to which I objected, the swiftness of the motion with which the chariot was driven forward.

The current of the morning wind blowing from the east was represented by the direction of the hair of Lucifer, and of the flame of his torch; while the rapidity of the motion of the chariot was such, that, notwithstanding the eastern wind which would otherwise have blown them towards the west, the manes of the horses, and the drapery of the figures, were driven backwards, by the resistance of the air against which they were hurried.

She then repeated, in a pleasing, but timid manner, in support of her opinion,

these two beautiful lines of Addison's translation.

> "With winged speed outstrips the eastern wind,
> And leaves the breezes of the morn behind."

I need not say that I was delighted with this criticism, and with the modest manner in which it was spoken: but I could not honestly help remarking that, to the description immediately alluded to in Ovid, Dryden had added the second beautiful line.

> "And leaves the breezes of the morn behind."

Mr. Montenero looked pleased, and said to me, "It is very true, in the immediate passage, describing the chariot of the Sun issuing from the gates of Heaven, this line is not in the original; but if you look farther back in the fable, you will find, that the idea is still more strongly expressed in the Latin, than in the English."

I felt, that the more I heard and saw, the more I wished to hear and see of Miss Montenero. It was with the utmost difficulty, that I at last forced myself

away, nor was I in the least aware of the unconscionable length of my visit. What particularly pleased me in her conversation was, that she had none of those fashionable phrases, which fill each vacuity of sense, and which level all distinctions of understanding. There was none of that common-place stuff, which passes for conversation in the world, and which we hear and repeat, till we are equally tired of others and ourselves.

There were, besides, in her manner and countenance, indications of perfect sweetness of temper, a sort of feminine gentleness and softness, which art cannot feign, nor affectation counterfeit; a gentleness, which, while it is the charm of female manners, is so perfectly consistent with true spirit, and with the higher, or the stronger qualities of the mind. All I had seen of Miss Montenero in this first visit inspired me with the most ardent desire to see more. Here was a woman who could fill my whole soul; who could at once touch my heart and my imagi-

nation. I felt inspired with new life—I had now a great object, a strong and lively interest in existence. At parting, Mr. Montenero shook hands with me, which, he said, he knew was the English mode of shewing kindness: he expressed an earnest, but proudly guarded wish, that I might be *so circumstanced*, and so inclined, as to allow him the pleasure he much desired, of cultivating my acquaintance.

CHAP. X.

THE interest which Berenice inspired, so completely absorbed my mind, that I never thought again of Jacob and his story, till I met Lady Anne and her brother the next morning, when I went to take a ride in the Park; they were with Colonel Topham, and some people of her ladyship's acquaintance.

Lady Anne, after the usual preliminary quantity of nonsense, and after she had questioned and cross-questioned me, to the best of her slender abilities, about the Jewess, and told me a long story about herself, and her fears, and the fears of her mare, and a horse-laugh of Mowbray's, which Colonel Topham said no horse could stand—not much applause en-

suing from me, she returned to the witty colonel, and left me to her brother. Mowbray directly began to talk about Jacob. He said, he supposed Jacob had not failed to make his Gibraltar story good to me. But that—"Hear both sides," was an indispensable maxim, even where such a favourite as Jacob was concerned. "But first let us take one other good gallop," said Mowbray; "Anne, I leave you here with Mrs. Carrill and Colonel Topham;" and away he gallopped. When he thought, as he said, that he had shaken off some of my prejudices, he drew up his horse, and talked over the Gibraltar affair.

His dashing, jocular, military mode of telling the thing, so different from Jacob's plain, mercantile, matter of fact method, quite changed my view and opinion of the transaction. Mowbray blamed himself with such a good grace, and wished so fervently, that he could make any reparation to "the poor devils who had suffered," that I acquitted him of all

malice, and forgave his imprudence. He must go and talk over the matter with poor Jacob, he said, and make him what reparation he could. To this proposal I most readily agreed.

The frankness with which he spoke to Jacob, when they met, was proof conclusive to me, that he was incapable, as he declared, of harbouring any malice against Jew or Christian. He inquired most particularly into Jacob's own losses at Gibraltar, called for pen, ink, and paper, and in his off-hand manner wrote a draft on his banker, and put it into Jacob's hand. "Here, my honest Jacob, you're a Jew, whose accounts I can take at your word. Let this settle the balance between us. No scruples, Jacob—no present this—nothing but remuneration for your losses."

Jacob accepted Lord Mowbray's apologies, but could not by any means be prevailed upon to accept from him any present or remuneration. He seemed willing to forgive, but not to trust Lord Mowbray. All trace of resentment was

cleared from his countenance, but no condescension of his lordship's could move Jacob to throw off his reserve beyond a certain point. He conquered aversion, but he would not pretend to like. Mr. Montenero came into the room while we were speaking, and I presented Lord Mowbray to him. There was as marked a difference as politeness would allow, in Mr. Montenero's manner towards his lordship, and towards me, which I justly attributed to Jacob's previous representations. We looked at the pictures, and talked, and loitered, but I turned my eyes in vain to the door, every time it opened; no Miss Montenero appeared.—I was so much preoccupied with my object, that I was silent, and left Mowbray to make his own way, which no one was more capable of doing. In a few minutes, he was in full conversation. He went over again, without my attending to it, his *pièce justificative*, about the riot at Gibraltar, and Jacob, and the Manessas; and between the fits

of my reverie, I perceived Mowbray was talking of the Duc de Crillon, and General Elliott, and red hot balls; but I took no interest in the conversation, till I heard him speak of an officer's ball at Gibraltar, of dancing with a Jewess. The very night he had first landed at Gibraltar, there happened to be a ball, to which he went with a friend who was also just landed, and a stranger. It was the custom to draw lots for partners. His friend, a true born Englishman, took fright at the foreign sounding name of the lady, who fell to his lot:--Mowbray changed tickets with him, and had, he said, great reason to rejoice. The lady with the foreign sounding name was a Jewess, the handsomest, the most graceful, the most agreeable woman in the room. He was, he said, the envy of every man, and especially of his poor friend, who too late repented his rash renunciation of his ticket. Lord Mowbray, by several other slight anecdotes, which he introduced with happy effect, contrived

to please Mr. Montenero, and if any unfavourable prepossession had existed against him, it was, I thought, completely removed. For my own part, I was delighted with his presence of mind in recollecting all that was best worth seeing in London, and arranging parties in which we could have the honour of attending Miss Montenero, and the pleasure of being of some use to her. Mr. Montenero's own acquaintance in London was chiefly with the families of some of the foreign ambassadors, and with other foreigners of distinction. But his daughter was not yet acquainted with any English ladies, except the lady of General B——, with whom the Monteneros had been intimate in America. Lady Emily B—— was detained in the country by the illness of one of her family, and Miss Montenero, having declined going into public with Mrs. Coates, would wait quietly at home, she said, till her English friends should come to town. Again shame for my mother's remissness obliged me to cast

down my eyes in awkward silence. But Mowbray, heaven bless him for it!—went on fluently. This was the moment, he said, before Miss Montenero should appear in public, and get into the whirl of the great world, before engagements should multiply, and press upon her, as inevitably they would, as soon as she had made her debut, this was the moment, and the only moment probably she would ever have to herself, to see all that was worth a stranger's notice in London. Mr. Montenero was obliged to Mowbray, and I am sure so was I. Miss Montenero, infinitely more desirous to see, than to be seen, was pleased with the parties we arranged for her. And from this time forward, scarcely a day passed, without our having the pleasure of attending the father and daughter. My mother sighed and remonstrated in vain; my father, absorbed in the House of Commons, was satisfied with seeing me regularly at breakfast. He usually dined at clubs, and it was happily his principle to let

his son amuse himself his own way. Had he suspected that I was amusing myself with a Jew and a Jewess, he would, as my mother represented, have been terribly alarmed for the consequences. But I assured my mother, and truly, that I was only amusing myself, and that I had not formed any serious intentions. I wished to see more of the lady. Mowbray, with ready invention, continually suggested something particularly well worth seeing or hearing, some delightful pretext for our being together. Sometimes he accompanied us, sometimes he excused himself—he had indispensable engagements. His *indispensable engagements* I knew were usually with ladies of a very different sort from Miss Montenero. Mowbray was desperately in love with the young actress, who had played the part of Jessica, and to her he devoted every moment he could command. I regretted for his sake his dissipated, I had almost said profligate, tastes; but I felt the more obliged to him for the time

he sacrificed to friendship; and perhaps, to tell things just as they were, I was glad he was safely in love with a Jessica of his own, as it secured me from all apprehension of his rivalling, or wishing to rival, me. Miss Montenero he confessed was not in the least to his taste. In this instance I was quite satisfied, that our tastes should completely differ. I never liked him so well;—we went on most happily together. I felt uncommonly benevolent to the whole world; my heart expanded with increased affection for all my friends—every thing seemed to smile upon me—even the weather—it was in the first days of spring. The most delicious morning I ever remember, was that on which we rowed along the banks of the Thames with Miss Montenero. I always enjoyed every beautiful object in nature with enthusiasm, but now, with new delight—with all the enchantment of a first love, and of hope that had never known disappointment.

I was almost angry with my dear friend

Mowbray for not being as enthusiastic this day as I was myself.

There were certain points of taste and character on which we never could suit—my romantic imagination and enthusiastic manner of expressing myself were often in contrast with his worldly comic mode of seeing and talking. He hurt, sometimes, my feelings by his raillery—he pulled me down too suddenly from my flights of imagination. By the flashes of his wit he shewed, perhaps too clearly, the danger of my fall from "high sublime to deep absurd,"—but, after all, I was satisfied that Miss Montenero preferred my style, and in general I was content that he should enjoy his dear wit and gay rhetoric— even a little at my expense.

The morning we went to Westminster Abbey, I own I was provoked with him, for pointing out to my observation, at the moment when my imagination was struck with the sense of sublimity at the sight of the awful pile, the ridiculous contrast of the showman and his keys, who was im-

patiently waiting till I had finished my exclamations;—but I soon forgot both the showman and the wit—while at every step, among the illustrious dead, my enthusiasm was raised, and some anecdote of their lives, or some striking quotation from their works, rushed upon my mind. I was inspired and encouraged by the approbation of the father and the sympathy of the daughter.

As we were quitting the Abbey, Mr. Montenero stopped—turned to me, and said—

"You have a great deal of enthusiasm, I see, Mr. Harrington—so much the better in my opinion—I love generous enthusiasm."

And at the moment I flattered myself that the eyes of his daughter repeated "I love generous enthusiasm," her father caught the expression, and immediately, with his usual care, moderated and limited what he had said.

"Enthusiasm well governed, of course, I mean—as one of your English noblemen

lately said, 'There is an enthusiasm of the head, and that is genius—there is an enthusiasm of the heart, and that is virtue—there is an enthusiasm of the temper, and that is'—"

Miss Montenero looked uneasy, and her father perceiving this, checked himself again, and changing his tone, added—"But, with all its dangers and errors, enthusiasm either in man or woman is more amiable and *respectable* than selfishness. Enthusiasm is not the vice of the young men or women of the present day."

"Certainly not," said Mowbray, who was now very attentive to every thing that passed. I forgave him the witticisms with which he had crossed my humour this morning, for the kind sympathy he shewed with the pleasure I felt at this moment. Afterwards, when Mowbray and I were alone together, and *compared notes*, as we were in the habit of doing, upon all that had been said, and had been *looked*, during the day, Mowbray congratulated me upon the impression I had

made by my eloquence. "Enthusiasm you see is the thing both with father and daughter—you succeed in that line, follow it up!"

I was incapable of affecting enthusiasm, or of acting any part to shew myself off; yet Mowbray's opinion and my own observations coinciding, unconsciously and involuntarily I afterwards became more at my ease in yielding to my natural feeling and habitual expressions.

About this time, a little girl, General B——'s youngest daughter, was brought from the country by her father to spend a few days with Miss Montenero. The child had a curiosity to see the Tower—Miss Montenero said she was aware of the ridicule thrown on those who go to see *lions*. Of this Mrs. Coates had made her fully sensible on her first coming to town,—"she had assured her, that no mortal who had been used to live in Lon'on ever thought of going to *see the lions*, except incog, which could not well be managed with the Alderman's livery."

"Berenice was glad," she said, "to take this opportunity of gratifying herself, obliging her young friend, and at the same time of convincing her father, that she was not quite so susceptible to the opinion of others as he had sometimes suspected her of being. With as much spirit and steadiness, as she usually shewed gentleness and softness of manner, she declared, "that fashionable or unfashionable, she was determined to see every thing in London that could improve or entertain her. Foreigners, who had not been awed by the cockney prejudice, had assured Mr. and Miss Montenero, that the armoury was one of the most striking spectacles they had seen in England—Miss Montenero, therefore, stood resolved to brave the sight of *the lions* and the Tower.

Mowbray engaged himself to be of our party. But at the same time, he privately begged me to keep it a dead secret from his sister. Lady Anne, he said, would never cease to ridicule him, if she were to hear of his going to the

Tower, after having been too lazy to go with her, and all the fashionable world, the night before, to the Fantoccini.

Though I had lived in London half my childhood, my nervous disease had prevented my being taken to see even the sights that children are usually shewn; and since I had been my own master, since my late arrival in town, engagements and emotions had pressed upon me too fast, to leave me time or inclination to think of such things. My object, of course, was now, merely to have the pleasure of accompanying Berenice.

I was, however, unexpectedly struck, on entering the armoury at the Tower. The walls, three hundred feet length of wall, covered with arms for two hundred thousand men, burnished arms, is curious. The glittering piles standing with cross points on each side of the line of antient kings, clad in complete armour, mounted on their steeds fully caparisoned—the death-like stiffness of the figures—the stillness—the silence of the place, alto-

gether awe the imagination, and carry the memory back to the days of chivalry. When among these forms of kings and heroes, who had ceased to be, I beheld the Black Prince, lance couched, vizor down, with the arms he wore at Cressy and Poictiers: my enthusiasm knew no bounds.—The Black Prince, from my childhood, had been the object of my idolatry. I kneeled—I am ashamed to confess it—I kneeled to do homage to the empty armour.

"Look at him!—Look at Mr. Harrington, kneeling," exclaimed the child.

Mr. Montenero, past the age of romantic extravagance, could not sympathize with all this enthusiasm, but he bore with it. He looked down upon me benignantly, and waited till I had finished my extacies. Berenice, with a knowledge of our English history, which I could scarcely have expected from a foreigner, and which at this instant was peculiarly grateful to my feelings, explained to the little girl why my hero,

the Black Prince, deserves to have homage done to him for his generosity and humanity, more than for his victories.

We passed on to dark gothic nooks of chambers, where my reverence for the beds on which kings had slept, and the tables at which kings had sat, much increased by my early associations formed at Brantefield Priory, was expressed with a vehemence which astonished Mr. Montenero; and, I fear, prevented him from hearing the answers to various inquiries, upon which he, with better regulated judgment, was intent.

Well read as he was in English history, he could not always follow my rapidity of allusion, or comprehend my oratorical explanation.

An orator is the worst person to tell a plain fact; the very worst guide, as Mowbray observed, that a foreigner can have. Still Mr Montenero had patience with me, and supplied the elisions in my rhetoric, by what information he could pick up from the guide, and

from Mowbray, with whom, from time to time, he stopped to see and hear, after I had passed on with Berenice. To her quickness and sympathy I flattered myself that I was always intelligible.

We came at last to the chamber where Clarence and the young princes had been murdered. Here, I am conscious, I was beyond measure exuberant in exclamations, and in quotations from Shakespear.

Mr. Montenero came in just as I was ranting, from Clarence's dream—

> "Seize on him furies! take him to torments!
> ——With that, methought a legion of foul fiends
> Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
> Such hideous cries! that with the very"—

noise I made, prevented poor Mr. Montenero from hearing the answer to some historic question he was asking. Berenice's eye warned me to lower my voice, and I believe I should have been quiet, but that unluckily Mowbray set me off in another direction, by reminding me of the tapestry-chamber and Sir Josseline.

I remember covering my face with both my hands, and shuddering with horror.

Mr. Montenero asked, "What of the tapestry chamber?"

And immediately recollecting that I should not, to him, and before his daughter, describe the Jew, who had committed a deed without a name, I with much embarrassment said, that "It was nothing of any consequence—it was something I could not explain."

I left it to Mowbray's superior presence of mind, and better address, to account for it, and I went on with Berenice. Whenever my imagination was warmed, verses poured in upon my memory, and often without much apparent connexion with what went before. I recollected at this moment the passage in Akenside's "*Pleasures of the Imagination*," describing the early delight the imagination takes in horrors:—the children closing round the village matron, who suspends the infant audience with her tales breathing astonishment.

The little girl who was with us breathed astonishment, while I recited all I knew of—

> "Evil spirits! of the death-bed call
> Of him who robbed the widow, and devour'd
> The orphan's portion—of unquiet souls
> Risen from the grave, to ease the heavy guilt
> Of deeds in life conceal'd—of shapes that walk
> At dead of night, and clank their chains, and wave
> The torch of Hell around the murd'rer's bed!"

Mowbray and Mr. Montenero, who had staid behind us a few minutes, came up just as I was, with much emphasis and gesticulation,

> "Waving the torch of Hell around the murd'rer's bed."

I am sure I must have been a most ridiculous figure. I saw Mowbray on the brink of laughter; but Mr. Montenero looked so grave, that he fixed all my attention. I suddenly stopped.

"We were talking of 'The Pleasures of Imagination,'" said Berenice to her father. "Mr. Harrington is a great admirer of Akenside."

"Is he?" replied Mr. Montenero coldly, and with a look of absence. "But, my dear, we can have the pleasures of the imagination another time. Here are some realities worthy our present attention."

Then he drew his daughter's arm within his. I followed; and all the time he was pointing out to her the patterns of the Spanish instruments of torture, with which her politic Majesty Queen Elizabeth frightened her subjects into courage sufficient to repel all the invaders on board the invincible armada—I stood silent, pondering on what I might have said or done to displease him, whom I was so anxious to please. First, I thought he suspected me of what I most detested, the affectation of taste, sensibility, and enthusiasm. Next, I fancied that Mowbray, in explaining about the tapestry chamber, Sir Josseline, and the bastinadoed Jew, had said something that might have hurt Mr. Montenero's Jewish pride. From whichever of these causes

his displeasure arose, it had the effect of completely sobering my spirits. My poetic fit was over. I did not even dare to speak to his daughter. I let the little girl in between us, and holding the child's hand, I applied myself diligently to point out to her "all the realities so worthy of notice."

During our drive home, Berenice, a-propos to something which Mowbray had said, but which I did not hear, suggested to her father some lines of Akenside, which she knew he particularly admired, on the nature and power of the early association of ideas. Mr. Montenero, with all the warmth my heart could wish, praised the poetic genius, and the intimate and deep knowledge of the human mind, displayed in this passage. His gravity gradually wore off, and I began to doubt whether the displeasure had ever existed. At night, before Mowbray and I parted, when we talked over the day, he assured me that he had said nothing that could make

Mr. Montenero displeased with me or any living creature; that they had been discussing some point of English history, on which old Montenero had posed him. As to my fears, Mowbray bullied me out of them effectually. He maintained that Mr. Montenero had not been at all displeased, and that I was a most absurd *modern self-tormentor*. "Could not a man look grave for two minutes without my racking my fancy for two hours to find a cause for it? Perhaps the man had the tooth-ache; possibly the head-ache; but why should I, therefore, insist upon having the heart-ache?"

CHAP. XI.

MOWBRAY'S indifference was often a happy relief to my anxiety of temper—to my susceptibility about the feelings, and the indications of change in the feelings of others. His gross mode of judging, or as he insisted on my stating it, his mode of *estimating in the gross*, often corrected wonderfully well my over-nice calculations. Sometimes, however, he was too positive, that what he did not see did not exist; he was in the habit of rallying me, before Mr. Montenero and Berenice, on what I considered as a very tender and dangerous point—on my early antipathy to the Jews.

I assured him both Berenice and Mr. Montenero had been so well informed

by Jacob and by Israel Lyons, and that they were besides so quick of apprehension, that they would soon decipher his secret meanings; yet, Mowbray could not refrain from his inuendoes, which, he said, no mortal could understand but ourselves.

One day we were looking at a cabinet of medals, which Jacob was arranging for Mr. Montenero. I was struck with a fine medal of one of Admiral Blake's great victories. This medal is by a celebrated engraver of the name of *Simon.*

The moment Mowbray heard the name, he looked slily at me, and then repeated, in his voice of mock simplicity, "*Simon!* is that the name? I am shamefully ignorant about these things. Was he an Englishman, or of the Jewish persuasion? Ah! a Jew—yes, I remember. But, Harrington, were you always so fond—did you always admire old Simon so much? Was not there an old and a young one? I've something running in my head about old Simon."

I was in agonies on Jacob's account as well as on my own; but Mowbray, deaf to all the clearings of my throat, would go on, till Jacob was glad fairly to quit the room. Mowbray appeared quite astonished by the emotion and embarrassment which Jacob shewed, and afterwards told me that he could not conceive what the deuce ailed the fellow. He saw him wincing and wriggling about, and putting the Syrian kings all topsy-turvy; but Mowbray declared, he had no conception that he had himself innocently caused this commotion. Had he had the least inkling that Jacob was the son of Simon, the old clothes-man, his lordship protested he would not for the world have hinted at any thing that could have discomfited *humble* Jacob's family pride. Luckily, whatever I might have seen or imagined of Mr. Montenero's and Berenice's looks and reflexions on the occasion, the affair could not concern them. The old clothes-man was not, he presumed, any relation or intimate

friend of theirs. I was, however, his lordship acknowledged, deeper in old Simon's family history and connexions than he could pretend to be. But, *seriously*, Mowbray promised that he would be more careful in future. However I might feel provoked with him at the moment for his raillery, and his apparent carelessness of my feelings, it was impossible for any but a sulky temper to resist him, when he was determined to make amends for his inadvertencies. He shewed himself so polite, so candid, so desirous to oblige, that I blamed myself for having blamed him. I had surely reason to be grateful to him for the sacrifices he continued daily to make of his own tastes and pleasures to forward my views.

One morning in particular he was going to a rehearsal at Drury-Lane, where I knew his heart was; but I being very anxious to go to the Mint and the Bank with Mr. Montenero and Berenice, Mowbray, who had a relation a bank

director, immediately offered to accompany us, and procured us the means of seeing every thing in the best possible manner.

Nothing could naturally, as he confessed, be less to his taste; and he was surprised that Miss Montenero chose to be of the party. A day spent in viewing the Mint and the Bank, it may perhaps be thought, was a day lost to love—quite the contrary;—I had an opportunity of feeling how the passion of love can throw its enchantment over scenes seemingly least adapted to its nature. Before this time I had twice gone over every part of these magnificent establishments. I had seen at the Bank the spirit of order operating like predestination, compelling the will of man to act necessarily and continually with all the precision of mechanism. I had beheld human creatures, called clerks, turned nearly into arithmetical machines. At the Mint I had seen the power of invention converting machines almost into men. I had seen and admired all this, and thought I had nothing

more to see—but looking at them again with Berenice, all appeared new to me. I felt with her soul, and enjoyed an interest far superior to that of novelty. Nothing was lost upon Berenice. How would she have been delighted if she had seen those machines, "instinct with spirit," which perform now the most delicate manœuvres with more than human dexterity—the self-moving balance which indefatigably weighs, accepts, rejects, disposes of the coin, which a mimic hand perpetually presents! But what chiefly pleased me in Miss Montenero was, the composure, the *sincerity* of her attention. She was not anxious to shew herself: I was the more delighted when I discovered her quickness of comprehension. I was charmed too by the unaffected pleasure she shewed in acquiring new ideas, and surprised by the judicious *proportion* of the admiration she expressed for all that was in various degrees excellent in arrangement, or ingenious in contrivance: in short—

"In short, man," as Mowbray would say,—"in short, man, you were in love, and there's an end of the matter—if your Berenice had hopped for forty paces in the public streets, it would have been the same with you—"

That I deny—but I will go on with my story—

As we were going away, Mr. Montenero, after thanking Lord Mowbray and his cousin, the bank director, who had shewn and explained every thing to us with polite and intelligent patience, observed, that the Bank was to him a peculiarly interesting sight.

"You know," said he, "that we Jews were the first inventors of bills of exchange and bank-notes;—we were originally the bankers and brokers of the world."

Then, as we walked to the carriage, he continued addressing himself to his daughter, in a lowered voice—

"You see, Berenice, here, as in a thousand instances, how general and perma-

nent good often results from partial and temporary evil. The persecutions even to which we Jews were exposed—the tyranny which drove us from place to place, and from country to country, at a moment's, or without a moment's warning, compelled us, by necessity, to the invention of a happy expedient, by which we could convert all our property into a scrap of paper, which could be carried, unseen, in a pocket-book, or conveyed in a letter, unsuspected."

Berenice thanked Heaven that the times of persecution were over; and she added, that she hoped that any prejudice which still existed would soon die away.

Mowbray exclaimed against the very idea of the existence of such prejudices at this time of day in England among the higher classes—among people of any education.

He did not recollect his own mother, I believe, when he said this; but I know I had a twinge of conscience about mine,

and I did not dare to look at Mr. Montenero; nor did I know well which way to look, when his lordship, persisting in his assertion, asked Miss Montenero if she could possibly imagine, that any such vulgar prejudices existed among well-bred persons—persons of any fashion. Berenice mildly answered, that she had really as yet had so few opportunities of seeing the higher classes of society in London, that she could not form a judgment. She was willing to take upon trust his lordship's opinion, who must have means of knowing.

I imagined, that Mr. Montenero's eye was upon me, and that he was thinking of my mother's never having made the slightest advance towards an acquaintance with his daughter. I recollected the speeches I had made on his first visit, pledging my mother to that which she had never performed. I felt upon the rack—and a pause that ensued afterwards encreased my misery. I longed for somebody to say something, any thing. I

looked for assistance to Mowbray. He repeated, confidently, that Miss Montenero might entirely rely upon what he said as to London and England—indeed he had been a good deal abroad *too.* He seemed to be glad to get to the continent again; I followed him as fast as I could, and inquired whether he did not think that the French and Germans were much improved in liberality, and a spirit of toleration.

"Give me leave," said Mr. Montenero, "to answer for the improvement of the Germans. Fifteen years ago, I remember, when I was travelling in Germany, I was stopped at a certain bridge over the Rhine, and being a Jew, was compelled to pay rather an ignominious toll. —The Jews were there classed among cloven-footed beasts, and as such paid toll. But, within these few years, sixteen German princes, enlightened and inspired by one great writer, and one good minister, have combined to abolish this ignominious tax.—You see, my

dear Berenice, your hope is quickly fulfilling—-prejudices are dying away fast. Hope humbly, but hope always."

The playful tone in which Mr. Montenero spoke put me quite at my ease.

The next day I was determined on an effort to make my mother acquainted with Miss Montenero. If I could but effect a meeting, a great point I thought would be gained. Mowbray undertook to manage it, and he, as usual, succeeded in his management. He persuaded his mother to go to an auction of pictures, where he assured her she would be likely to meet with a Vandyke of one of her ancestors, of whose portrait she had long been in search. Lady de Brantefield engaged my mother to be of the party, without her having any suspicion that she would meet the Monteneros. We arrived in time to secure the best places, before the auction began. Neither Mr. nor Miss Montenero were there; but, to my utter discomfiture, a few minutes after we were seated, vulgar Mrs. Coates and

all her tribe appeared. She elbowed her difficult way onward towards us, and nodding to me familiarly, seated herself and her Vandals on a line with us. Then, stretching herself across the august Lady de Brantefield, who drew back, far as space would permit—

"Beg your pardon, ma'am, but I just want to say a word to this lady. An't you the lady—yes—that sat beside me at the play the other night—the Merchant of Venice and the Maid of the Oaks?—Was not it, Izzy? I hope you caught no cold, ma'am—you look but poorly, I am sorry to notice--but what I wanted to say, ma'am, here's an ivory fan Miss Montenero was in a *pucker* and quandary about," "*pucker and quandary!*"—Oh! how I groaned inwardly—

"I was in such a fuss about her, you know, Sir, that I never found out till I got home, I had pocketed a strange fan—here it is, ma'am, if it is yours—it's worth any body's owning, I am sure."

The fan was my mother's, and she was

forced to be much obliged. Lady de Brantefield, still painfully holding back, did not resume her position till some seconds had elapsed after Mrs. Coates had withdrawn her fat bust; till it might be supposed that the danger of coming into contact with her was fairly over. My mother, after a decent interval, asked me, if it were possible to move to some place, where they could have more air, as the crowd was encreasing. Lord Mowbray and I made way for her to a seat by an open window, but the persevering Mrs. Coates followed, talking about the famous elbows of Mr. Peter Coates, on whose arm she leant. "When Peter chuses, there's not a man in Lon'on knows the use of his elbows better, and if we'd had him, Mr. Harrington, with us, at the play, the other night, we should not have given you so much trouble with Miss Montenero, getting her out."

Lord Mowbray, amused by my look of suffering, could not refrain from diverting himself further, by asking a question

or two about the Monteneros. It was soon apparent, from the manner in which Mrs. Coates answered, that she was not as well pleased with them as formerly.

"It was her maxim," she said, "to speak of the bridge as she went over it, and for her part, if she was to give her verdict, she couldn't but say Miss Montenero, for they weren't on terms to call her Miss Berry now, was a little incomprehensible sometimes."

A look of surprise from Lord Mowbray, without his giving himself the trouble to articulate, was quite sufficient to make the lady go on.

"Why? if it concerned any gentleman," (glancing her ill bred eye upon me), "if any gentleman was thinking of looking that way, it might be of use to him to know the land. Miss Montenero then, if truth must be told, is a little touchy on the Jewish chapter."

Lord Mowbray urged Mrs. Coates on with—"How, for instance?"

"Oh how! why, my lord, a hundred

times I've hurt her to the quick. One can't always be thinking of people's different persuasions you know—and if one asked a question, just for information sake, or made a natural remark, as I did t'other day, Queeney, you know, just about Jew butchers, and pigeons. 'It's a pity,' said I, 'that Jews must always have Jew butchers, Miss Berry, and that there is so many things they can't touch. One can't have pigeons, nor hares at one's table,' said I, thinking only of my second course. 'As to pork, Henny,' says I, 'that's a coarse butcher's meat, which I don't regret, nor the alderman, a pinch o' snuff.' Now you know, I thought that was kind of me, but Miss Montenero took it all the wrong way, quite to heart so, you've no idear! After all, she may say what she pleases, but it's my notion the Jews is both a very unsocial, and a very revengeful people; for, do you know, my lord, they wouldn't dine with us next day, though the alderman called himself."

My mother was so placed, that she could not avoid hearing all that Mrs. Coates said to Lord Mowbray. And though she never uttered a syllable, or raised her eyes, or moved the fan she held in her hand, I knew by her countenance the impression that was made on her mind. She would have scorned on any other subject of human life or manners, to have allowed the judgment of Mrs. Coates to weigh with her in the estimation of a single hair; yet here her opinion and *idears* were admitted to be decisive.

Such is prejudice! thought I.—Prejudice even in the proudest people will stoop to accept of nourishment from any hand. Prejudice not only grows on what it feeds upon, but converts every thing it meets with into nourishment.

How clear sighted I was to the nature of prejudice at this moment, and how many reflexions passed in one instant, which I had never made before in the course of my life!—Meantime Mrs. Coates

had beckoned to her son Peter, and Peter had drawn near, and was called upon by his mother to explain to my lord, the cause of the *coolness* betwixt the alderman and Mr. Montenero; "it was," she said, "about the Manessas, and a young man called Jacob."

Peter was not as fluent as his mother, and she went on—"It was some money matter. Mr. Montenero had begun by acting a very generous part, she understood at first, by way of being the benevolent Jew, but had not come up to the alderman's expectations latterly, and had shewn a most illiberal partiality to the Manessas and this Jacob, only because they *was* Jews; which you know," said Mrs. Coates, "was very ungentlemanlike to the alderman, after all the civilities we had shewn the Monteneros on their coming to Lon'on—as Peter, if he could open his mouth, could tell you."

Peter had just opened his mouth, when Mr. Montenero appearing, he

closed it again. To my inexpressible disappointment, Miss Montenero was not with her father. Mr. Montenero smiled the instant he caught my eye, but seeing my mother as he approached, he bowed gravely, and passed on.

"And never noticed me, I declare," said Mrs. Coates, "That's too good!"

"But Miss Montenero! I thought she was to be here?" cried Mowbray.

Mrs. Coates, after her fashion, stretching across two of her daughters, whispered to the third, loud enough for all to hear—"Queeney, this comes of airs!—This comes of her not chusing for to go abroad with me, I suppose."

"If people does'nt know their friends when they has 'em," replied Queeney, "they may go further and fare worse. That's all I have to say."

"Hush!" said Peter, giving his sister a monitory pinch, "Can't you say your say under your breath—*He's* within seven of you, and he has ears like the devil."

"All them Jews has, and Jewesses too, they think one's always talking on them, they're so suspicious," said Mrs. Coates. "I am told, moreover, that they've ways and means of hearing."

To my great relief, she was interrupted by the auctioneer, and the sound of his hammer. The auction went on, and nothing, but "*Who bids more!* going! going!—who bids more!" was heard for a considerable time. Not being able to get near Mr. Montenero, and having failed in all my objects, I grew excessively tired, and was going away, leaving my mother to the care of Mowbray, but he stopped.

"Stay! stay!" said he, drawing me aside, behind two connoisseurs, who were babbling about a Titian, "you will have some diversion by and by. I have a picture to sell, and you must see how it will go off. There is a painting that I bought at a stall, for nothing, upon a speculation that my mother, who is a judge, will pay dear for; and what do you think the

picture is, don't look so stupid, it will interest you amazingly, and Mr. Montenero too, and 'tis a pity your Jewess is not here to see it. Did you ever hear of a picture called the "Dentition of the Jew?"

"Not I."

"You'll see, soon," said Mowbray.

"But tell me *now*," said I.

"Only the drawing the teeth of the Jew, by order of some of our most merciful Lords, the Kings John, Richard, or Edward."

"It will be a companion to the old family picture of the Jew, and Sir Josseline," continued Mowbray, "and this will make the vile daub, which I've had the luck to pick up, invaluable to my mother, and I trust very valuable to me."

"There! Christie has it up! The dear rascal! hear him puff it!"

Lady de Brantefield put up her glass, but neither she, nor I, could distinguish a single figure in the picture, the light so glared upon it.

.Christie caught her ladyship's eye, and addressed himself directly to her.—But her ladyship was deaf. Mowbray pressed forward to her ear, and repeated all Christie roared. No sooner did she understand the subject of the picture, than she turned to her son, to desire him to bid for it, for her, but Mowbray substituted Topham in his stead: Topham obeyed.

"Who bids more?"

A bidder started up, who seemed very eager. He was, we were told, an engraver.

"Who bids more?"

To our surprise, Mr. Montenero was the person to bid more—and more, and more, and more. The engraver soon gave up the contest, but her ladyship's pride and passions rose, when she found Mr. Montenero continued to bid against her, and she persisted, till she came up to an extravagant sum, and still she desired Colonel Topham to bid on.

"Beyond my expectation, faith! Both mad!" whispered Mowbray.—I thought

so too. Still Mr. Montenero went higher.

"I'll go no higher," said Lady de Brantefield, "you may let it be knocked down to that person, Colonel." Then turning to her son—

"Who is the man that bids against me."

"A Jewish gentleman, ma'am, I believe."

"A Jew, perhaps—gentleman, I deny; no Jew ever was, or ever will be, a gentleman. I am sure our family, since the time of Sir Josseline, have had reason enough to know *that.*"

"Very true, ma'am—I'll call for your carriage, for I suppose, you have had enough of this."

Mowbray carried me with him.—"Come off," said he, "I long to hear Montenero descant on the merits of the dentition. Do you speak, for you can do it, with a better face."

Mowbray seemed to be intent merely upon his own diversion; he must have seen and felt how reluctant I was: but

taking my arm, he dragged me on to Mr. Montenero, who was standing near a window, with the picture in his hand, examining it attentively. Mowbray pushed me on close behind Mr. Montenero, and the light now falling on the picture, I saw it for the first time, and the sight struck me with such associated feelings of horror, that I started back, exclaiming, with vehement gestures, "I cannot bear it! I cannot bear that picture!"

Mr. Montenero turned and looked at me with surprise.

"I beg pardon, Sir," said I, "but it made me absolutely——"

"Sick," said Mr. Montenero, opening the window, as I leaned back against the wall, and the eyes of all present were fixed upon me. Ashamed of the exaggerated expression of my feelings, I stood abashed. Mr. Montenero, with the greatest kindness of manner, and with friendly presence of mind, said, he remembered well having felt actually sick at the sight of certain pictures. "For instance,

my lord," said he, addressing himself to Lord Mowbray, "the famous picture of the flaying the unjust magistrate I never could look at steadily."

I recovered myself—and squeezing Mr. Montenero's hand, to express to him that I was sensible of his kind politeness, I exerted myself to talk and to look at the picture—I was afraid of Mowbray's ridicule—I never once turned my eyes towards him, but I fancied that he was laughing behind me.—I did him injustice, he was not laughing—he looked seriously concerned.—He whispered to me—

"Forgive me, my dear Harrington—I aimed at *mamma*, I did not mean to hurt you."

Before we quitted the subject, I expressed to Mr. Montenero my surprise, at his having purchased, at an extraordinary price, a picture apparently of so little merit, and on such a disgusting subject.

"Abuse the subject as much as you please," interposed Mowbray, "but as

to, the merit of the painting, have the grace, Harrington, to consider, that Mr. Montenero must be a better judge than you or I."

"You are too good a judge yourself, my lord," replied Mr. Montenero, in a reserved tone, "not to see this picture to be what it really is, a very poor performance." Then turning to me in a cordial manner—

"Do me the justice to believe, Mr. Harrington, that I am at least as clear sighted, in every point of view, as you can possibly be, to its demerits."

"Then why did you purchase it," was the question, which involuntarily recurred to Mowbray and to me, but we were both silent, and stood with our eyes fixed upon the picture.

"Gentlemen, if you will do me the honour to dine with me to-morrow," said Mr. Montenero "you shall know the purpose for which I bought this picture."

We accepted the invitation; Mowbray waited for to-morrow with all the eager-

ness of curiosity, and I with the eagerness of a still more impatient passion.

I pass over my mother's remonstrances against my *dining at the Monteneros'*; remonstrances, strengthened as they were in vehemence, if not in reason, by all the accession of force gathered from the representations and insinuations of Mrs Coates.

The next day came. "Now we shall hear about the dentition of the Jews," said Mowbray, as we got to Mr Montenero's door.

"And now we shall see Berenice," thought I.

We found a very agreeable company assembled, mixed of English and foreigners. There was the Spanish Ambassador and the Russian Envoy; who by the by, spoke English better than any foreigner I ever heard; a Polish Count, perfectly well bred, and his lady, a beautiful woman, with whom Mowbray of course was half in love, before dinner was over. The only English present,

were General and Lady Emily B——. We soon learned, by the course of the conversation, that Mr. Montenero stood high in the estimation of every individual in the company, all of whom had known him intimately at different times of his life, and in different countries. The General had served in America during the beginning of the war, had been wounded there, and in great difficulties and distress. He and his lady, who accompanied him, had, at their utmost need, been treated in the most kind and hospitable manner by Mr. Montenero and his family. With that true English warmth of gratitude, which contrasts so strongly and agreeably with the natural reserve of English manner and habits, the General and his wife, Lady Emily, expressed their joy at having Mr. Montenero in England, in London, among their own friends.

"My dear, Mr. Montenero must let us introduce him to your brother and our other friends—how delighted they will be to see him! And Berenice!—she

was such a little creature, General, at the time you saw her last!—but such a kind sweet little creature! You remember her scraping the lint!"

"Remember it—certainly!"

They spoke of her, and looked at her, as if she was their own child; and for my part, I could have embraced both the old General and his wife. I only wished that my mother had been present to receive an antidote to Mrs. Coates.

"Oh! please Heaven, we will make London—we'll make England agreeable to you—two years! No; that won't do—we will keep you with us for ever—you shall never go back to America."

Then, in a low voice, to Mr. Montenero, the General added, "Do you think we have not an Englishman good enough for her?"

I felt the blood rush into my face, and dreaded that every eye must see it. When I had the courage to raise my head and look round, I saw that I was perfectly safe, that no creature was think-

ing about me, not even Mowbray, who was gallanting the Polish lady. I ventured then to look towards Berenice; but all was tranquil there—she had not, I was sure, heard the whisper. Mr. Montenero had his eye upon her; the father's eye and mine met—and such a penetrating, yet such a benevolent eye! I endeavoured to listen with composure to whatever was going on. The General was talking of his brother-in-law, Lord Charles; a panic seized me, and a mortal curiosity to know what sort of a man the brother-in-law might be. I was not relieved till the desert came on the table, when, a-propos to something a Swedish gentleman said about Linnæus, strawberries, and the gout, it appeared, to my unspeakable satisfaction, that Lord Charles had the gout at this instant, and had been subject to it during the last nine years. I had been so completely engrossed by my own feelings and imaginations, that I had never once thought of that which had previously excited our

curiosity—the picture, till, as we were going into another room to drink coffee, Mowbray said to me—

"We hear nothing of the dentition of the Jews: I can't put him in mind of it."

"Certainly not," said I. "There is a harp; I hope Miss Montenero will play on it," added I.

After coffee we had some good music, in different styles, so as to please, and interest, and join in one common sympathy, all the company, many of whom had never before heard each other's national music. Berenice was asked to play some Hebrew music, the good General reminding her, that he knew she had a charming ear and a charming voice when she was a child. She had not, however. been used to sing or play before numbers, and she resisted the complimentary entreaties; but when the company were all gone, except the General, and his lady, and Mowbray, and myself, her father requesting that Berenice would try one song, and that she would play

one air on the harp to oblige her old friends, she immediately complied, with a graceful unaffected, modesty that interested every heart in her favour. I can answer for my own; though no connoisseur, I was enthusiastically fond of good music. Miss Montenero's voice was exquisite: both the poetry she sung and the music were sublime and touching. No compliments were paid; but when she ceased—all were silent—in hopes that the harp would be touched again by the same hand. At this moment, Mr. Montenero, turning to Lord Mowbray and to me, said,

"Gentlemen, I recollect my promise to you, and I will perform it—I will now let you know why I bought that painting, which you saw me yesterday so anxious to obtain."

He rang the bell, and desired a servant to bring in the picture which he had bought at the auction, and to desire Jacob to come with it. As soon as it was brought in, I retired to the farther

end of the room. In Mowbray's countenance there was a strange mixture of contempt and curiosity.

Mr. Montenero kindly said to me, "I shall not insist, Mr. Harrington, on your looking at it; I know it is not to your taste."

I immediately approached, resolved to stand the sight, that I might not be suspected of affectation.

Berenice had not yet seen the painting: she shrunk back the moment she beheld it, exclaiming, "Oh, father! Why purchase such a horrible picture?"

"To destroy it," said Mr. Montenero. And deliberately he took the picture out of its frame and cut it into small pieces, which he threw into the fire, repeating, "to destroy it, my dear, as I would, were it in my power, every record of cruelty and intolerance. So perish all that can keep alive feelings of hatred and vengeance between Jews and Christians!"

"Amen," said the good old General, and all present joined in that *amen*. I

heard it pronounced by Miss Montenero in a very low voice, but distinctly and fervently.

While I stood with my eyes fixed on Berenice, and while Mowbray loudly applauded her father's liberality—Mr. Montenero turned to Jacob and said,

"I sent for my friend Jacob to be present at the burning of this picture, because it was he who put it in my power to prevent this horrid representation from being seen and sold in every print-shop in London. Jacob, who goes every where, and *sees* wherever he goes, observed this picture at a broker's-shop, and found that two persons had been in treaty to purchase it. One of them had the appearance of an amateur, the other was an artist, an engraver. The engraver was, I suppose, the person who bid against Colonel Topham and me; who the other gentleman was, and why he bought it to sell it again at that auction, perhaps Jacob knows, but I have never inquired."

Then, with Jacob's assistance, Mr

Montenero burned every shred of this abominable picture, to my inexpressible satisfaction.

During this *auto da fè*, Jacob cast a glance at Mowbray, the meaning of which I could not at first comprehend; but I supposed that he was thinking of the fire, at which all he had in the world had been consumed at Gibraltar. I saw, or thought I saw, that Jacob checked the feeling this recollection excited. He turned to me, and in a low voice told me, that Mr. Montenero had been so kind as to obtain for him a lucrative and creditable situation in the house of Manessa, the jeweller, and the next day he was to go to Mr. Manessa's, and to commence business.

"So, Mr. Harrington, you see that after all my misfortunes, I am now established in a manner far above what could have been expected for poor Jacob—far above his most sanguine hopes. Thanks to my good friends."

"And to your good self," said I.

I was much pleased with Mowbray at this instant, for the manner in which he joined in my praise of Jacob, and in congratulations to him. His lordship promised, that he would recommend his *house* to all his family and friends.

"What a contrast," said Mowbray, as soon as Jacob had left the room, "there is between Jacob and his old rival, Dutton; that fellow has turned out very ill—drunken idle dog—is reduced to an old iron shop, I believe—always plaguing me with begging letters. Certainly, Harrington, you may triumph in your *election* of Jacob."

I never saw Berenice and her father look so much pleased with Mowbray as they did at this instant.

Of the remainder of the evening, I recollect nothing but of Berenice, and of my staying later than I ought to have done. Even after the General and his wife had departed some time, I lingered. I was to go home in Mowbray's carriage, and twice he had touched my shoulder,

telling me that I was not aware how late it was. I could not conceive how he could think of going so early.

"Early!" He directed my eye to the clock on the chimney-piece. I was ashamed to see the hour. I apologized to Mr. Montenero. He replied in a manner that was more than polite—that was quite affectionate; and his last words, repeated at the head of the stairs, expressed a desire to see me again *frequently*.

I sprang into Mowbray's carriage one of the happiest men on earth, full of love, hope, and joy.

CHAP. XII.

"ALL gone to bed but you?" said I to the footman, who opened the door.

"No, Sir," said the drowsy fellow, "my lady is sitting up for you, I believe."

"Then Mowbray come in, come up with me to my mother, pray do, for one instant."

Before she slept, I said, he must administer an antidote to Coates's poison. While the impression was still fresh in his mind, I entreated he would say what a delightful party we had. My mother I knew had such a high idea of his lordship's judgment in all that concerned gentility and fashion, that a word from him would be decisive. "But let it be to-morrow morning," said

Mowbray, " 'tis shamefully late to night."

" To-night—to-night—now, now," persisted I;—he complied—" Any thing to oblige me."

" Remember," said I, as we ran up stairs—" Spanish Ambassador, Russian Envoy, Polish Count and Countess, and an English General and his Lady,—strong in rank we'll burst upon the enemy." I flung open the door, but my spirits were suddenly checked; I saw it was no time for jest and merriment.

Dead silence—solemn stillness—candles with unsnuffed wicks of portentous length. My father and mother were sitting with their backs half turned to each other, my mother leaning her head on her hand, with her elbow on the table, her salts before her. My father sitting in his arm chair, legs stretched out, feet upon the bars of the grate, back towards us—but that back spoke anger, as plainly as a back could speak.—Neither figure moved when we entered.—I stood ap-

palled, Mowbray went forward, though I caught his arm to pull him back. But he did not understand me, and with ill timed gaiety and fluency, that I would have given the world to stop, he poured forth to my mother in praise of all we had seen and heard, and then turning to my father, who slowly rose, shading his eyes from the candle, and looking at me under the hand. Lord Mowbray went on with a rapturous eulogium upon Harrington's Jew and Jewess.

"Then it is all true," said my father. "It is all very well, Harrington—but take notice, and I give you notice in time, in form, before your friend and counsellor, Lord Mowbray, that by Jupiter—by Jupiter Ammon, I will never leave one shilling to my son, if he marry a Jewess. Every inch of my estate shall go from him to his cousin Longshanks in the North, though I hate him like sin. But a Jewess for my daughter-in-law I will never have —by Jupiter Ammon."

So snatching up a bougie, the wick of

which scattered fire behind him, he left the room.

"Good heavens! what have I done," cried Mowbray.

"What you can never undo," said I.

My mother spoke not one word, but sat smelling her salts.

"Never fear, man!" whispered Mowbray, "he will sleep it off, or by to-morrow we shall find ways and means."

He left me in despair, I heard his carriage roll away—and then there was silence again. I stood waiting for some explanation from my mother—she saw my despair—she dreaded my anger—in broken and scarcely intelligible, contradictory phrases, she declared her innocence of all intention to do me mischief, and acknowledged that all was her doing; and reminded me, that she had prophesied it would come to this—it would end ill—and at last trembling with impatience as I stood, she told me all that had happened.

The fact was, that she had talked to

her friend Lady de Brantefield, and some other of her dear friends, of her dread that I should fall in love with Miss Montenero; and the next person said I had fallen in love with her; and under the seal of secresy it was told, that I had actually proposed to her, but that my father was to know nothing of the matter. This story had been written in some young lady's letter to her correspondent in the country, and miss in the country had told it to her brother, who had come to town this day, dined in company with my father, got drunk, and had given a bumper toast to "Miss Montenero, the Jewish heiress—*Mrs. Harrington jun. that is to be.*"

My father had come home foaming with rage; my mother had done all she could to appease him, and to make him comprehend, that above half what he had heard was false, but it had gone in the wrong way into his head, and there was no getting it out again. My father had heard it at the most unlucky time

possible, just after he had lost a good place, and was driven to the necessity of selling an estate that had been in his family since the time of Richard the second. My mother further informed me, that my father had given orders in his usual sudden way when angry, for going into the country immediately. While she was yet speaking, the door opened, and my father, with his night cap on, put his head in, saying—

"Remember, ma'am, you are to be off at seven to-morrow—and you, Sir," continued he, advancing towards me, "if you have one grain of sense left, I recommend it to you to come with us. But no, I see it written in your absurd face, that you will not—obstinate madman, I leave you to your own discretion," cried he, turning his back upon me, "but by Jupiter Ammon, I'll do what I say, by Jupiter!"

And carrying my mother off with him, he left me to my pleasing reflexions. All was tumult in my mind—one moment I

stood motionless in utter despair—the next struck with some bright hope, I walked up and down the room with hasty strides—then stopped short again, and stood fixed, as some dark reality, some sense of improbability—of impossibility crossed my mind, and as my father's denunciation recurred to my ear.

A Jewess!—her religion—her principles—my principles. And can a Jewess marry a Christian? And should a Christian marry a Jewess? The horrors of family quarrels, of religious dissensions and disputes, between father and child—husband and wife. All these questions, and fears, and doubts, passed through my imagination backwards and forwards with inconceivable rapidity—struck me with all the amazement of novelty—though in fact they were not new to me. The first moment I saw her, I was told she was a Jewess, I was aware of the difficulties, and yet I had never fixed my view upon them. I had suffered myself to wave the consideration of them,

till this moment. In the hope, the joy, the heaven of the first feelings of the passion of love, I had lost sight of all earthly difficulties, of all difficulties, human or divine. And now I was called upon to decide in one hour upon questions, involving the happiness of my whole life. To be called upon before it was necessary too—for I was not in love, not I—at least I had formed no idea of marrying, no resolution to propose. Then bitterly I execrated the reporters, and the gossippers, and the letter writing misses, whose tattling, and meddling, and idleness, and exaggeration, and absolute falsehood, had precipitated me into this misery. The drunken brute too, who had blundered out to my father that fatal toast, had his full share of my indignation; and my mother with her *presentiments*, and Mowbray with his inconceivable imprudence, and my father with his prejudices, his violence, and his Jupiter Ammon, every body, and every thing I blamed, except myself. And when I had vented my

rage, still the question recurred, what was to be done? how should I decide? what should I resolve? Morning was come, the grey light was peeping through the shutters. I opened the window to feel the fresh calm air. I heard the people beginning to stir in the house; my father and mother were to be called at half after six. Six struck; I must decide at least, whether I would go with them or not. No chance of my father sleeping it off! Obstinate, beyond conception. And by Jupiter Ammon once sworn, never revoked. But after all where was the great evil of being disinherited? The loss of my paternal estate in this moment of enthusiasm appeared a loss I could easily endure. Berenice was an heiress —a rich heiress, and I had a small estate of my own, left to me by my grandfather. I could live with Berenice upon any thing—upon nothing. Her wishes were moderate I was sure— I should not, however, reduce her to poverty. No, her fortune would be sufficient for us both—It

would be mortifying to my pride—it would be painful to receive instead of to give. I had resolved never to be under such an obligation to a wife. But with such a woman as Berenice!—I would submit—submit to accept her and her fortune!

Then, as to her being a Jewess—who knows what changes love might produce? —Voltaire and Mowbray say, "qu'une femme est toujours de la religion de son amant."

At this instant I heard a heavy foot coming down the back stairs; the door opened, and a yawning housemaid appeared, and started at the sight of me.

"Gracious! I didn't think it was so late—mistress bid me ask the first thing I did—but I didn't know it was so late —Mercy! there's master's bell—whether you go, or not, Sir?"

"Certainly not," said I—and after having uttered this determination, I was more at ease. I sat down, and wrote a note to my father, in the most respectful and eloquent terms I could de-

vise, judging that it was better to write than to speak to him on the subject. Then I vacated the room for the housemaid, and watched in my own apartment till all the noises of preparation and of departure were over; and till I heard the sound of the carriage driving away. I was surprised that my mother had not come to me to endeavour to persuade me to change my determination; but my father, I heard, had hurried her into the carriage—my note I found on the table torn down the middle.

I concluded that my cousin Longshanks was in a fair way to have the estate, but I went to bed and to sleep, and I was consoled with dreams of Berenice.

Mowbray was with me in the morning before I was dressed—I had felt so angry with him, that I had resolved a hundred times during the night that I would never more admit him into my confidence—however, he contrived to prevent my reproaches, and dispel my anger, by the great concern he expressed for his preci-

pitation. He blamed himself so much, that, instead of accusing, I began to comfort him. I assured him, that he had, in fact, done me a service instead of an injury, by bringing my affairs suddenly to a crisis. I had thus been forced to come at once to a decision—"What decision?" he eagerly asked—My heart was at this instant in such immediate want of sympathy, that it opened to him. I told him all that had passed between my father and me,—told him my father's vow, and my resolution to continue, at all hazards, my pursuit of Berenice. He heard me with astonishment—he said, he could not tell which was most rash, my father's vow, or my resolution.

"And your father is gone! actually gone!" cried Mowbray, "and in spite of his Jupiter Ammon, you stand resolved to brave your fate, and to pursue the fair Jewess."

"Even so," said I, "this day I will know my fate—this day I will propose for Miss Montenero."

Against this mad precipitation he argued in the most vehement manner.

"If you were the first duke in England, Harrington," said he, "with the finest estate, undipped, unincumbered, unentailed; if, consequently, you had nothing to do but to ask and have any woman for a wife; still I should advise you, if you meant to secure the lady's heart as well as her hand, not to begin in this novicelike manner, by letting her see her power over you. Neither woman nor man ever valued an easy conquest—No, trust me, keep your mind to yourself till the lady is dying to know it—keep your own counsel, till the lady can no longer keep hers—when you are sure of her not being able to refuse you, then ask for her heart as humbly as you please."

To the whole of this doctrine I could not, in honour, generosity, or delicacy, accede. Of the wisdom of avoiding danger of a refusal, I was perfectly sensible; but, in declaring my attachment to Miss Montenero, I meant only to ask

permission to address her. To win her heart I was well aware must be a work of time—but the first step was to deserve her esteem, and to begin by conducting myself towards her, and her father, with perfect sincerity and openness. The more I was convinced of my father's inflexibility, the more desperate I knew my circumstances were, the more I was bound not to mislead by false appearances.—They would naturally suppose, that I should inherit my father's fortune—I knew that I should not, if—

"So, then," interrupted Mowbray, "with your perfect openness and sincerity, you will go to Mr. Montenero, and you will say, 'Sir, that you a rea Jew, I know; that you are as rich as a Jew, I hope; that you are a fool, I take for granted;—at all events I am a madman and a beggar, or about to be a beggar. My father, who is a good and a most obstinate Christian, swore last night by Jupiter Ammon, the only oath which he never breaks, that he will disinherit me if I marry a Jewess,

—therefore, I come this morning to ask you, Sir, for your daughter, who is a Jewess, and, as I am told, a great heiress —which last circumstance is, in my opinion, a great objection, but I shall overcome it in favour of your daughter, if you will be pleased to give her to me. Stay, Sir, I beg your pardon, Sir, excuse the hurry of the passions, which, probably, you have long since forgotten;—the fact is, I do not mean to ask you for your daughter, I come simply to ask your permission to fall in love with her, which I have already done without your permission; and I trust she has, on her part, done likewise; for if I had not a shrewd suspicion that your Jessica was ready, according to the custom of Jews' daughters, to jump out of a two pair of stairs window into her lover's arms, madman as I am, I could not be such an idiot as to present myself before you, as I now do, Sir, suing *in forma pauperis* for the pleasure of becoming your son-in-law. I must further have the honour to tell you, and

with perfect sincerity and consideration let me inform you, Sir, that my christian father and mother, having resolved never to admit a Jewish daughter-in-law to the honours of the maternal or paternal embrace, when your daughter shall do me the favour to become my wife, she need not quit your house or family, as she cannot be received into mine. Here, Sir, I will rest my cause; but I might further plead—"

"Plead no more for or against me, Mowbray," interrupted I, angrily turning from him, for I could bear it no longer. Enthusiasm detests wit much, and humour more. Enthusiasm, fancying itself raised above the reach of ridicule, is always incensed when it feels that it is not safe from its shafts.

Mowbray changed his tone, and checking his laughter, said, seriously, and with an air of affectionate sympathy, that, at the hazard of displeasing me, he had used the only means he had conceived to be effectual, to prevent me from taking a

step, which he was convinced would be fatal.

I thanked him for his advice, but I had previously been too much piqued by his raillery, to allow his reasons even their due weight: besides, I began to have a secret doubt of the sincerity of his friendship. In his turn, he was provoked by my inflexible adherence to my own opinion; and, perhaps, suspecting my suspicion, he was the more readily displeased. He spoke with confidence, I thought with arrogance, as a man notoriously successful in the annals of gallantry, treating me, as I could not bear to be treated, as a novice. Politeness at first restrained the expression of our mutual displeasure, and the tone of mock humility and candour was preserved, till vanity on one side, and pride on the other, forced out reciprocally our real opinion.

"I flatter myself, no man is less a coxcomb, with regard to women, than I am," Lord Mowbray modestly began—

"But if I were inclined to boast, I believe it is pretty generally allowed in town, by all who know any thing of these things, that my practice in gallantry has been somewhat successful—perhaps undeservedly so: still in these cases, the world judges by success. I may, therefore, be permitted to think, that I know something of women. My advice, consequently, I thought, might be of use; but after all, perhaps, I am wrong. Often those who imagine that they know women best, know them least."

I replied, that I did not presume to vie with Lord Mowbray as a man of gallantry; but I should conceive that the same precepts, and the same arts, which ensured success with women of a *certain class*, might utterly fail with women of different habits and tastes. If the question were how to win such and such an actress, (naming one who had sacrificed her reputation for Mowbray, and another, for whom he was sacrificing his fortune), I should, I said, implicitly

follow his advice; but that, novice as I was in gallantry, I should venture to follow my own judgment, as to the mode of pleasing such a woman as Miss Montenero.

"None but a novice," Mowbray answered, laughing, "could think that there was any essential difference between woman and woman." Every woman was at heart the same—of this he was so much convinced, that though he had not, he said, any absurd confidence in his own peculiar powers of pleasing, he was persuaded, that if honour had not put the trial quite out of the question on his part, he could as easily have won the fair Jewess, as any other of her sex.

My indignation rose.

"Honour and friendship to me, my lord, are out of the question; forgive me, if I own, that I do not think your lordship would there have any chance of success."

"At all events you know you are safe; I cannot make the trial without your permission."

" Your lordship is perfectly at liberty, if you think proper, to make the trial."

" Indeed!—Are you serious?—Now you have put it into my head, I will think of it seriously."

Then in a careless, pick-tooth manner, he stood, as if for some moments debating the matter with himself.

" I have no great taste for matrimony, or for Jewesses, but a Jewish heiress in the present state of my affairs.—Harrington, you know the pretty little gipsey —the actress who played Jessica that night, so famous in your imagination—so fatal to us both!—Well, my little Jessica has, since that time, played away at a rare rate with my ready money—*dipped me* confoundedly—'twould be poetic justice to make one Jewess pay for another, if one could. Two hundred thousand pounds, Miss Montenero is, I think they say. 'Pon my sincerity 'tis a temptation, now it strikes me—if I am not bound in honour."

I walked away in disgust, while Mowbray, in the same tone, continued—

"Let me see—now suppose—only suppose—any thing may be by supposition;—suppose we were rivals. As rivals, things would be wonderfully fair and even between us. You, Harrington, I grant, have the advantage of first impressions—she has smiled upon you; while I, bound in honour, stood by like a mummy—but unbound, set at liberty by express permission; give me a fortnight's time, and if I don't make her blush, my name's not Mowbray!—and no matter who a woman smiles upon, the man who makes her blush is the man. But seriously, Harrington, am I hurting your feelings? If what is play to me, is death to you, I have done. Bind me over again to my good behaviour you may by a single word. Instead of defying me, only swear, or stay—I won't put you to your oath—say candidly, upon your honour, Lord Mowbray puts you in fear of your love."

"I neither defy you, nor fear you, my lord," said I, with a tone and look, which at any other time, Lord Mowbray,

who was prompt enough to take offence, would have understood as it was meant. But he was now determined not to be provoked by any thing I could say or look. Standing still at ease, he continued—

"Not fear me!—Not bind me in honour!—Then I have nobody's feelings to consult but my own. So, as I was considering, things are marvellously nicely balanced between us. In point of fortune, both beggars—nearly; for though my father did not disinherit me, I have disinherited myself. Then our precious mothers will go mad on the spot, in white satin, if either of us marry a Jewess. Well! that is even between us. Then, religious scruples, you have some, have not you?"

"I have, my lord."

"Dry enough—there I have the advantage—I have none. Mosque—high church—low church—no church—don't let me shock you. I thought you were for universal toleration; I am for liberty of

conscience, in marriage at least. You are very liberal, I know. You're in love, and you'd marry a Jewess at your utmost need, would not you, if you cannot contrive to convert her? I am not in love, but shall be soon, I feel; and when once I'm in love!—I turn idolator, plump. Now, an idolator's worse than a Jew: so I should make it a point of conscience to turn Jew, to please the fair Jewess, if requisite."

"My lord, this trifling I can bear no longer; I must beg seriously, that we may understand each other."

"Trifling!—Never was more serious in my life. I'd turn Jew—I'd turn any thing, for a woman I loved."

"Have you, or have you not, my lord, any intention of addressing Miss Montenero?"

"Since I have your permission—since you have put it in my head—since you have piqued me—frankly—Yes?"

"I thank you for your frankness, my

lord; I understand you. Now we understand each other," said I.

"Why, yes!—and 'tis time we should," said Mowbray, coolly, "knowing one another, as we have done, even from our boyish days. You may remember, I never could bear to be piqued, en honneur; especially by you, my dear Harrington. It was written above, that we were to be rivals. But still, if we could command our tempers—I was the hottest of the two, when we were boys; but seeing something of the world abroad, and at home, has done wonders for me. If you could coolly pursue this business as I wish, in the comic, rather than the heroic style, we might still, though rivals, be friends—very good friends."

"No, my lord, no: here all friendship between us ends."

"Be it so," said Lord Mowbray, "then sworn foes, instead of sworn friends—and open war is the word."

"Open war—yes!—better than hollow *peace*."

"Then a truce for to-day; to-morrow, with your good leave, I enter the lists."

"When you please, my lord."

"Fearful odds, I own. The first flourish of trumpets by that trumpeter of yours, Jacob, has been in favour of the champion of the Jew pedlars; and the lady with bright Jewish eyes has bowed to her knight, and he has walked the field triumphantly alone; but Mowbray—Lord Mowbray appears. Farewell, Harrington!"

He bowed, laughing, and left me. 'Twas well he did; I could not have borne it another second, and I could not insult the man in my own house—anger, disdainful anger, possessed me. My heart had, in the course of a few hours, been successively a prey to many violent conflicting passions; and at the moment when I most wanted the support, the sympathy of a friend, I found myself duped, deserted, ridiculed!—I felt alone in the world, and completely miserable.

A truce for this day was agreed upon.

I had a few hours' time for reflexion—much wanted. During this interval, which appeared to me a most painful suspense, I had leisure to reconsider my difficulties. Now that I was left to my own will entirely, should I decide to make an immediate declaration? As I revolved this question in my thoughts, my mind altered with every changing view which the hopes and fears of a lover threw upon the subject. I was not perfectly well informed as to the material point, whether the Jewish religion and Jewish customs permitted intermarriages with Christians. Mowbray's levity had suggested alarming doubts: perhaps he had purposely thrown them out; be that as it would, I must be satisfied. I made general inquiries as to the Jewish customs from Jacob, and he, careful to answer with propriety, kept also to general terms, lest he should appear to understand my particular views; he could tell me only, that in some cases, more frequently on the continent and in America than in England,

Jews have married Christian women, and the wives have continued undisturbed in their faith; whether such marriages were regularly permitted or not, Jacob could not say—no precedent that he could recollect was exactly a case in point. This difficulty concerning religion increased, instead of diminishing in magnitude and importance, the more my imagination dwelt upon it—the longer it was considered by my reason. I must take more time before I could determine. Besides, I was *curious*—I would not allow that I was *anxious*—to see how Miss Montenero would conduct herself towards Lord Mowbray—a man of rank—a man of fashion—supposed to be a man of fortune—known to be a man of wit and gallantry; I should have an opportunity, such as I had never yet had, of seeing her tried; I should be able to decide whether I had judged rightly of her principles, as well as of her tastes; I should discover whether she had the spirit of coquetry in her composition—

whether her heart was as pure and as tender as I imagined, and whether or no I had really obtained any interest in that heart. On this last point particularly, I could now, without hazard of a mortifying refusal, or of a precipitate engagement, decide. Add to these distinct reasons many mixed motives, which acted upon me without my defining or allowing them in words. I had spoken and thought with contempt of Lord Mowbray's chance of success; but in spite of my pride in my own superiority of principle and character—in spite of my confidence in Berenice and in myself, I had my secret, very secret, quailings of the heart. I thought, when it came to the point, that it would be best to wait a little longer, before I hazarded that declaration, which must bring her to direct acceptance or rejection; in short, I decided not to throw myself at her feet precipitately. I took Mowbray's advice after all; but I took it when I had made it my own opinion: and still I rejoiced, that my resistance to

the arrogant manner in which Lord Mowbray had laid down the law in gallantry had produced that struggle of the passions, in the height of which his mask had fallen off. I never could decide whether the thought of becoming my rival really struck him, as he said it did, from the pique of the moment, or whether he only seized the occasion to declare a design he had previously formed: no matter—we were now declared rivals.

CHAP. XIII.

AFTER our declaration of hostilities, Lord Mowbray and I first met on neutral ground at the Opera; Miss Montenero was there. We were both eager to mark our pretensions to her publicly. I appeared this night to great disadvantage: I certainly did not conduct myself prudently—I lost the command of my temper. Lord Mowbray met me with the same self-possession, the same gay careless manner which had provoked me so much during our last interview. To the by-standers, who knew nothing of what had passed between us, his lordship must have appeared the pink of courtesy, the perfection of gentlemanlike ease and good humour, whilst I, unable to suppress

symptoms of indignation, of contempt, and perhaps of jealousy, appeared, in striking contrast, captious, haughty, and at best, incomprehensible. Mr. Montenero looked at me with much surprise, and some concern. In Miss Montenero's countenance I thought I saw more concern than surprise; she was alarmed—she grew pale, and I repented of some haughty answer I had made to Lord Mowbray, in maintaining a place next to her, which he politely ceded to my impetuosity; he seated himself on the other side of her, in a place which, if I had not been blinded by passion, I might have seen and taken as quietly as he did. I was more and more vexed by perceiving that Mr. Montenero appeared to be, with all his penetration, duped this night by Mowbray's shew of kindness towards me; he whispered once or twice to Mr. Montenero, and they seemed as if they were acting in concert, both observing that I was out of temper, and Lord Mowbray shewing Mr. Montenero how

he bore with me. In fact, I desired nothing so much as an opportunity of quarrelling with him, and he, though determined to put me ostensibly and flagrantly in the wrong, desired nothing better than to commence his operation by the eclat of a duel. If Miss Montenero had understood her business as a heroine, a duel, as every body expected, must have taken place between us, in consequence of the happy dispositions in which we both were this night; nothing but the presence of mind and unexpected determination of Miss Montenero could have prevented it. I sat regretting that I had given a moment's pain or alarm to her timid sensibility, while I observed the paleness of her cheek and a tremor in her under lip, which betrayed how much she had been agitated. Some talking lady of the party began to give an account, soon afterwards, of a duel in high life, which was then the conversation of the day. Lord Mowbray and I were both attentive, and so was Miss

Montenero: when she observed that our attention was fixed, and when there was a pause in the conversation in which her low voice could distinctly be heard, she, conquering her extreme timidity, and with a calmness that astonished us all, said, that she did not pretend to be a judge of what gentlemen might think right or wrong about duels, but that for her own part she had formed a resolution —an unalterable resolution, never to marry a man who had fought a duel, in which he had been the challenger. Her father, who was in one of the back rows, leaned forward, and asked what his daughter said—she deliberately repeated her words.

That instant I recovered perfect command of temper—I resolved that at all events I never would be the person to give the challenge, and Lord Mowbray at the same instant I believe resolved, that I should, if he could so manage it without appearing to be the aggressor. We were both of us firmly convinced, that

Miss Montenero was in earnest, the manner in which she spoke, and the strong evidence of her power over herself at this moment, impressed us completely with this conviction. A young lady, a stranger in London, averse to appearing, infinitely more averse to speaking before numbers, who when all eyes, and some of them no friendly eyes, were fixed upon her, could so far conquer her excessive susceptibility to the opinion of others, as to pronounce, in such circumstances, such a new and extraordinary determination, was certainly to be deemed capable of abiding by her resolution—she was blamed, I heard afterwards, much for the resolution, and more for the declaration. It was said to be "quite unfit for a lady, and particularly for so young a lady. It was excessively conceited to imagine, that gentlemen were thinking of fighting a duel about her. Till swords were actually drawn, she should never have thought of such a thing—then to presume, that she or her fortune were of such conse-

quence, that her declaration could influence gentlemen; could have any effect on Lord Mowbray. He did her a vast deal too much honour in paying her any of those attentions, which every-body knew meant nothing—a Jewess too!"

All Lord Mowbray's relations, and particularly his sister, were of this party. Miss Montenero never afterwards spoke on the subject, the effect she desired was produced, and no other power, I am persuaded, could have been sufficient to have made me preserve command of myself, during my daily, hourly, trials of temper, in those contentions for her favour which ensued. Lord Mowbray, by every secret art, that could pique my pride, my jealousy, or my love, endeavoured to provoke me to challenge him. At first the struggle in my mind was violent—I had reason to fear my rival's address, and practised powers of pleasing, he used his utmost skill, and that skill was great. He began by exerting all his wit, humour, and vivacity to entertain in con-

versation, while I, with a spell over my faculties, could not produce to advantage any one thing I knew, or had ever known. What became of my ideas I know not, but I was sensible, that I was very stupid and disagreeable. Aware of the contrast, aware that Miss Montenero saw and felt it, I grew ten times worse, more silent, and more stupid. Mowbray, happy and confident, went on, secure of victory. He was an excellent actor, and he was now to act falling in love, which he did by such fine degrees, and with a nicety of art, which so exquisitely imitated nature, that none but the most suspicious or the most practical, could have detected the counterfeit. How could Miss Montenero, the most unsuspicious and least practised of women, discern the difference between the real and the false lover, between the perfection of art, and nature. From being the most entertaining, lively man in London, Lord Mowbray became serious, grave, and sentimental. From being a gallant, gay

Lothario, he was reformed, likely to make the best husband in the world, provided he marries the woman he loves, and who has influence over him sufficient to make his reformation last for life. This the Lord Mowbray, in every possible form of insinuation, gave Miss Montenero to understand was precisely her case and his; she had first, he said, given him a taste for refined female society, disgusted him with his former associates, especially with the women of whom he could not now bear to think; he had quarrelled with—parted with all his mistresses—his Jessica, the best beloved—parted from irrevocably. This was dropped with propriety in conversation with Mr. Montenero. The influence of a virtuous attachment is well known. The effects on Lord Mowbray were, as he protested, wonderful: he scarcely knew himself—indeed I scarcely knew him, though I had been, as it were, behind the scenes, and had seen him preparing for his character. Though he knew that I knew that

he was acting, yet this never disconcerted him in the slightest degree—never gave him one twinge of conscience, or hesitation of shame in my presence. Whenever I attempted openly—I was too honourable, and he knew I was too honourable to betray his confidence, or to undermine him secretly—whenever I attempted openly to expose him, he foiled me—I always had the worst of it—his cunning was triumphant, and the utmost I could accomplish was, in the acme of my indignation, to keep my temper, and recollect Miss Montenero's resolution.

Though she seemed not at first in the least to suspect Lord Mowbray's sincerity, she was, as I rejoiced to perceive, little interested by his professions—she was glad he was reformed, for his sake—but for her own part, her vanity was not flattered. There seemed to be little chance on this plea of persuading her to take charge of him for life. My heart beat again with hope—how I admired her!—and I almost forgave Lord Mowbray

My indignation against him, I must own, was not always as steadily proportioned to his deserts, as for the sake of my pride and consistency I could wish to represent it, in recording this part of the history of my life—Truth obliges me to acknowledge, that my anger rose or fell in proportion to the degree of fear I felt of the possibility of his success;—whenever my hope and my confidence in myself encreased, I found it wonderfully easy to command my temper.

But my rival was a man of infinite resource, when one mode of attack failed, he tried another. Vanity, in some form, he was from experience convinced, must be the ruling passion of the female heart—and vanity is so accessible, so easily managed. Miss Montenero was a stranger, a Jewess, just entering into the fashionable world—just doubting, as he understood, whether she would make London her future residence, or return to her retirement in the wilds of America. Lord Mowbray wished to make her sensible, that his pub-

lic attentions would bring her at once into fashion; and though his mother, the prejudiced Lady de Brantefield, could not be prevailed upon to visit a Jewess, yet his lordship had a vast number of high connexions and relations, to all of whom he could introduce Mr. and Miss Montenero. Lady Anne Mowbray, indeed, unaccountably persisted in saying every where, that she was certain her brother had no more thought of the Jewess, than of the queen of the gypsies. Her ladyship had gone further still—upon some occasions, when her brother had not been present, she had given herself unwarrantable airs, when she had met Miss Montenero in public—Among her ladyship's own set, she had a never failing source of sarcasm and ridicule in the Spanish fashion of Miss Montenero's dress, especially her long veils—Veils were not then in fashion, and Lady Anne of course pronounced them to be *hideous*. It was at this time, in England, the reign of high heads—a sort of triangular

cushion, or edifice of horse hair, suppose nine inches diagonal, three inches thick, by seven in height, called I believe a *toque* or a *system*, was fastened on the female head, I do not well know how, with black pins a quarter of a yard long—and upon and over this *system* the hair was erected, and crisped, and frizzed, and greased, and thickened with soft pomatum, and filled with powder, white, brown, or red, and made to look as like as possible to a fleece of powdered wool, which *battened* down on each side of the triangle, to the face. Then there were things called *curls*—nothing like what the poets and we understand by curls or ringlets, but layers of hair, first stiffened, and then rolled up into hollow cylinders, resembling sausages, which were set on each side of the system, "artillery tier above tier," two or three of the sausages dangling from the ear down the neck. The hair behind, natural and false, plaistered together to a preposterous bulk with quantum sufficit

of powder and pomatum, was turned up in a sort of great bag, or club, or chignon—then at the top of the mount of hair and horsehair was laid a gauze platform, stuck full of the little red daisies, from the centre of which platform rose a plume of feathers a full yard high—or in lieu of platform, flowers, and feathers, there was sometimes a fly-cap, or awing cap, or a pouf. If any one happens to have an old pocket book for 1780, they will by one glance at the plate of fashionable heads for that year obtain a more competent idea of the same, than I, unknowing in the terms of art, can raise by my most elaborate description. Suffice it for me to observe, that in comparison with this head-dress, to which in my liberality and respect for departed fashion I forbear to affix any of the many epithets which present themselves, the Spanish dress and veil worn by Miss Montenero, associated as it was with painting and poetry, did certainly appear to me more picturesque and graceful.

In favour of the veil I had all the poets, from Homer and Hesiod downwards, on my side; and, moreover, I was backed by the opinion of the wisest of men, who has pronounced, that "*a veil addeth to beauty*."—Armed with such authority, and inspired by love, I battled stoutly with Lady Anne upon several occasions, especially one night, when we met at the Pantheon. I was walking between Lady Emily B—— and Miss Montenero, and two or three times, as we went round the room, we met Lady Anne Mowbray and her party, and every time as we passed I observed scornful glances at the veil. Berenice was too well bred to suspect ill-breeding in others; she never guessed what was going forward, till one of the youngest and boldest of these high-born vulgarians spoke so loud as she passed, and pronounced the name of *Montenero*, and the word *Jewess*, so plainly, that both Miss Montenero and Lady Emily B—— could not avoid hearing what was said. Lord Mowbray was not with us. I took

an opportunity of quitting the ladies, as soon as General B——, who had left us for a few minutes, returned. I went to pay my compliments to Lady Anne Mowbray, and as delicately as I could, remonstrated against their proceedings. I said that her ladyship and her party were not aware, I was sure, how loudly they had spoken. Lady Anne defended herself, and her companions, by fresh attacks upon the veil, and upon the lady, " who had done vastly well to take the veil." Among the nonsense which Lady Anne threw out, there now and then appeared something, that was a little like her brother Mowbray's wit—little bits of sparkling things, *mica*, not ore. I was in no humour to admire them, and her ladyship took much offence at a general observation I made, " that people of sense submit to the reigning fashion, while others are governed by it." We parted this night so much displeased with each other, that when we met again in public, we merely exchanged bows and

curtsies—In private we had seldom met of late. I never went to Lady de Brantefield's.—I was really glad that the battle of the veil had ended in this cessation of intercourse between us. As soon as Miss Montenero found that her Spanish dress subjected her to the inconvenience of being remarked in public—she laid it aside. I thought she was right in doing so—and in three days time, though I had at first regretted the picturesque dress, I soon became accustomed to the change. So easily does the eye adapt itself to the mode, so quickly do we associate the idea of grace and beauty with whatever is worn by the graceful and the beautiful—and, I may add, so certainly do we learn to like whatever is associated with those we love.

The change of dress, which Berenice had so prudently adopted, did not, however, produce any change in the manners of Lady Anne, and of her party. Lady Anne, it was now evident, had taken an unalterable dislike to Miss Montenero.

I am not coxcomb enough to imagine that she was jealous of me; I know that she never had the slightest regard for me, and that I was not the sort of man whom she could like;—but still I had been counted perhaps by others in the list of her admirers, and I was a young man, and an admirer the less was always to be regretted—deserting to a *Jewess*, as she said, was intolerable. But, I believe, she was also secretly afraid, that her brother was more in earnest in his attentions to Miss Montenero than she affected to believe possible. From whatever cause, she certainly hated Berenice cordially, and took every means of mortifying me by the display of this aversion. I shall not be at the trouble of recording the silly and petty means she took to vex. I was not surprised at any thing of this sort from her ladyship; but I was much surprised by her brother's continuing to be absolutely blind and deaf to her proceedings. It is true that sometimes it happened that he was not present, but this was not always

the case; and I was convinced that it could not be from accident or inadvertence, that it must be from settled design, that he persisted in this blindness. Combining my observations, I discovered that he wanted to make Miss Montenero feel how impossible it was for her to escape the ridicule of certain *Fashionable Impertinents*, and how impracticable it would be to *get on* among people of the ton in London, without the aid of such a champion as himself. One day he suddenly appeared to discover something of what was going forward, assuming great indignation; then affecting to suppress that feeling, "wished to Heaven he were *authorised* to speak"—and there he paused—but no inclination to authorise him appeared. I had sometimes seen Miss Montenero distressed by the rude manner in which she had been stared at. I had seen her colour come and go, but she usually preserved a dignified silence on such occasions. Once, and but once, I heard her advert to the subject in speaking to her

father, when Lord Mowbray was not present—

"You see, I hope, my dear father," said she, "that I am curing myself of that *morbid sensibility*, that excessive susceptibility to the opinion of others, with which you used to reproach me. I have had some good lessons, and you have had some good trials of me, since we came to England."

"How much I am obliged to those persons, or those circumstances, which have done what I thought was impossible, which have raised my daughter in my opinion," said her father. The look of affectionate approbation with which these words were pronounced, and the grateful delight with which Berenice heard them, convinced me that Lord Mowbray had completely mistaken his ground—had mistaken strong sensibility for weakness of mind. It now appeared, to my entire satisfaction, that Miss Montenero was really and truly above the follies and the meanness of fashion. She did not want to be acquainted with these fine

people; she did not wish to make a figure in public. She did wish to see the best society in London, to compare it with what she had been accustomed to in other countries, and to determine what would be most for her future happiness. She had opportunies sufficient through the friendship of General B—— and his family, of seeing in public, and enjoying in private, the best society in London. Lord Mowbray, therefore, had no power over her, as a leader of fashion; his general character for being a favourite with the ladies, his gallant and *dashing* style of conversation, did not make the impression upon her that he had expected.

He did not know how to converse with one who could not be answered by a play upon words, nor satisfied by an appeal to precedents, or the authority either of numbers and of high names.

Lord Chesterfield's style of conversation, and that of any of the people in Xenophon's Cyropædia, could not be more different, or less compatible, than the sim-

plicity of Miss Montenero, and the wit of Lord Mowbray.

I never saw a man of wit so puzzled and provoked as he was by a character of genuine simplicity.

He was as much out of his element with such a character, as any of the French lovers in Marmontel's tales would be tête-à-tête with a Roman or a Grecian matron—as much at a loss as one of the fine gentlemen in Congreve's plays might find himself, if condemned to hold parley with one of the heroines of Sophocles or of Euripides.

Lord Mowbray, a perfect Proteus when he wished to please, changed his manner successively from that of the sentimental lover to that of the polite gallant, and accomplished man of the world; and when this did not succeed, he had recourse to philosophy, reason, and benevolence.—No hint, which cunning and address could improve to his purpose, was lost upon Mowbray. Mrs. Coates had warned me that Miss Montenero was *touchy on the*

Jewish chapter, and his lordship was aware it was as the champion of the Jews, that I had first been favourably represented by Jacob, and favourably received by Mr. Montenero. Soon Lord Mowbray appeared to be deeply interested, and deeply read in every thing that had been written in their favour.

He rummaged over *Tovey* and *Ockley*; and "*Priestley's letters to the Jews*," and "*The letters of certain Jews to M. de Voltaire*," were books which he now continually quoted in conversation. With great address he wondered that he had never happened to meet with them till lately; and confessed, that he believed he never should have thought of reading them, but that really the subject had of late become so interesting! Of Voltaire's illiberal attacks upon the Jews, and of the King of Prussia's intolerance towards them, he could never express sufficient detestation; nor could he ever sufficiently extol Cumberland's "Benevolent Jew," or Lessing's "Nathan the Wise." Quo-

tations from one or the other were continually in readiness, uttered with all the air of a man so deeply impressed with certain sentiments, that they involuntarily burst from him on every occasion. This I could also perceive to be in imitation of what he had seen *succeed* with me and I was not a little flattered by observing, that Berenice was unconsciously pleased if not caught by the counterfeit. The affectation was skilfully managed with a dash of his own manner, through the whole preserving an air of nature and consistency—so that he had all the appearance of a person whose understanding, naturally liberal, had, on one particular subject, been suddenly warmed and exalted by the passion of love. The counterfeit was so exquisite, that, notwithstanding my confidence in her father's penetration, and in her talent of discerning what was natural and what was affected, I dreaded lest they should both be imposed upon. It has often been said, that liars have need of good memories. Mow-

bray had really an excellent memory, but yet it was not sufficient for all his occasions. He contradicted himself sometimes without perceiving it, but not without its being perceived. Intent upon one point, he laboured that admirably; but he sometimes forgot that any thing could be seen beyond that point—he forgot the bearings and connexions. He never forgot his liberality about the Jews, and about every thing relative to Hebrew ground, but on other questions, in which he thought Mr. Montenero and his daughter had no concern, his party spirit and his want of toleration for other sects broke out.

One day a Jewish rabbi came to Mr. Montenero's while we were there, to solicit his contribution towards the building or repairing a synagogue. The priest was anxious to obtain leave to build on certain lands, which belonged to the crown. These lands were in the county where Lord Mowbray's or Lady de Brantefield's property lay. With the most en-

gaging liberality of manner, Lord Mowbray anticipated the wishes of the Jewish priest, declaring that he was happy in this occasion publicly and practically to shew his principles of toleration; he would immediately use whatever influence he might possess with Government to obtain the desired grant; and if that application should fail, there was still a resource in future. At present, unfortunately, his mother's opinions differing from his own, nothing could be done; but he could, in future, offer a site for a synagogue in the very part of the country that was desired, on lands that must in time be his.

The priest was down to the ground, bowing, full of acknowledgements, and of admiration of his lordship's generosity and liberality of principle. A few minutes afterwards, however, his lordship undid all he had done with Berenice, and with her father, by adding, that he regretted that his mother had given a lease of a bit of land to some confounded dis-

senters:—he was determined, he said, whenever the estate should come into his own hands, to break that lease—he would have no meeting-house, no dissenting chapel on his estate—he considered them as nuisances—he would raze the chapel to the ground—he would much rather have a synagogue on that spot."

Lord Mowbray walked to the window with the Jewish priest, who was eager to press his own point, while his lordship was in the humour.

Mowbray looked back for Mr. Montenero, but, to his evident mortification, neither Mr. Montenero nor Berenice followed to this consultation. Mr. Montenero turned to me, and, with a peculiar look of his, an expression of grave humour and placid penetration, said—

"Did you ever hear, Mr. Harrington, of a sect of Jews, called the Caraites?"

"Never, Sir."

"The *Caraites* are what we may call Jewish dissenters. Lord Mowbray's notions of toleration remind me of the

extraordinary liberality of one of our rabbies, who gave it as his opinion, that if a *Caraite* and a Christian were drowning, we Jews ought to make a bridge of the body of the Caraite, for the purpose of saving the Christian."

Berenice smiled; and I saw that my fears of her being duped by mock philanthropy were vain. Lord Mowbray was soon tired of his colloquy with the Jewish priest, and returned to us, talking of the Hebrew chaunting at some synagogue in town, which he had lately visited; and which, he said, was the finest thing he had ever heard. A Jewish festival was in a few days to be celebrated, and I determined, I said, to go on that day to hear the chaunting, and to see the ceremony. In the countenance of Berenice, to whom my eyes involuntarily turned as I spoke, I saw an indefinable expression, on which I pondered afterwards, and finished by interpreting favourably to my wishes. I settled that she was pleased, but afraid

to shew this too distinctly. Lord Mowbray regretted, what I certainly did not in the least regret, that he should be on duty at Windsor on the day of this festival. I was the more determined to be at the synagogue, and there accordingly I went, punctually; but, to my disappointment, Berenice did not appear. Mr. Montenero saw me come in, and made room for me near him The synagogue was a spacious, handsome building: not divided into pews, like our churches, but open, like foreign churches, to the whole congregation. The women sat apart in a gallery. The altar was in the centre, on a platform, raised several steps, and railed round. Within this railed space were the high priest and his assistants. The high priest, with his long beard and sacerdotal vestments, struck me, as a fine, venerable figure. The service was in Hebrew: but I had a book with a translation of it. All I recollect are, the man and woman's thanksgivings.

"Blessed art thou, Oh, Everlasting King! that thou hast not made me a woman."

The woman's lowly response is—

"Blessed art thou, Oh, Lord! that thou hast made me according to thy will."

But of the whole ceremony, I must confess, that I have but a very confused recollection. Many things conspired to distract my attention. Whether it was, that my disappointment at not seeing Berenice indisposed me to be pleased, or whether the chaunting was not this day, or at this synagogue, as fine as usual, it certainly did not answer my expectations. However pleasing it might be to other ears, to mine it was discordant; and I was afraid that Mr. Montenero should perceive this. I saw that he observed me from time to time attentively, and I thought he wanted to discover whether there was within me any remains of my old antipathies. Upon this subject I knew he was peculiarly sus-

ceptible. Under this apprehension, I did my utmost to suppress my feelings; and the constraint became mentally and corporeally irksome. The genuflexions, the changes of vestments of the priests, and the ceremonials, which were quite new to me, contributed at once to strain my attention, and to increase the painful confusion of my mind. I felt relieved, when the service was over. But when I thought that it was finished, all stood still, as if in expectation, and there was a dead silence. I saw two young children appear from the crowd: way was made for them to the altar. They walked slowly, hand in hand, and when they had ascended the steps, and approached the altar, the priest threw over them a white scarf, or vestment, and they kneeled, and raising their little hands, joined them together, in the attitude of supplication. They prayed in silence. They were orphans, praying for their father and mother, whom they had lately lost. Mr. Montenero told me, that it is the

Jewish custom for orphans, during a year after the death of their parents, to offer up at the altar, on every public meeting of their synagogue, this solemn commemoration of their loss. While the children were still kneeling, a man walked silently round the synagogue, collecting contributions for the orphans. I looked, and saw, as he came nearer to me, that this was Jacob. Just as I had taken out my purse, I was struck by the sight of a face and figure, that had terrible power over my associations. A figure, exactly resembling one of the most horrible of the Jewish figures, which used to haunt me when I was a child. The face with *terrible eyes* stood fixed opposite to me. I was so much surprised and startled by this apparition, that a nervous tremor seized me in every limb. I let the purse, which I had in my hand, fall upon the ground. Mr. Montenero took it up again, and presented it to me, asking me in a very kind voice, "if I was ill." I recollected myself, when I looked again—the figure

had disappeared in the crowd. I had no reason to believe that Mr. Montenero saw the cause of my disorder. He seemed to attribute it to sudden illness, and hastened to get out of the synagogue into the fresh air. His manner, on this occasion, was so kind towards me, and the anxiety he shewed about my health so affectionate, that all my fears of his misinterpreting my feelings vanished; and to me the result of all that had past was a firmer conviction, than I had ever yet felt, of his regard.

It was evident, I thought, that after all the disadvantages I had had on some points, and after all the pains that Lord Mowbray had taken to please, Mr. Montenero far preferred me, and was interested in the highest degree about my health, and about every thing that concerned me. Nevertheless Lord Mowbray persevered in shewing the most profound deference to Mr. Montenero in acting an increasing taste for his conversation, and admiration for his talents, and

affection for his virtues. This certainly succeeded better with Berenice than any thing else his lordship had tried; but when he found it please, he overdid it a little. The exaggeration was immediately detected by Berenice: the heart easily detects flattery. Once when Lord Mowbray praised her father for some accomplishment which he did not possess —for pronouncing and reading English remarkably well—his daughter's glance at the flatterer expressed indignation, suddenly extinguished by contempt. Detected and baffled, he did not well know how, by a woman whom he considered as so much his inferior in ability and address, Lord Mowbray found it often difficult to conceal his real feelings of resentment, and then it was that he began to hate her. I, who knew his countenance too well to be deceived by his utmost command of face, saw the evil turn of the eye—saw looks from time to time that absolutely alarmed me—looks of hatred, malice, vengeance, suddenly

changed to smiles, submission, and softness of demeanour. Though extremely vain, and possessed with an opinion that no woman could resist him, yet, with his understanding and his experience in gallantry, I could not conceive it possible that, after all the signs and tokens he had seen, he should persist in the hope of succeeding; he was certainly aware that I was preferred. I knew it to be natural, that jealousy and anger should increase with fears and doubts of success; and yet there was something incomprehensible in the manner, which, before Mr. Montenero, he now adopted towards me; he appeared at once to yield the palm to me, and yet to be resolved not to give up the contest; he seemed as if he was my rival against his will, and my friend if I would but permit it; he refrained, with ostentatious care, from giving me any provocation, checking himself often, and drawing back with such expressions as these:—"If it were any other man upon earth—but Mr. Harrington might say

and do what he pleased—in any other circumstances—he could not hazard contradicting or quarrelling with *him*—indeed he could never forget—"

Then he would look at Berenice and at Mr. Montenero, and they would look as if they particularly approved of his conduct. Berenice softened towards him, and I trembled. As she softened towards him, I fancied she became graver and more reserved towards me. I was more provoked by the new tone of sentimental regret from Mowbray, than I had been by any of his other devices, because I thought I saw that it imposed more than any thing else had done on Berenice and Mr. Montenero, and because I knew it to be so utterly false.

Once, as we were going down stairs together, after I had disdainfully expressed my contempt of hypocrisy, and my firm belief that my plain truth would in the end prevail with Berenice against all his address, he turned upon me in sudden anger, beyond his power to con-

troul, and exclaimed—"Never!—She never will be yours."

It appeared as if he had some trick yet in store—some card concealed in his hand, with which he was secure, at last, of winning the game. I pondered, and calculated, but I could not make out what it could be.

One advantage, as he thought it, I was aware he had over me. He had no religious scruples; he could, therefore, manage so as to appear to make a great sacrifice to love, when, in fact, it would cost his conscience nothing. One evening he began to talk of Sir Charles Grandison and Clementina—he blamed Sir Charles Grandison; he declared that, for his part, *there was nothing he would not sacrifice to a woman he loved.*

Miss Montenero looked at me at that instant—our eyes met—she blushed deeply—withdrew her eyes from me—and sighed. During the remainder of the evening, she scarcely spoke to me, or looked toward me. She appeared em-

barrassed; and, as I thought, displeased. Lord Mowbray was in high spirits—he seemed resolved to advance—I retired earlier than usual. Lord Mowbray stayed, and seized the moment, to press his own suit. He made his proposal—he offered to sacrifice religion—every thing to love. He was refused irrevocably. I know nothing of the particulars, nor should I have known the fact, but for his own intemperance of resentment. It was not only his vanity—his mortified, exasperated vanity—that suffered by this refusal. It was not only on account of his rivalship with me, that he was vexed to the quick; his interest, as much as his vanity, had suffered. I did not know till this night, how completely he was ruined. He had depended upon the fortune of the Jewess.—What resource for him now?—None. In this condition, like one of the Indian gamblers, when they have lost all, and are ready *to run amuck* on all who may fall in their way, he this night, late, made his appearance at a

club, where he expected to find me. Fortunately, I was not there; but a gentleman who was, gave me an account of the scene. Disappointed at not finding me, with whom he had determined to quarrel, he supped in absolute silence—drank hasty and deep draughts of wine—then burst out into abuse of Mr. and Miss Montenero, and challenged any body present to defend them—he knew that several of their acquaintances were of the company: but all seeing, that from the combined effects of passion and wine he was not in his senses, suffered him to exhale his fury, without interruption or contradiction. Then he suddenly demanded the reason of this silence; and seemingly resolved to force some one into a quarrel *, he began by the gentleman next to him, and said the most offensive and provoking things he could think of to him—and to each in turn;

* Strange as it may appear, this representation is true.

but all laughed, and told him, that they were determined not to quarrel with him —that he must take four and twenty hours to cool, before they would take notice of any thing he should say. His creditors did not give him four and twenty hours time: his servant, before whom he had vented his rage against the Jewess, comprehended that all his hopes of her were over, and gave notice to the creditors, who kept him in their pay for that purpose. Mowbray was obliged, the next day, to leave town, or to conceal himself in London, to avoid an arrest. I heard no more of him for some time— indeed I made no inquiries. I could have no further interest concerning a man, who had conducted himself so ill. I only rejoiced that he was now out of my way, and that he had by all his treachery, and by all his artifices, given me opportunity of seeing more fully tried the excellent understanding and amiable disposition of Berenice. My passion was now justified by my reason—my hopes

were high, not presumptuous—nothing but the difficulty about her religion stood between me and happiness. I was persuaded, that the change by which I had been alarmed in Miss Montenero's manner towards me had arisen only from doubts of my love, or from displeasure at the delay of the explicit declaration of my passion. Determined, at all hazards, now to try my fate, I took my way across the square, to Mr. Montenero's.—*Across* the square?—yes! I certainly *took the diagonal of the square.*

CHAP. XIV.

WHEN I arrived at Mr. Montenero's, I saw the window shutters closed, and there was an ominous stillness in the area. No one answered to my rap—I rapped louder—I rang impatiently—no footsteps were heard in the hall—I pulled the bell incessantly. During the space of three minutes that I was forced to wait on the steps, I formed a variety of horrid imaginations.—At last I heard approaching sounds, an old woman very deliberately opened the door—

"Lauk, Sir, how you do ring! There's not a body to be had but me—all the servants is different ways gone to their friends—"

"But Mr. and Miss Montenero—"

"Oh! they was off by times this morning—they be gone—"

"Gone!"—I suppose my look and accent of despair struck the old woman with some pity, for she added—

"Lauk! Sir, they be only gone for a few days."

I recovered my breath—"And can you, my good lady, tell me where they are gone?"

"Somewhere down in Surry—Lord knows—I forget the names—but to General somebody's—"

"General B——'s, perhaps."

"Aye, aye,—that's it."

My imagination ran over in an instant all the general's family, the gouty brother, and the white-toothed aide-de-camp.

"How long are they to stay at General B——'s, can you tell me, my good lady?"

"Dear heart! I can't tell, not I's, how they'll cut and carve their visitings

—all I know is, they be to be back here in ten days or a fortnight or so."

I put a golden memorandum, with my card, into the old woman's hand, and she promised that the very moment Mr. and Miss Montenero should return to town I should have notice. How immeasureably tedious this fortnight, for a full fortnight it proved, appeared, I need not describe. To those who have ever been in love, and absent from their mistress, the description would be superfluous, to others unintelligible.

During this fortnight my anxiety was encreased by hearing from Mrs. Coates, whom I accidentally met at a fruit-shop, that "Miss Montenero was taken suddenly ill of a scarlet fever down in the country at General B——'s, where," as Mrs. Coates added, "they could get no advice for her at all, but a country apothecary, which was worse than nobody."

Mrs. Coates, who was not an ill natured, though a very ill-bred woman, ob-

serving the terrible alarm into which she had thrown me by her intelligence, declared she "was quite sorry she had *outed* with the news so sudden upon me." Mrs. Coates now stood full in the doorway of the fruit-shop, so as to stop me completely from effecting my retreat; and while her footman was stowing into her carriage the loads of fruit which she had purchased, I was compelled to hear her go on in the following style:—

"Now, Mr. Harrington,—no offence—but I couldn't have conceived it was so re'lly over head and ears an affair with you, as by your turning as pale as the table cloth, I see it re'lly is. For there was my son Peter, he admired her, and the alderman was not against it; but then the Jewish connexion was always a stumbling block Peter could not swallow;—and as for my Lord Mowbray, that the town talked of so much as in love so with the Jewess heiress —heiress, says I, very like, but not Jewess I'll engage;—and, said I, from the first, he is no more in love with her than

I am. So many of them young men of the ton is always following of them heiresses up and down for fashion or *fortin's* sake, without caring sixpence about them, that—I ax your pardon, Mr. Harrington, but I thought you might, in the alderman's phrase, be *of the same kidney*—but since I see 'tis a real downright affair of the heart, I shall make it my business to call myself at your house to-morrow in my carriage. No—that would look odd, and you a bachelor, and your people out o' town. But I'll send my own footman with a message, I promise you now, let 'em be ever so busy, if I hear any good news. No need to send if it be bad, for ill news flies apace evermore, all the world over, as Peter says.—Tom! I say! is the fruit all in, Tom?—Oh! Mr. Harrington, don't trouble yourself,—you're too polite, but I always get into my coach best myself, without hand or arm, except it be Tom's. A good morning, Sir, I sha'n't forget to-morrow,—so, live upon hope—lover's fare!—Home, Tom."

The next day, Mrs. Coates, more punctual to her word than many a more polished person, sent as early as it was possible, "to set my heart at ease about Miss Montenero's illness, and *other matters*." Mrs. Coates enclosed in her note two letters, which her maid had received that morning and last Tuesday. "This was the way," as Mrs. Coates confessed, "that the report reached her ears." The waiting-maid's first letter had stated "that her lady, though she did not complain, had a cold and sore throat coming down, and this was alarming, with a spotted fever in the neighbourhood." Mrs. Coates's maid had, in repeating the news, "turned the sore throat into a spotted fever, or a scarlet fever, she did not rightly know which, but both were said by the apothecary to be generally fatal where there was any Jewish taint in the blood."

The waiting-maid's second epistle, on which Mrs. Coates had written, "*a sugar-plum for a certain gentleman*," contained

the good tidings " that the first was all a mistake. There was no spotted fever—the general's own man would take his Bible oath, within ten miles round—and Miss Montenero's throat was gone off—and she was come out of her room. But as to spirits and good looks, she had left both in St. James's Square, Lon'on; *where her heart was, for certain.* For since she come to the country, never was there such a change in any living lady, young or old!—quite moped!—The general, and his aide-de-camp, and every body, noticing it at dinner even. To be sure, if *it* did not turn out *a match*, which there was some doubts of, on account of the family's, and the old gentleman's particular oaths and objections, as she had an inkling of, there would be two broken hearts—Lord forbid!—though a Jewish heart might be harder to break than another's, yet it looked likely."

The remainder of the letter, Mrs. Coates, or her maid, had very prudently

torn off.—I was now relieved from all apprehensions of spotted fever; and though I might reasonably have doubted the accuracy of all the intelligence conveyed by such a correspondent, yet I could not help having a little faith in some of her observations. My hopes, at least, rose delightfully; and with my hope, my ardent impatience to see Berenice again. At last, the joyful notice of Mr. and Miss Montenero's return to town, was brought to me by the old woman. Mr. Montenero admitted me the moment I called. Miss Montenero was not at home, or not visible. I was shewn into Mr. Montenero's study. The moment I entered—the moment I saw him, I was struck with some change in his countenance—some difference in his manner of receiving me. In what the difference consisted, I could not define—but it alarmed me.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed, "is Miss Montenero ill?"

"My daughter is perfectly well, my dear Sir."

"Thank heaven!—But you, Sir."

"I!"—said Mr. Montenero, "am also in perfect health. What alarms you?"

"I really don't well know," said I, endeavouring to laugh at myself, and my own apprehensions; "but I thought I perceived some change in the expression of your countenance towards me, my dear Mr. Montenero. You must know, that all my life, my quickness of perception of the slightest change in the countenance and manner of those I love has ever been a curse to me; for my restless imagination always set to work to invent causes—and my causes, though ingenious, unluckily, seldom happened to be the real causes. Many a vain alarm, many a miserable hour, has this superfluous activity of imagination cost me—so I am determined to cure myself."

At the moment I was uttering the determination, I stopped short, for I felt that I could not keep it, on this occasion. Mr. Montenero sighed, or I thought he sighed, and there was such an unusual

degree of gravity and deliberation in the mildness of his manner, that I could not believe my alarm was without cause. I took the chair which he placed for me, and we both sat down: but he looked so prepared to listen, that I could not articulate. There was a sudden revulsion in my spirits, and all my ideas were in utter confusion. Mr. Montenero, the kindness of whose manner was not changed towards me, I saw, pitied my confusion. He began to talk of his excursion into the country—he spoke of General B—— and of the whole county of Surry. The words reached my ears, but conveyed no ideas to my mind, except the general notion, that Mr. Montenero was giving me time to recover myself I was grateful for the kind intention, and somewhat encouraged by the softness of voice, and look of pity. But still there was something so measured—so guarded—so prepared!—At last, when he had exhausted all that he could say about the county of Surry, and

that a dead silence threatened me, I took courage, and plunged into the middle of things at once. I cannot remember exactly the words, but what I said was to this effect.

"Mr. Montenero, you know so much of the human heart, and of my heart, that you must be aware of the cause of my present embarrassment and emotion. You must have seen my passion for your incomparable daughter."

"I have seen it, I own—I am well aware of it, Mr. Harrington," replied Mr. Montenero, in a mild and friendly tone; but there was something of self-accusation and repentance in the tone, which alarmed me inexpressibly

"I hope, my dear good Sir, that you do not repent of your kindness," said I, "in having permitted me to cultivate your society, in having indulged me in some hours of the most exquisite pleasure I ever yet enjoyed,"

He sighed; and I went on with vehement incoherence.

"I hope you cannot suspect me of a design to abuse your confidence, to win, if it were in my power, your daughter's affections, without your knowledge, surreptitiously, clandestinely. She is an heiress, a rich heiress I know, and my circumstances—Believe me, Sir, I have never intended to deceive you; but I waited till—There I was wrong. I wish I had abided by my own opinion! I wish I had followed my first impulse! Believe me, Sir, it was my first thought, my first wish, to speak to you of all the circumstances; if I delayed, it was from the fear that a precipitate declaration would have been imputed to presumption. As Heaven is my judge, I had no other motive. I abhor artifice. I am incapable of the base treachery of taking advantage of any confidence reposed in me."

"My good Sir," said Mr. Montenero, when at last I was forced to pause for breath, "why this vehemence of defence? I do not accuse—I do not suspect you of any breach of confidence. Pray compose yourself."

Calmed by this assurance, I recovered some presence of mind, and proceeded, as I thought, in a most tranquil manner to express my regret, at all events, that I should not have been the first person to have explained to him my unfortunate circumstances. "But this," I said, "was like the rest of Lord Mowbray's treacherous conduct."

I was going on again in a tone of indignation, when Mr. Montenero again begged me to compose myself, and asked, "to what unfortunate circumstances I alluded."

"You do not know them? You have not been informed? Then I did Lord Mowbray injustice."

I explained to Mr. Montenero to what circumstances I had so unintelligibly alluded. I gained courage as I went on, for I saw that the history of my father's vow, of which evidently Mr. Montenero had never heard till this moment, did not shock or offend him as I had expected that it would.

With the most philosophic calmness and benevolence he said, "that he could forgive my father for his prejudices—the more readily because he was persuaded, that if he had ever become known to my father, it would not have been impossible to conquer this prepossession."

I sighed, for I was convinced this was a vain hope. There was some confusion in the tenses in Mr. Montenero's sentence too, which I did not quite like, or comprehend; he seemed as if he were speaking of a thing that might have been possible at some time, that was now completely past. I recollect having a painful perception of this one instant, and the next accounting for it satisfactorily, by supposing that his foreign idiom was the cause of his confusion of speech.

After a pause, he proceeded—"Fortune," said he, "is not an object to me in the choice of a son-in-law: considering the very ample fortune which my daughter will possess, I am quite at ease upon that point."

Still, though he had cleared away the two first great obstacles, I saw there was some greater yet unnamed. I thought it was the difference of our religion. We were both silent, and the difficulty seemed to me, at this moment, greater and more formidable than it had ever yet appeared. While I was considering how I should touch upon the subject, Mr. Montenero turned to me and said,

"I hate all mysteries, and yet I cannot be perfectly explicit with you, Mr. Harrington; as far as I possibly can, however, I will speak with openness—with sincerity, you may depend upon it, I have always, and ever shall speak. You must have perceived that your company is particularly agreeable to me. Your manners, your conversation, your liberal spirit, and the predilection you shewed for my society—the politeness, the humanity, you shewed my daughter the first evening you met—and the partiality for her which a father's eye quickly perceived that you felt, altogether won upon my

heart. My regard for you has been strengthened and confirmed by the temper, prudence, and generosity, I have seen you shew towards a rival. I have studied your character, and I think I know it as thoroughly as I esteem and value it. If I were to choose a son-in-law after my own heart, you should be the man. Spare me your thanks—spare me this joy," continued he, "I have now only said what it was just to say—just to you and to myself."

He spoke with difficulty and great emotion as he went on to say, that he feared he had acted very imprudently for my happiness in permitting, in encouraging me to see so much of his daughter.—for an obstacle—he feared an obstacle that—His voice almost failed.

"I am aware of it," said I.

"Aware of it?" said he, looking up at me suddenly, with astonishment: as suddenly he repeated, more calmly, "Aware of it? Let us understand one another, my dear Sir."

"I understand you perfectly," cried I. "I am well aware of the nature of the obstacle. At once I declare that I can make no sacrifice, no compromise of my religious principles, to my passion."

"You would be unworthy of my esteem if you could," said Mr. Montenero. "I rejoice to hear this declaration unequivocally made; this is what I expected from you."

"But," continued I, eagerly, "Miss Montenero could be secure of the free exercise of her own religion. You know my principles of toleration—you know my habits; and though between man and wife a difference of religion be in most cases a formidable obstacle to happiness, yet permit me to hope—."

"I cannot permit you to hope," interrupted Mr. Montenero. "You are mistaken as to the nature of the obstacle. A difference of religion would be a most formidable objection, I grant; but we need not enter upon that subject. That is not the obstacle to which I allude."

“ Then of what nature can it be? Some base slander—Lord Mowbray—Nothing shall prevent me!” cried I, starting up furiously.

“ Gently—command yourself, and listen to reason and truth,” said Mr. Montenero, laying his hand on my arm. “ Am I a man, do you think, to listen to base slander? Or, if I had listened to any such, could I speak to you with the esteem and confidence with which I have just spoken? Could I look at you with the tenderness and affection which I feel for you at this instant.”

“ Oh! Mr. Montenero,” said I, “ you know how to touch me to the heart; but answer me one, only one question, has Lord Mowbray any thing to do with this, whatever it is?”

“ I have not seen or heard from him since I saw you last.”

“ Your word is sufficient,” said I. “ Then I suspected him unjustly.”

“ Heaven forbid,” said Mr. Montenero, “ that I should raise suspicion in a

mind, which till now I have always seen and thought to be above that meanness. The torture of suspense I must inflict, but inflict not on yourself the still worse torture of suspicion—ask me no further questions, I can answer none—time can only solve the difficulty. I have now to request that you will never more speak to me on this subject, as soon as my own mind is satisfied, depend upon it I shall let you know it. In the mean time I rely upon your prudence, and your honour, that you will not declare your attachment to my daughter, that you will take no means, direct or indirect, to draw her into any engagement, or to win her affections. In short I wish to see you here as a friend of mine—not a suitor of hers. If you are capable of this necessary command over yourself, continue your visits here; but if this effort is beyond your power, I charge you, as you regard her happiness, and your own, see her no more. Consider well before you decide."

I had confidence in my own strength of mind and honour, I knew that want of resolution was not the defect of my character. Difficult as the conditions were, I submitted to them—I promised, that if Mr. Montenero permitted me to continue my visits, I would strictly comply with all he desired. The moment I had given this promise, I was in haste to quit the room, lest Berenice should enter, before I had time to recover from the excessive agitation into which I had been thrown.

Mr. Montenero followed me to the antichamber. "My daughter is not at home, she is taking an airing in the park. One word more before we part. One word more before we quit this painful subject," said he, "do not, my dear young friend, waste your time, your ingenuity in vain conjectures—you will not discover that which I cannot impart, nor would the discovery, if made, diminish the difficulty, or in the least add to your happiness, though it might to your mi-

sery—it depends not on your will to remove the obstacle. By no talents, no efforts of yours can it be obviated, one thing, and but one is in your power—to command your own mind."

"Command my own mind! Oh! Mr. Montenero, how easy to say—how difficult to command the passions—such a passion!—"

"I acknowledge it is difficult, but I hope it is not impossible. *We* have now an opportunity of judging of the strength of your mind, the firmness of your resolution, and your power over yourself. Of these we must see proofs—without these you never could be either with my consent, or by her own choice, accepted by my daughter, even if no other obstacle intervened.—Adieu."

A bright idea, a sudden ray of hope darted into my mind. It might be all intended for a trial of me, there was, perhaps, no real obstacle! But this was only the hope of an instant, it was contradicted by Mr. Montenero's previous

positive assertion. I hurried home as fast as possible, shut myself up in my own room, and bolted the door, that I might not be interrupted. I sat down to think, I could not think, I could only feel. The first thing I did was, as it were, to live the whole of the last hour over again—I recollected every word, recalled every look, carefully to impress, and record it in my memory. I felt that I was not at that moment capable of judging, but I should have the means, the facts, safe for a calmer hour. I repeated my recollections many times, pausing, and forming vague and often contradictory conjectures, then driving them all from my mind, and resolving to think no more on this mysterious subject, but on no other subject could I think—I sat motionless. How long I remained in this situation I have no means of knowing, but it must have been for some hours, for it was evening, as I remember, when I wakened to the sense of its being necessary, that I should

exert myself, and rouse my faculties from this dangerous state of abstraction. Since my father and mother had been in the country, I had usually dined at taverns or clubs, so that the servants had no concern with my hours of meals. My own man was much attached to me, and I should have been tormented with his attentions, but that I had sent him out of the way as soon as I had come home. I then went into the park, walking there as fast and as long as I possibly could. I returned late, quite exhausted, hoped I should sleep, and waken with a calmer mind, but I believe I had overwalked myself, or my mind had been overstrained—I was very feverish this night, and all the horrors of early association returned upon me. Whenever I began to dose, I felt the nervous oppression, the dreadful weight upon my chest—I saw beside my bed the old figure of Simon, the Jew, but he spoke to me with the voice, and in the words of Mr. Montenero. The dreams of this night were

more terrible than any reality that can be conceived, and even when I was broad awake, I felt that I had not the command of my mind. My early prepossessions and *antipathies*, my mother's *presentiments*, and prophecies of evil to me from the connexion with the Monteneros, the prejudices which had so long, so universally prevailed against the Jews, occurred to me—I knew all this was unreasonable, but still the thoughts obtruded themselves. During this feverish night, when the power of the will and of reason seemed suspended, early associations reigned in all their force. When the light of morning returned, which I thought never would return, I grew better.

Mr. Montenero's advice, his impressiv advice, and all the kindness of his look and manner, recurred to my mind. The whole of his conduct—the filial affection of Berenice—the gratitude of Jacob—the attachment of friends, who had known him for years, all assured me of his sin-

cerity towards myself, and the fancies, I will not call them suspicions, of the night, were dispelled.

I was determined not to see either Mr. Montenero or Berenice for a few days. I knew that the best thing I could do would be to take strong bodily exercise, and totally to change the course of my daily occupations. There was an excellent riding-house at this time in London, and I had been formerly in the habit of riding there. I was a favourite with the master—he was glad to see me again. I found the exercise, and the immediate necessity of suspending all other thoughts to attend to the management of my horse, of sovereign use. I thus disciplined my imagination at the time when I seemed only to be disciplining an Arabian horse. I question whether reading Seneca, or Epictetus or any moral, or philosophical writer, living, or dead, would have as effectually *medicined* my mind. While I was at the riding-house General B—— came in with some young officers. The

general, who had distinguished me with particular kindness, left the young men, who were with him, and walked home with me. I refrained from asking any questions about Mr. or Miss Montenero's visit at his house in Surry; but he led to the subject himself, and spoke of her having been less cheerful than usual—dwelt on his wish, that she and her father should settle in England—said there was a young American, a relation of the Manessas', just come over, he hoped there was no intention of returning with him to America. I felt a terrible twinge, like what I had experienced, when the general had first mentioned his brother-in-law—perhaps, said I, to myself, it may be as vain. General B—— was going to speak further on the subject, but though my curiosity was much raised, I thought I was bound in honour not to obtain intelligence by any secondary means. I, therefore, requested the general to let us change the subject. He tapped my shoulder—" you are right,"

said he, "I understand your motives, you are right—I like your principles."

On returning from the riding-house, I had the pleasure of hearing that Mr. Montenero had called during my absence, and had particularly inquired from my own man after my health.

I forgot to mention, that in one of the young officers, whom I met at the riding-house, I recognised a school fellow, that very little boy, who, mounted upon the step ladder on the day of Jacob's election, turned the election in his favour, by the anecdote of the silver pencil case. My little schoolfellow, now a lath of a young man, six foot high, was glad to meet me again, and to talk over our schoolboy days. He invited me to join him and some of his companions, who were going down to the country on a fishing party. They promised themselves great sport in dragging a fish pond. I forced myself to join this party for the mere purpose of changing the course of my thoughts. For three days I was hurried from place to

place, and not a single thing that I liked to do did I do—I was completely put out of my own way, my ideas were forced upon new courses. I heard of nothing but of fishing and fishing tackle—of the pleasures there would be in the shooting season—of shooting jackets, and powder horns, and guns, and *proof* guns. All this was terribly irksome at the time, and yet I was conscious that it was of service to me, and I endured it with heroic patience.

I was heartily glad when I got back to town. When I felt that I was able to bear the sight of Berenice, I went again to Mr. Montenero's. From that hour I maintained my resolution, I strictly adhered to my promise, and I felt that I was rewarded by Mr. Montenero's encreasing esteem and affection. My conversation was now addressed chiefly to him, and I remarked that I was always the chief object of his attention. I observed that Berenice was much paler, and not in such good spirits as formerly,

she was evidently under great constraint and anxiety, and the expression of her countenance towards me was changed; there was an apprehensiveness, which she in vain endeavoured to calm—her attention to whatever I was saying or doing, even when she appeared to be occupied with other things, was constant. I was convinced, that I was continually in her thoughts, I felt that I was not indifferent to her—yet the expression of her countenance was changed—it was not love—or it was love, strongly repressed by fear—by fear I was it of her father's disapprobation. Let me record it here to my own credit, and I am sure I shall think of it with pleasure on my death bed, I never for one moment during this time of trial, and a severe trial it was, had any relapse of suspicion of my friend Mr. Montenero—I had strength of mind sufficient to be confident that he dealt fairly by me. I had been assured by this friend, in whom I had perfect confidence, that no power of mine could remove the

obstacle, if it existed—then his advice was wise, not to waste my thoughts and spirits in vain conjectures. As far as it was in human nature, I took his advice, repressed my curiosity, and turned my thoughts from that too interesting subject. I know not how long I should have maintained my fortitude in this passive state of forbearance. Events soon called me again into active exertion.

CHAP. XV.

PARTY spirit, in politics, ran very high about this time in London—it was in the year 1780. The ill success of the American war had put the people in ill humour; they were ready to believe any thing against ministry, and some who, for party purposes, desired to influence the minds of the people, circulated the most ridiculous reports, and excited the most absurd terrors. The populace were made to believe, that the French and the papists were secret favourites of government: a French invasion, the appearance of the French in London, is an old story almost worn out upon the imaginations of the good people of England; but now came a new, if not a more

plausible bugbear—the pope! It was confidently affirmed that the pope would soon be in London, he having been seen in disguise in a gold flowered night gown on *St. James's* parade at Bath. A poor gentleman who appeared at his door in his night gown had been actually taken by the Bath mob for the pope. And they had pursued him with shouts, and hunted him, till he was forced to scramble over a wall to escape from his pursuers. Ludicrous as this may appear, the farce, we all know, soon turned to tragedy. From the smallest beginnings, the mischief grew and spread; half-a-dozen people gathered in one street, and began the cry of—"*No popery!—no papists!—no French!*" The idle joined the idle, and the discontented the discontented, and both were soon drawn in to assist the mischievous; and the cowardly, surprised at their own prowess, when joined with numbers, and when no one opposed them, grew bolder and bolder. Monday morning Mr. Strachan

was insulted; Lord Mansfield treated it as a slight irregularity.—Monday evening Lord Mansfield himself was insulted by the mob, they pulled down his house, and burnt his furniture. Newgate was attacked next, the keeper went to the Lord Mayor, and, at his return, he found the prison in a blaze; that night, the Fleet, and the King's Bench, and popish chapels were on fire, and the glare of the conflagration reached the skies. I was heartily glad my father and mother were safe in the country. Mr. Montenero and Berenice were preparing to go to a villa in Surry, which they had just purchased, but they apprehended no danger for themselves, as they were inoffensive strangers, totally unconnected with party or politics. The fury of the mob had hitherto been directed chiefly against papists, or persons supposed to favour their cause. The very day before Mr. Montenero was to leave town, without any conceivable reason, suddenly a cry was raised against the Jews: unfortunately,

Jews rhymed to shoes; these words were hitched into a rhyme, and the cry was—"*No Jews, no wooden shoes!*" Thus, without any natural, civil, religious, moral, or political connection, the poor Jews came in remainder to the antient antigallican antipathy felt by English feet and English fancies against the French wooden shoes. Among the London populace, however, the Jews had a respectable body of friends, female friends of noted influence in a mob—the orange women—who were most of them bound by gratitude to certain opulent Jews. It was then, and I believe it still continues to be, a customary mode of charity with the Jews, to purchase and distribute large quantities of oranges among the retail sellers, whether Jews or Christians. The orange women were thus become their staunch friends. One of them in particular, a warm-hearted Irish woman, whose barrow had, during the whole season, been continually replenished by Mr. Montenero's bounty, and by Jacob's

punctual care, now took her station on the steps of Mr. Montenero's house; she watched her opportunity, and when she saw *the master* appear in the hall, she left her barrow in charge with her boy, came up the steps, walked in, and addressed herself to him thus, in a dialect and tones, as new almost to me as they seemed to be to Mr. Montenero.

"Never fear, jewel!—Jew as you have this day the misfortune to be, you're the best Christian any way ever I happened on; so never fear, honey, for yourself nor your daughter, God bless her! Not a soul shall go near yees, nor a finger be laid on her, good or bad. Sure I know them all—not a mother's son o' the *boys* but I can call my frind—not a captain or lader (leader) that's in it but I can lade (lead) dear, to the devil and back again; if I'd but whistle — so only you keep quite (quiet), and don't be advertizing yourself any way for a Jew, nor be shewing your cloven *fut*, with or without the wooden shoes.—*Keep ourselves to ourselves*, for I'll tell you a bit of a sacret—

I'm a little bit of a cat'olick myself all as one as what *they* call a *papish*, but I keep it to myself and nobody's the wiser nor the worse—they'd tear me to pieces may be did they suspect the like, but I keep never minding, and you, jewel do *the like.*—*They call* you a Levite, don't they? then I, the widow Levy, has a good right to advise ye," added she, "we were all brothers and sisters once—no offence—in the time of Adam sure, and we should help one another in all times. 'Tis my turn to help *yees* now, and, by the blessing, so I will—accordingly I'll be sitting all day and night mounting guard on your steps there without.—And little as you may think of me, the devil a *guardian* angel better than myself, only just the widow Lavy, such as ye see!"

The widow Levy took her stand, and kept her word. I staid at Mr. Montenero's all day, saw every thing that passed, and had frequent opportunities of admiring her address.

She began by making the footman take down, "the outlandish name from

off the door, for no name at all, sure! was better *nor* (than) a foreign name these times." She charged the footman to "say *sorrow* word themselves to the mob for their lives, in case they would come; but to lave it all entirely to her, that knew how to spake to *them*. For see!" said she, *aside* to me—"For see! them powdered num-skulls would spoil all—they'd be taking it too high or too low, and never hit the right *kay*, nor mind when to laugh or cry in the right place; moreover, when they'd get *frighted* with a cross-examination, they'd be apt to be cutting themselves. Now, the ould one himself, if he had me *on the table* even, I'd defy to get the truth out of me, if not convanient, and I in the sarvice of a frind."

In the pleasure of telling a few superfluous lies, it seemed to be necessary that our guardian angel should be indulged; and there she sat on the steps quite at ease, smoking her pipe, or wiping her oranges. As parties of the rioters came

up, she would parley and jest with them, and by alternate wit and humour, and blunder, and bravado, and flattery, and *fabling*, divert their spirit of mischief, and forward them to distant enterprize. In the course of the day, we had frequent occasion to admire her intrepid ingenuity and indefatigable zeal. Late at night, when all seemed perfectly quiet in this part of the town, she, who had never stirred from her post all day, was taken into the kitchen by the servants to eat some supper. While she was away, I was standing at an open window of the drawing-room, watching and listening— all was silence; but suddenly I heard a shriek, and two strange female figures appeared from the corner of the square, hurrying, as if in danger of pursuit, though no one followed them. One was in black, with a hood, and a black cloak streaming behind; the other in white, neck and arms bare, head full dressed, with high feathers blown upright. As they came near the window, at which I

stood, one of the ladies called out—"Mr. Harrington! Mr. Harrington! For heaven's sake let us in!"

"Lady Anne Mowbray's voice! and Lady de Brantefield," cried I.

Swift, before I could pass her, Berenice ran down stairs, unlocked—threw open the hall door, and let them in. Breathless, trembling so that they could not speak, they sunk upon the first seat they could reach; the servants, hearing the hall door unbar, ran into the hall, and when sent away for water, the three footmen returned with each something in his hand, and stood with water and salvers as a pretence to satisfy their curiosity; along with them came the orange woman, who, wiping her mouth, put in her head between the footmen's elbows, and stood listening, and looking at the two ladies with no friendly eye. She then worked her way round to me, and twitching my elbow, drew me back, and whispered—"What made ye let 'em in? Take care; but one's a mad woman, and t'other a bad woman."

Lady Anne, who had by this time drank water, and taken hartshorn, and was able to speak, was telling, though in a very confused manner, what had happened. She said that she had been dressed for the opera—the carriage was at the door—her mother, who was to set her down at lady somebody's who was to *chaperon* her, had just put on her hood and cloak, and was coming down stairs, when they heard a prodigious noise of the mob in the street. The mob had seized their carriage—had found in one of the pockets a string of beads, which had been left there by the Portuguese Ambassador's lady, whom Lady de Brantefield had taken home from chapel the preceding day.

The mob had seen the carriage stop at the chapel, and the lady and her confessor get into it, and this led to the suspicion that Lady de Brantefield was a catholic, or in their language, a *concealed papist.*

On searching the carriage farther, they had found a breviary, and one of the mob

had read aloud the name of a priest, written in the beginning of the book— a priest whose name was peculiarly obnoxious to some of the leaders.

As soon as they found the breviary, and the rosary, and this priest's name, the mob grew outrageous, broke the carriage, broke the windows of the house, and were bursting open the door, when, as Lady Anne told us, she and her mother, terrified almost out of their senses, escaped through the back door *just in the dress they were*, and made their way through the stables, and a back lane, and a cross street; still hearing, or fancying they heard, the shouts of the mob, they had run on without knowing how, or where, till they found themselves in our square, and saw me at the open window.

"What is it? Tell me, dear," whispered the orange-woman, drawing me back behind the footman. "Tell me, for I can't understand her for looking at the figure of her. Tell me plain, or it

may be the ruen of yees all before ye'd know it."

I repeated Lady Anne's story, and from me the orange-woman understood it; and it seemed to alarm her more than any of us.

"But are they *Romans*?" (Roman Catholics) said she. "How is that, when they're not Irish?—for I'll swear to their not being Irish, tongue or pluck. I don't believe but they're impostors—no right *Romans*, screw bit of the likes; but, howsomdever, no signs of none following them yet—thanks above! Get rid on 'em any way as smart as ye can, dear. Tell Mr. Montenero."

As all continued perfectly quiet, both in the back and front of the house, we were in hopes that they would not be pursued or discovered by the mob. We endeavoured to quiet and console them with this consideration, and we represented, that, if the mob got into their house, they would, after they had search'ed and convinced themselves that the

obnoxious priest was not concealed there, disperse without attempting to destroy or pillage the house.

"Then," said Lady de Brantefield, rising, and turning to her daughter, "Lady Anne, we had better think of returning to our own house."

Though well aware of the danger of keeping these suspected ladies this night, and though our guardian angel repeatedly twitched us, reiterating—"Ah! let 'em go—don't be keeping 'em!"—yet Mr. Montenero and Berenice pressed them, in the kindest and most earnest manner, to stay where they were safe. Lady Anne seemed most willing, Lady de Brantefield most unwilling, to remain; yet her fears struggled with her pride, and at last she begged that a servant might be sent to her house to see how things were going on, and to order chairs for her if their return was practicable.

"Stop!"—cried the orange-woman, laying a strong detaining hand on the footman's arm; "stop you—'tis I'll go with more sense—and speed,"

"What is that person!—that woman!" cried Lady de Brantefield, who now heard and saw the orange-woman, for the first time.

"Woman!—is it me she manes?" said the orange-woman, coming forward quite composedly, shouldering on her cloak. "Is it who I am?—I'm the widow Levy.—Any commands?"

"How did she get in?" continued Lady de Brantefield, still with a look of mixed pride and terror—"how did she get in?"

"Very asy!—through the door—same way you did, my lady, if ye had your senses. Where's the wonder?—But what commands—don't be keeping of me?"

"Anne!—Lady Anne!—Did she follow us in?" said Lady de Brantefield.

"Follow yees!—not I!—no follower of yours nor the likes.—But what commands, nevertheless?—I'll do your business the night, for the sake of them I love in my heart's core," nodding at Mr.

and Miss Montenero; "so, my lady, I'll bring ye word, faithful, how it is going with ye at home—which is her house, and where, on God's earth?" added she, turning to the footmen.

"If my satisfaction be the object, Sir, or Madam," said Lady de Brantefield, addressing herself with much solemnity to Mr. and Miss Montenero, "I must take leave to request, that a fitter messenger be sent; to trust to the representations of such a person as that, I should, in any circumstances, be incapable."

The fury of the orange-woman kindled—her eyes flashed fire—her arms a-kimbo, she advanced, repeating—

"Fitter!—Fitter!—What's that ye say?—you're not Irish—not a bone in your skeleton?"

Lady Anne screamed.—Mr. Montenero forced the orange-woman back, and Berenice and I hurried Lady de Brantefield and her daughter across the hall, into the eating-room. Mr. Montenero followed an

instant afterwards, telling Lady de Brantefield that he had dispatched one of his own servants for intelligence. Her ladyship bowed her head without speaking. He then explained why the orange-woman happened to be in his house, and spoke of the zeal and ability with which she had this day served us. Lady de Brantefield continued at intervals to bow her head, while Mr. Montenero spoke, and to look at her watch, while Lady Anne, simpering, repeated, "Dear, how odd." Then placing herself opposite to a large mirror, Lady Anne re-adjusted her dress. That settled, she had nothing to do but to recount her horrors over again. Her mother, lost in reverie, sat motionless. Berenice, meantime, while the messenger was away, made the most laudable and kind efforts by her conversation, to draw the attention of her guests from themselves and their apprehensions; but apparently without effect, and certainly without thanks.

At length, Berenice and her father being called out of the room, I was left

alone with Lady de Brantefield and Lady Anne; the mother broke silence, and turning to the daughter, said, in a most solemn tone of reproach—"Anne! Lady Anne Mowbray!—how could you bring me into this house, of all others—a Jew's—when you know the horror I have always felt."

"La, mam'a! I declare I was so terrified, I didn't know one house from another. But when I saw Mr. Harrington, I was so delighted, I never thought about its being *the Jew's* house—and what matter?"

"What matter!"—repeated Lady de Brantefield, "are you my daughter, and a descendant of Sir Josseline de Mowbray, and ask what matter?"

"Dear mam'a! that's the old story, that's so long ago!—how can you think of such old stuff, at such a time as this!—I'm sure I was frightened out of my wits—I forgot even my detestation of—but I must not say that before Mr. Harrington. But now I see the house, and *all that*, I

don't wonder at him so much; I declare it's a monstrous handsome house—as rich as a Jew—I'm sure I hope those wretches will not destroy *our* house—and, Oh! the great mirror, mamma!"

Mr. and Miss Montenero returned with much concern in their countenances: they announced that the messenger had brought word, that the mob were actually pulling down Lady de Brantefield's house—that the furniture had all been dragged out into the street, and that it was now burning. Pride once more gave way to undisguised terror in Lady de Brantefield's countenance, and both ladies stood in speechless consternation. Before we had time to hear or to say more, the orange-woman opened the door, and putting in her head, called out in a voice of authority—

"Jantlemen, here's one wants yees, admits of no delay; lave all and come out, whether you will or no, the minute."

We went out, and with an indescribable gesture, and wink of satisfaction, the

moment she had Mr. Montenero and me in the hall, she said in a whisper—

"'Tis only myself dears, but 'tis I am glad I got yees out away from being bothered by the presence of them women, whiles ye'd be settling all for life or death, which we must now do—for don't be nursing and dandling yourselves in the notion that *the boys* will not be wid ye.—It's a folly to talk—they will; my head to a China orange they will, now; but take it asy, jewels—we've got an hour's law—they've one good hour's work first—six garrets to gut, where they are, and tree back walls, with a piece of the front, still to pull down. Oh! I larnt all. He is a 'cute lad you sent, but not being used to it, just went and ruined and murdered us all by what he let out! What do ye tink? But when one of the boys was questioning him who he belonged to, and what brought him in it, he got frighted, and could think of noting at all but the truth to tell: so they've got the scent, and they'll follow the game. Ogh! had I

been my own messenger in lieu of minding that woman within, I'd have put 'em off the scent. But it's past me now—so what next?" While Mr. Montenero and I began to consult together, she went on—"I'll tell you what you'll do, you'll send for two chairs, or one—less suspicious—and just get the two in asy, the black one back, the white for'ard, beca'ase she's coming nat'ral from the opera—if stopped—and so the chairmen knowing no more than Adam who they would be carrying, might go through the thick of the boys at a pinch såfe enough, or round any way, sure; they know the town, and the short cuts, and set 'em down (a good riddance!) out of hand, at any house at all they mention, who'd resave them of their own friends, or kith and kin—for, to be sure, I suppose they *have* friends, tho' I'm not one. You'll settle with them by the time its come, where they'll set down, and I'll step for the chair; will I?"

"No!" said Mr. Montenero, "not un-

less it be the ladies' own desire to go;—I cannot turn them out of my house, if they chuse to stay; at all hazards they shall have every protection I can afford. Berenice, I am sure, will think and feel as I do."

Mr. Montenero returned to the drawing-room to learn the determination of his guests.

"There goes as good a Christian," cried the widow Levy, holding up her fore-finger, and shaking it at Mr. Montenero the moment his back was turned—"didn't I tell ye so from the first. Oh! if he isn't a jewel of a Jew!—and the daughter the same;" continued she, following me as I walked up and down the hall, "the kind hearted cratur, how tender she looked at the fainting Jezabel—while the black woman turning from her in her quality scowls.—Oh! I seed it all, and with your own eyes, dear—but I hope they'll go—and once we get a riddance of them women, I'll answer for the rest. Bad luck to the minute they

come into the house! I wish the gentleman would be back—Oh! here he is—and will they go, jewel?" cried she, eagerly.

"The ladies will stay," said Mr. Montenero.

"Murder!—but you can't help it—so no more about it—but what arms have ye?"

No arms were to be found in the house but a sword, a pair of pistols of Mr. Montenero's, and one gun, which had been left by the former proprietor. Mr. Montenero determined to write immediately to his friend General B—— to request that a party of the military might be sent to guard his house—

"Aye, so best, send for the dragoons, the only thing left on earth for us now—but don't let 'em fire on *the boys*—disperse 'em with the horse, asy, ye can, without a shot; so best—I'll step down and feel the pulse of all below."

While Mr. Montenero wrote, Berenice, alarmed for her father, stood leaning on the back of his chair, in silence.

"Oh! Mr. Harrington! Mr. Harrington!" repeated Lady Anne, "what will become of *us*—if Colonel Topham was but here. Do send to the Opera, pray, pray, with *my* compliments—Lady Anne Mowbray's compliments—he'll come directly, I'm sure."

"That my son, the Lord Mowbray, should be out of town, how extraordinary, and how unfortunate!" cried Lady de Brantefield, "when we might have had his protection, his regiment, without applying to strangers."

She walked up and down the room with the air of a princess in chains. The orange woman bolted into the room, and pushed past her ladyship, while Mr. Montenero was sealing his note.

"Give it, jewel!—Its I'll be the bearer—for all your powdered men below has taken fright by the dread the first messenger got, and dares not be carrying a summons for the military through the midst of *them*—but I'll take it for yees—and which way will I go to get quickest

to your general's, and how will I know his house?—for seven of them below bothered my brains."

Mr. Montenero repeated the direction—she listened coolly, then stowing the letter in her bosom, she stood still for a moment with a look of deep deliberation—her head on one side, her fore-finger on her cheek bone, her thumb under her chin, and the knuckle of the middle-finger compressing her lips.

"See, now, *they'll* be apt to come up the stable lane for the back o' the house, and another party of them will be in the square, in front, so how will it be with me to get into the house to yees again, without opening the doors for *them*, in case they are witl *ye* afore I'd get the military up—I have it," cried she—

She rushed to the door, but turned back again to look for her pipe, which she had laid on the table.

"Where's my pipe!—Lend it me—What am I without my pipe?"

"The savage!"—cried Lady de Brantefield.

"The fool!"—said Lady Anne.

The widow Levy nodded to each of the two ladies, as she lit the pipe again, but without speaking to them, turned to us, and said—

"If the boys would meet me without my pipe, they'd not know me; or smell something odd, and guess I was on some unlawful errand."

As she passed Berenice and me, who were standing together, she hastily added—

"Keep a good heart, sweetest!—At the last push, you have one will shed the heart's drop for ye."

A quick, scarcely perceptible, motion of her eye towards me, marked her meaning; and one involuntary look from Berenice at that moment, even in the midst of alarm, spread joy through my whole frame. In the common danger we were drawn closer together, we *thought* together;—I was allowed to help her in the midst of the general bustle.

It was necessary, as quickly as possible, to determine what articles in the house were of most value, and to place these in security. It was immediately decided that the pictures were inestimable.—What was to be done with them? Berenice, whose presence of mind never forsook her, and whose quickness increased with the occasion, recollected that the unfinished picture gallery, which had been built behind the house, adjoining to the back drawing-room, had no window opening to the street: it was lighted by a sky-light; it had no communication with any of the apartments in the house, except with the back drawing-room, into which it was intended to open by large glass doors; but fortunately these were not finished, and, at this time, there was no access to the picture gallery but by a concealed door behind the gobelin tapestry of the back drawing-room; an entrance which could hardly be discovered by any stranger. In the gallery were all the

plasterer's tressels, the carpenter's lumber; however, there was room soon made for the pictures: all hands were in motion, every creature busy and eager, except Lady de Brantefield and her daughter; who never offered the smallest assistance, though we were continually passing with our loads through the front drawing-room, in which the two ladies now were. Lady Anne standing up in the middle of the room looked like an actress ready dressed for some character, but without one idea of her own.—Her mind naturally weak, was totally incapacitated by fear, —she kept incessantly repeating as we passed and repassed——

"Bless me! one would think the day of judgment was coming!"

Lady de Brantefield all the time sat in the most remote part of the room, fixed in a huge arm chair: I had neither leisure nor inclination to observe them, and I never should have noticed even their figures, but that I could not help seeing them reflected in the large mirror as I passed.

The pictures and the most valuable things were, by desperately hard work, just stowed into our place of safety, when we heard the shouts of the mob at once at the back and front of the house, and soon a thundering knocking at the hall-door. Mr. Montenero and I went to the door, of course without opening it, and demanded, in a loud voice, what they wanted.

"We require the papists!" one answered for the rest, "the two women papists and the priest you've got within, to be given up for your lives."

"There is no priest here—there are no papists here:—two protestant ladies, strangers to me, have taken refuge here, and I will not give them up," said Mr. Montenero.

"Then we'll pull down the house."

"The military will be here directly," said Mr. Montenero coolly, "you had better go away."

"The military!—then make haste boys with the work."

And with a general cry of "No papists!—no priests!—no jews!—no wooden shoes!" they began with a volley of stones against the windows.—I ran to see where Berenice was.—It had been previously agreed amongst us, that she and her guests, and every female in the house, should, on the first alarm, retire into a back room; but, at the first shout of the mob, Lady de Brantefield lost the little sense she ever possessed: she did not faint, but she stiffened herself in the posture in which she sat, and with her hands turned down over the elbows of the huge chair, on which her arms were extended, she leaned back in all the frightful rigidity of a corpse, with a ghastly face, and eyes fixed.

Berenice, in vain, tried to persuade her to move. Her ideas were bewildered or concentrated. Only the obstinacy of pride remained alive within her.

"No," she said, "she would never move from that spot,—she would not be commanded by Jew or Jewess."

"Don't you hear the mob, the stones at the windows!"

"Very well.—They would all pay for it on the scaffold or the gibbet."

"But if they break in here you will be torn to pieces."

"No—those only will be sacrificed who *have sacrificed.*—A 'de Brantefield'—they dare not!—I shall not stir from this spot. Who will presume to touch Lady de Brantefield?"

Mr. Montenero and I lifted up the huge chair on which she sat, and carried her and it into the back-room.

The door of this room was scarcely shut, and the tapestry covering but just closed over the entrance into the picture gallery, when there was a cry from the hall, and the servants came rushing to tell us that one of the window shutters had given way.

Mr. Montenero, putting the pistols into my hand, took the gun, the only remaining arms we had, ran down stairs, and stationed himself so as to defend the en-

trance to the window, at which the people were pelting with stones: declaring—that he would fire on the first man who should attempt to enter.

A man leaped in, and in the struggle, Mr. Montenero's gun was wrested from him.

I, presenting a pistol at the man, he scrambled out of the window, carrying away with him the prize he had seized.

At this moment, the faithful Jacob appeared amongst us as if by miracle.—"Master, we are safe," said he, "if we can defend ourselves for a few minutes. The orange woman delivered your letter, and the military are coming. She told me how to get in here, through the house that is building next door, from the leads of which I crept through a trap-door into your garret."

With the pistols, and with the assistance of the servants who were armed, some of them with swords, and others with whatever weapons came to hand,

we made such a show of resistance as to keep the mob at bay for some moments.

"Hark!" cried Jacob, "thank Heaven! there's the military!"

There was a sudden cessation of the stones at the window. We heard the joyful sounds of the horses' hoofs in the street.—A prodigious uproar ensued.—The uproar gradually subsided.—The mob was dispersed.—The numbers were separated, and fled in different directions, and the military followed.—We heard them gallop off.—We listened till not a sound, either of human voice, or of horse's foot was to be heard.—There was perfect silence; and when we looked as far as our eyes could reach out of the broken window, there was not a creature to be seen in the square, or in the long line of street to which it opened.

We ran to let out our female prisoners; I thought only of Berenice,—she who had shewn so much self-possession during the danger, seemed most overpowered at this moment of joy—she threw her arms

round her father, and held him fast, as if to convince herself that he was safe.—Her next look was for me, and in her eyes, voice, and manner, when she thanked me, there was an expression which transported me with joy;—but it was checked, it was gone the next moment: some terrible recollection seemed to cross her mind.—She turned from me to speak to that odious Lady de Brantefield. I could not see Mr. Montenero's countenance, for he, at the same instant, left us to single out, from the crowd assembled in the hall, the poor Irish woman, whose zeal and intrepid gratitude had been the means of our deliverance. I was not time enough to hear what Mr. Montenero said to her, or what reward he conferred; but that the reward was judicious, and that the words were grateful to her feelings in the highest degree, I had full proof,—for, when I reached the hall, the widow was on her knees, with hands uplifted to Heaven, unable to speak, but with tears streaming

down her hard face,—she wiped them hastily away, and started up.

"It's not a little thing brings me to this," said she, "none ever drew a tear from my eyes afore, since the boy I lost."

She drew the hood of her cloak over her head, and pushed her way through the servants to get out of the hall door; I unbarred and unchained it for her, and as I was unlocking it, she squeezed up close to me, and laying her iron hand on mine, said in a whisper—

"God bless yees, and don't forget my thanks to the sweet *Jewish*—I can't speak 'em now, 'tis *you* can best, and joined in my prayers yees shall ever be,"—said our guardian angel, as I opened the door, and as she passed out, she added—

"You are right, jewel, she's worth all the fine ladies in Lon'on, feathers an' all in a bag."

I had long been entirely of the widow Levy's opinion, though the mode of expression would never have occurred to

me. What became of Lady Anne, and of her mother afterwards this night, I do not distinctly recollect. Lady de Brantefield when the alarm was over, I believe, recovered her usual portion of sense, and Lady Anne her silly spirits, but neither of them, I know, shewed any feeling, except for themselves. How they went away I am not clear; but I have a recollection of Lady Anne Mowbray hanging upon my arm, walking me *per* force up and down the room, while we were waiting for Mr. Montenero's carriage I think, which was to take them to some of their relations. I have an image of Lady de Brantefield standing up, and making, at parting, such ungracious acknowledgments to her kind hostess, and generous protector, as her pride and her prejudices would permit. Both their ladyships seemed to be in a hurry to get out of the house, and I know that I rejoiced in their departure. I was in hopes of one moment, one explanatory word, or look from Berenice. She was retiring to her own

apartment, as I returned, with her father, after putting those two women into their carriage.

"I am now quite convinced," said Mr. Montenero smiling, "that Mr. Harrington never could have been engaged or attached to Lady Anne Mowbray."

"Is it possible you ever imagined?"

"I did not *imagine*, I only heard and believed—and now I have seen and disbelieve."

"And is this the obstacle! the invincible obstacle," cried I.

Berenice sighed, and walked on to her room.

"I wish it were!" said Mr. Montenero, "but I pray you, Sir, do not speak, do not think of this to night—farewell—we all want repose."

I did not think that I wanted repose, till the moment I lay down in bed, and then, overpowered with bodily fatigue, I fell into a profound sleep, from which I never awoke till late the next morning, when my man, drawing back my curtains,

presented to me a note from—I could hardly believe my eyes—" from Miss Montenero," from Berenice! I started up, and read these words written in pencil.

" My father is in danger, come to us."

How quick I was in obeying, you may imagine. I went well armed, but in the present danger arms were of no use. I found that Mr. Montenero was summoned before one of the city magistrates, on a charge of having fired from his window the preceding night, before the Riot Act had been read—of having killed an inoffensive passenger. Now the fact was, that no shot had ever been fired by Mr. Montenero, but such was the rage of the people at the idea, that the *Jew* had killed a Christian, and one of their party, that the voice of truth could not be heard. They followed with execrations, as he was carried before the magistrate; and waited with impatience, assembled round the house, in hopes of seeing him committed to prison to take his trial for murder. As

I was not ignorant of the substantial nature of the defence, which the spirit and the forms of English law provide in all cases for truth and innocence, against false accusation and party prejudice, I was not alarmed at the clamour I heard; I was concerned only for the temporary inconvenience and mortification to Mr. Montenero, and for the alarm to Berenice. The magistrate before whom Mr. Montenero appeared was an impartial, and very patient man—I shall not so far try the patience of others, as to record all that was positively said, but which could not be sworn to; all that was offered in evidence, but which contradicted itself, or which could not be substantiated by any good witness. At length one creditable looking man came forward against Mr. Montenero.

He said, "he was an ironmonger—that he had been passing by at the time of the riot, and had been hurried along by the crowd against his will to Mr. Montenero's house, where he saw a sailor

break open the window shutter of one of the lower rooms—that he saw a shot fired by Mr. Montenero—that the sailor, after a considerable struggle, wrested the gun, with which the shot had been fired, from Mr. Montenero, and retreated with it from the window—that hearing the cry of murder in the crowd, he thought it proper to secure the weapon, that it might be produced in evidence—and that the piece which he now produced, was that which had been taken from Mr. Montenero."

I perceived great concern in the countenance of the magistrate, who, addressing himself to Mr. Montenero, asked him, "what he had to say in his defence."

"Sir," said Mr. Montenero, "I acknowledge that to be the gun, which was wrested from my hands by the sailor; and I acknowledge, that I attempted with that gun to defend my family and my house from immediate violence—I had been taught to believe, that in

England every man's house was his castle—and that he was justified by the laws of the country, and by the dictates of nature, in defending himself, when pushed to extremity. I am, however," continued he, "happy to have escaped the having injured any person, even in the most justifiable cause, for the piece did not go off, it only flashed in the pan."

"If that be the case," said the magistrate, "the piece is still loaded."

The gun was tried, and it was found to be empty, both of powder and ball. As the magistrate returned the piece to the man, I came forward, and asked leave to examine it. I observed to the magistrate, that if the piece had been fired, the inside of the barrel must retain marks of the discharge, whereas on the contrary the inside of the barrel was perfectly smooth and clean. To this the man replied, that he had cleaned the piece when he brought it home, which indeed was true. At this moment, I

recollected a circumstance, that I had lately heard from the officers, who had been talking about a fowling piece, and of the careless manner in which fire arms are sometimes proved.* Upon examination I found, that what I suspected might be possible was actually the case, with respect to the piece in question. The touch-hole never had been bored through, though the *piece* was marked as *proof*. I never shall forget the satisfaction, which appeared in the countenance of the humane magistrate, who from the beginning had suspected the evidence, whom he knew from former delinquency. The man was indeed called an ironmonger, but his was one of those *old iron shops*, which were known to be receptacles of stolen goods of various descriptions. To my surprise it now appeared, that this man's name was Dutton: he was the very Dutton, who had formerly been Jacob's rival, and who

* See Manton on Gunnery.

had been under Lord Mowbray's protection. Time and intemperance had altered him so much, that I had not, till I heard his name, the slightest recollection of his face. What his motive for appearing against Mr. Montenero might be, whether it was hatred to him as being the patron of Jacob, whom Dutton envied and detested, or whether Dutton was instigated by some other and higher person, I shall not now stop to inquire. As he had not been put upon his oath, he had not been guilty of perjury; he was discharged amidst the hootings of the mob. Notwithstanding their prejudice against the Jews, and their rage against a Jew, who had harboured, as they conceived, two *concealed* papists and a priest, yet the moment an attempt to bear false witness against Mr. Montenero appeared, the people took his part. In England the mob is always in favour of truth and innocence, wherever these are made clearly evident to their senses. Pleased with themselves for their impar-

tiality, it was not difficult at this moment for me to convince them, as I did, that Mr. Montenero had not harboured either papists or priest. The mob gave us three cheers.—As we passed through the crowd, I saw Jacob and the orange woman—the orange woman, with broad expanded face of joy, stretched up her arms, and shouted loud, that all the mob might hear. Jacob, little accustomed to sympathy, and in the habit of repressing his emotions, stood as one unmoved or dumb, till his eyes met mine, and then suddenly joy spread over his features, and flashed from his dark eyes—That was a face of delight I never can forget, but I could not stay. I hastened to be the first to tell Berenice of her father's safety, and of the proof which all the world had had of the falsehood of the charge against him. I ran up to the drawing-room, where she was alone. She fainted in my arms.

And now you think, that when she came to herself, there was an end of all

my fears, all my suspense—you think that her love, her gratitude overcame the objection, whatever it may be, which has hitherto been called invincible—alas! you are mistaken.

I was obliged to resign Berenice to the care of her attendants.—A short time afterwards, I received from her father the following note.

"My obligations to you are great, so is my affection for you—but the happiness of my child, as well as your happiness, is at stake.

"I dare not trust my gratitude—my daughter and you must never meet again, or must meet to part no more.

"I cannot yet decide—If I shall be satisfied that the obstacle do not exist, she shall be yours—If it do exist, we sail the first of next month for America, and you, Mr. Harrington, will not be the only, or, perhaps, the most unhappy person of the three.

"A. Montenero."

CHAP. XVI.

THE Sunday after the riots, I happened to see Mrs. Coates, as we were coming out of St. George's Church. She was not in full-blown, happy importance, as formerly: she looked ill and melancholy; or, as one of her city neighbours, who was following her out of church, expressed it, quite "crest-fallen." I heard some whispering, that "things were going wrong at home with the Coates's—that the world was going down hill with the Alderman."

But a lady, who was quite a stranger, though she did me the honour to speak to me, explained, that it was "no such thing—worth a plum still, if he be worth a farthing. 'Tis only that she was greatly put out of her way last week, and

frightened, till well nigh beside herself, by them rioters that came and set fire to one of the Coates's, Mr. Peter's, warehouse. Now, though poor Mrs. Coates you'd think, is so plump and stout to look at, she is as nervous!—you've no notion, Sir!—shakes like an aspen leaf, if she but takes a cup of green tea—so I prescribe bohea. But there she's curtsying, and nodding, and kissing hands to you, Sir—see!—And can tell you, no doubt, all about herself."

Mrs: Coates's deplorably placid countenance, tremulous muscles, and lamentable voice and manner, confirmed to me the truth of the assertion, that she had been frightened nearly out of her senses.

"Why now, Sir, after all," said she, "I begin to find what fools we were, when we made such a piece of work one election year, and said that no soldiers should come into the town, 'cause we were *free Britons*. Why, Lord 'a mercy! 'tis a great deal better *maxim* to sleep

safe in our beds, than to be *free Britons* and burnt to death *."

Persons of higher pretensions to understanding and courage than poor Mrs. Coates seemed at this time ready to adopt her *maxim;* and patriots feared that it might become the national sentiment. No sooner were order and tranquillity perfectly re-established in the city, than the public in general, and party politicians in particular, were much intent upon the trials of the rioters, and more upon the question, whether the military had suppressed the riots constitutionally, or unconstitutionally. It was a question to be warmly debated in Parliament; and this, after the manner in which great public, and little private interests, in the chain of human events, are continually linked together, proved of important consequence to me, and my love affairs. A call of the House brought my father to town, contrary to his will, and consequently in ill humour. This ill humour was in-

* Vide Mrs. Piozzi's letters.

creased, by the perplexing situation in which he found himself, with his passions on one side of the question, and his principles on the other: hating the papists, and loving the ministry. In his secret soul, my father cried with the rioters, "No papists!—no French!—no Jews!—no wooden shoes!" but a cry against Government was abhorrent to his very nature. My conduct, with regard to the riot at Mr. Montenero's, and against the rioters, by whom he had been falsely accused, my father heard spoken of with approbation in the political circles, which he most reverenced; and he could not but be pleased, he confessed, to hear that his son had so properly conducted himself: but still it was all in defence of the Jews, and of the father of that Jewess, whose very name was intolerable to his ear.

"So, Harrington, my boy, you've gained great credit, I find, by your conduct last Wednesday night. Very lucky too for your mother's friend, Lady de Brantefield, that you were where you

were. But after all, Sir, what the devil business had you there?—and again on Thursday morning!—I acknowledge that was a good hit you made, about the gun —but I wish it had been in the defence of some good Christian: what business has a Jew with a gun at all?—Government knows best, to be sure—but I split against them once before, three and twenty years ago, on the naturalization bill. What is this cry which the people set up?—'*No Jews!—no wooden shoes!*' —ha! ha! ha!—the dogs!—but they carried it too far, the rascals!—When it comes to throwing stones at gentlemen's carriages, and pulling down gentlemen's and noblemen's dwelling-houses, it's a mob and a riot, and the rioters deserve certainly to be hanged—and I'm heartily glad my son has come forward, Mrs. Harrington, and has taken a decided and distinguished part in bringing the offenders to justice. But, Harrington, pray tell me now, young gentleman, about that Jewess?"

Before I opened my lips, something in the turn of my physiognomy enraged my father to such a degree, that all the blood in his body came into his face, and starting up he cried—

"Don't answer me, Sir—I ask no questions—I don't want to hear any thing about the matter—Only *if*—if, Sir—if—that's all I have to say—if—by Jupiter Ammon—Sir, I won't hear a word—a syllable.—You only wish to explain—I won't have any explanation—I have business enough on my hands, without listening to a madman's nonsense."

My father began to open his morning's packet of letters and newspapers. One letter, which had been directed to his house in the country, and which had followed him to town, seemed to alarm him terribly. He put the letter into my mother's hand, cursed all the post-masters in England, who were none of them to blame for its not reaching him sooner, called for his hat and cane, said he must go instantly to the city, but "feared all

was too late, and that we were undone." With this comfortable assurance, throwing the letter on the table, he left us. The letter was from a broker in Lombard-street, who did business for my father, and who wrote to let him know, that "in consequence of the destruction of a great brewery by the late rioters, several mercantile houses had been injured. Alderman Coates had died suddenly of an apoplexy, it was said: his house had closed on Saturday; and it was feared that Baldwin's bank would not stand the run made on it."

Now, in Baldwin's bank, as my mother informed me, my father had eight days ago lodged £30,000, the purchase-money of that estate, which he had been obliged to sell to pay for his three elections. This sum was, in fact, every shilling of it due to creditors, who had become clamorous, and "if this be gone," said my mother, "we are lost indeed!—this house must go, and the carriages, and every thing; the Essex estate is all we shall

have left, and live there as we can—very ill it must be—to us who have been used to affluence and every luxury. Your father, who expects his table, and every individual article of his establishment, to be in the first style, as if by magic, without ever taking thought of it, but just inviting people, and leaving it to me to entertain them properly—oh! I know how bitterly he would feel even retrenchment!—and this would be ruin; and every thing that vexes him of late brings on directly a fit of the gout—and then you know what his temper is! Heaven knows what I had to go through with my nerves, and my delicate health, during this last fit, which came on the very day after we left you, and lasted six weeks, and which he sets down to your account, Harrington, and to the account of your Jewess."

I had too much feeling for my mother's present distress, to increase her agitation by saying any thing on this tender subject. I let her accuse me as she pleased.

and she very soon began to defend me. The accounts she had heard in various letters of the notice which had been taken of Miss Montenero by some of the leading persons in the fashionable world, the proposals that had been made to her, and especially the addresses of Lord Mowbray, which had been of sufficient publicity, had made, I found, a considerable alteration in my mother's judgment or feelings. She observed, that it was a pity my father was so violently prejudiced and obstinate, for that, after all, it would not be an unprecedented marriage. My mother, after a pause, went on to say, "that though she was not, she hoped, an interested person, and should scorn the idea of her son's being a fortune-hunter, yet I had given pretty sufficient proof that I was not of that description of suitors; if the Jewess was really amiable, and as capable of generous attachment, it would be," my mother at last acknowledged, "the best thing I could do, to secure an independant establishment with the wife of my choice."

I was just going to tell my mother of the conversation that I had had with Mr. Montenero, and of *the obstacle*, when her mind reverted to the Lombard-street letter, and to Baldwin's bank; and for a full hour we discussed the probability of Baldwin's standing or failing, of which we neither of us had any means of judging—of this, I, being perhaps the least anxious of the two, became sensible the first. I finished, by stationing myself at the window to watch for my father's return, of which I promised to give my mother notice, if she would lie down quietly on the sofa, and try to compose her spirits; she had given orders to be denied to all visitors, but every rap at the door made her start, "and there's your father! There's Mr. Harrington!" was fifty times repeated before the hour when it was even possible that my father could have returned from the city.

When the probable time came and passed—when it grew later and later, without my father's appearing, our anx-

iety and impatience rose to the highest pitch.

At last, I gave my mother notice, that I saw among the walkers at the end of the street, which joined our square, an elderly gentleman with a cane.

" But there are so many elderly gentlemen with canes," said my mother. " Is it Mr. Harrington ?"

" It is very like my father, ma'am. Now you can see him plainly picking his way over the crossing."

" He is looking down," said my mother, " that is a very bad sign.

" But is not he looking up now ?"

" No, ma'am ; and now he is taking snuff."

" Taking snuff! is he? Then there is some hope," said my mother.

During the last forty yards of my father's walk, we each drew innumerable, and often opposite conclusions, from his slightest gestures and motions, interpreting them all as favourable or unfavourable omens. In the course of five minutes

my mother's *presentiments* varied fifty times. At length came his rap at the door. My mother grew pale—to her ear it said, "all's lost;" to mine it sounded like "all's safe."

"He stays to take off his great coat! a good sign; but he comes heavily up stairs."

Our eyes were fixed on the door—he opened it, and advanced towards us without uttering one syllable.

"All's lost—and all's safe," said my father. "My fortune's safe, Mrs. Harrington."

"What becomes of your presentiments, my dear mother," said I.

"Thank Heaven!" said my mother, "I was wrong for once."

"You might thank Heaven for more than once, madam," said my father.

"But then, what did you mean by all's lost, Mr. Harrington; if all's safe, how can all be lost?"

"My *all*, Mrs. Harrington, is not *all* fortune. There is such a thing as credit, as well as fortune, Mrs. Harrington."

"But if you have not lost your fortune, you have not lost your credit, I presume," said my mother.

"I have a character as a gentleman, Mrs. Harrington."

"Of course."

"A character for consistency, Mrs. Harrington, to preserve."

"'Tis a hard thing to preserve, no doubt," said my mother. "But I wish you'd speak plain, for my nerves can't bear it."

"Then I can tell you, Mrs. Harrington, your nerves have a great deal to bear yet. What will your nerves feel, madam? What will your enthusiasm say, Sir? when I tell you, that I have lost my heart to—a Jewess."

"Berenice!" cried I.

"Impossible!" cried my mother. "How came you to see her?"

"That's not for you to know yet; but, first, young gentleman, you who are hanging on tenter hooks, you must hang there a little longer."

"As long as you please, my dear father," said I.

"*Your dear father!*—aye, I'm very dear to you now, because you are in hopes, Sir, I shall turn fool, and break my vow into the bargain—but I am not come to *that* yet, my good Sir—I have some consistency."

"Oh! never mind your consistency, for mercy's sake, Mr. Harrington," said my mother, "only tell us your story, for I really am dying to hear it, and I am so weak."

"Ring the bell for dinner," said my father, "for Mrs. Harrington's so weak, I'll keep my story till after dinner." My mother protested she was quite strong, and we both held my father fast, insisting —he being in such excellent humour and spirits that we might insist—-insisting upon his telling his story before he should have any dinner.

"Where was I?" said he.

"You know best," said my mother, "you said, you had lost your heart to a

Jewess, and Harrington exclaimed *Berenice!* and that's all I've heard yet."

"Very well, then, let us leave Berenice for the present"—I groaned—"and go to her father, Mr. Montenero, and to a certain Mrs. Coates."

"Mrs. Coates, did you see her too?" cried my mother, "you seem to have seen every body in the world this morning, Mr. Harrington.—How happened it that you saw vulgar Mrs. Coates?"

"Unless I shut my eyes, how can I avoid seeing vulgar people, madam: and how *can* I tell my story, Mrs. Harrington, if you interrupt me perpetually, to ask how I came to see every soul and body I mention?"

"I will interrupt you no more," said my mother, submissively, for she was curious.

I placed an arm chair for my father—in my whole life I never felt so dutiful, nor so impatient.

"There, now," said my father, taking his seat in the chair, "if you will pro-

mise not to interrupt me any more, I will tell you my story regularly.—I went to Baldwin's bank, I found a great crowd, all pressing their demands—the clerks as busy as they could be, and all putting a good face upon the matter.—The head clerk I saw was vexed at the sight of me—he came out from behind his desk to meet me, and begged I would go up stairs to Mr. Baldwin, who wished to speak to me. I was shewn up stairs to Mr. Baldwin, with whom I found a remarkably gentleman-like foreign looking man.

"Yes, Sir,—yes ma'am,—Mr. Montenero—it is well you did not either of you interrupt me to tell me his name, for if you had, I would not have told you a word more. Well, Mr. Baldwin, evidently wishing me at the devil, came forward to receive me, and, in great perplexity, said, he would be at my command; he would settle my business immediately; but must beg my pardon for five minutes, while he settled with this

gentleman, *Mr. Montenero*. On hearing the name, I am sure my look would have said plain enough to any man alive but Baldwin, that I did not chuse to be introduced ; but Baldwin has no breeding. So it was *Mr. Montenero, Mr. Harrington*—-*Mr. Harrington, Mr. Montenero*—I bowed, and wished the Jew in the Red Sea, and Baldwin along with him. I then took up a newspaper and retreated to the window, begging that I might not be any interruption. The cursed paper was four days old, so I put it down ; and as I stood looking at nothing out of the window, I heard Baldwin going on with your Jew. They had a load of papers on the table, which Baldwin kept shuffling, as he talked about the losses the house had sustained by the sudden death of Alderman Coates, and sad bankruptcy of the executors. Baldwin seasoned high with compliments to the Jew upon his known liberality and generosity, and was trying to get him to enter into some security, which the Jew re-

fused, saying, that what he gave he gave willingly, but he would not enter into security; he said, that the alderman and his family had been unjustifiably extravagant, but, on condition all was given up fairly to the creditors, and a new course entered upon, he and his daughter would take care that the widow should be provided for properly. As principal creditor, Mr. Baldwin would, by this means, be first satisfied. I could not help thinking all the Jew said was fair enough, and firm too; but when he had said and done, I wondered that he did not go away. He and Baldwin came to the window to which I had retreated, and Baldwin, like a city bear as he is, got in his awkward way between us, and seizing one button of my coat and one of Mr. Montenero's, held us there face to face while he went on talking of my demand on the house.

"'You see, Mr. Harrington,' said he, 'how we are circumstanced. The property of the firm is able to answer all fair demands in due course. But here's a set,

and a run made against us, and no house could stand without the assistance—that is, the forbearance of friends—that's what we must look to. ' Some of our friends, in particular Mr. Montenero, has been very friendly indeed—very handsome and liberal—and we have nothing to say; we cannot, in reason, expect him to do more for the Coates's or for us.' And then came accounts of the executors, &c. in his banking jargon.

"What the deuce was all this to me, you know—and how awkward I felt, held by the button there, to rejudge Mr. Montenero's acts. I had nothing for it but my snuff-box. But Baldwin's a mere clerk—cannot guess at the feelings of a gentleman. Mr. Montenero, I observed, looked down upon Baldwin all the time, with so much the air of a high bred gentleman, that I began to think he could not be the Jew—Montenero.

"Baldwin still thinking only of holding him up as an example to me, went on, saying, that 'Mr. Montenero, who is a

foreigner, and a stranger to the house, has done so and so, and we trust our old friends will do as much—Mr. Harrington in particular. There's our books on the table, open to Mr. Harrington—he will see we shall be provided on the fifteenth instant;—but, in short, if Mr. Harrington draws his £30,000 to-day, he drives us to pay in sixpences, so there's the case.' In short, it came to this—if I drew I certainly ruined them—if I did not draw I ran a great hazard of being ruined myself. No, Baldwin would not have it that way—so when he had stated it after his own fashion, and put it into and out of his banker's jargon, it came out to be, that if I drew directly I was certain to lose the whole; and if I did not draw I should have a good chance of losing a great part. I pulled my button away from the fellow, and without listening to any more of his jabbering, for I saw he was only speaking *against time*, and all on his own side of the question; I turned to look at the books, of which I

knew I never should make head or tail, being no auditor of accounts, but a plain country gentleman. While I was turning over their confounded day-books and ledgers in despair, your Jew, Harrington, came up to me, and with such a manner as I did not conceive a Jew could have—but he is a Spanish Jew—that makes all the difference, I suppose. 'Mr. Harrington,' said he, 'though I am a stranger to you, permit me to offer my services in this business—I have some right to do so, as I have accepted of services, and am under real obligations to Mr. Harrington, your son, a young gentleman, for whom I feel the highest attachment as well as gratitude, but of whom I will now say only, that he has been one of the chief means of saving my life and my character.—His father cannot, therefore, I think, refuse to let me shew at least some sense of the obligations I have willingly received. My collection of Spanish pictures, which, without your son's exertions, I could not have saved on the

night of the riot, have been estimated by your best English connoisseurs at £60,000. Three English noblemen are at this moment ready to pay down £30,000 for a few of these pictures. This will secure Mr. Harrington's demand on this house. If you, Mr. Baldwin, pay him, before three hours are over, the money shall be with you. It is no sacrifice of my tastes, or of my pictures,' continued your noble Jew, in answer to my scruples—'I lodge them with three different bankers only for security for the money. If Mr. Baldwin stands the storm, we are all as we were—my pictures into the bargain. If the worst happen, I lose only a few, instead of all my collection.'

"This was very generous, quite noble, but you know I am an obstinate old fellow,—I had still the Jewess, the daughter, running in my head, and I thought, perhaps, I was to be asked for my *consent*, you know, Harrington, or some sly underplot of that kind.

"Mr. Montenero has a quick eye—I

perceived that he saw into my thoughts; but we could not speak to our purpose before Baldwin, and Baldwin could never think of stirring, if one was dying to get him out of the room. Luckily, however, he was called away by one of the clerks.

"Then Mr. Montenero, who speaks more to the point than any man I ever heard,—spoke directly of your love for his daughter—said, he understood that it would not be a match that I should approve. I pleaded my principles, and religious difficulties;—he said— . .

"We need not enter into that, for the present business I must consider as totally independent of any view to future connexion:——if his daughter was going to be married to-morrow to another man, he should do exactly the same as he now proposed to do.—He did not lessen her fortune:—he should say nothing of what her sense of gratitude was and ought to be,—she had nothing to do with the business.

"When I found that my *Jupiter Ammon*

was in no danger, and that the love affair was to be kept clear out of the question, I was delighted with your generous Jew, Harrington, and I frankly accepted his offer. Baldwin came in again, was quite happy when he heard how it was settled:—gave me three draughts at thirty-one days for my money, on the bankers Mr. Montenero named. Here I have them safe in my pocket. Mr. Montenero then said, he would go immediately and perform his part of the business; and, as he left the room, he begged Mr. Baldwin to tell his daughter that he would call for her in an hour.

I now, for the first time, understood that the daughter was in the house; and I certainly felt a curiosity to see her.—Baldwin told me she was settling some business, signing some papers in favour of poor Mrs. Coates, the alderman's widow.—He added, that the Jewess was a charming creature, and as generous as her father:—he told all she had done for this widow and her children, on account

of some kindness her mother had received in early life from the Coates family:—and then there was a history of some other family of Manessas—I never heard Baldwin eloquent but this day, in speaking of your Jewess:—Harrington, I believe he is in love with her himself. I said I should like to see her, if it could be managed.

"Nothing easier, if I would partake of a cold collation just serving in the next room for the friends of the house.

"You know the nearer a man is to being ruined, the better he must entertain his friends.—I walked into the next room, when collation time came, and I saw Miss Montenero. Though I had given him a broad hint, but the fellow understands nothing, in short, but his *I O Us*—he fell to introducing, of course:—she is a most interesting looking creature I acknowledge, my boy, if she was not a Jewess.——I thought she would have sunk into the earth when she heard my name.—I could not eat one morsel of the

man's collation—so—ring for dinner, and let us say no more about the matter at present,—there is my oath against it you know,—there is an end of the matter,—don't let me hear a word from you, Harrington,—I am tired to death, quite exhausted, body and mind."

I refrained most dutifully, and most prudently, from saying one word more on the subject, till my father, after dinner, and, after being refreshed by a sound and long protracted sleep, began again to speak of Mr. and Miss Montenero. This was the first time he omitted to call them the Jew and Jewess. He condescended to say repeatedly, and with many oaths, that they both deserved to be Christians,—that if there was any chance of the girl's conversion, even he would overlook the father's being a Jew, as he was such a noble fellow.—Love could do wonders, my father knew, when he was a young man: perhaps I might bring about her conversion, and then all would be smooth and right, and no oath against it.

I thanked my father for the kind concessions he now appeared willing to make for my happiness, and from step to step, at each step repeating that he did not want to hear a syllable about the matter, he made me tell him every thing that had passed.—Mowbray's rivalship and treachery excited his indignation in the highest degree;—he was heartily glad that fellow was refused;—he liked the girl for refusing him;—some spirit—he liked spirit—and he should be glad that his son carried away the prize.

He interrupted himself to tell me some of the feats of gallantry of his younger days,—and of the manner in which he had at last carried off my mother from a rascal of a rival; a Lord Mowbray of those times.

When my father had got to this point, my mother ventured to ask whether I had ever gone so far as to propose, actually to *propose* for Miss Montenero.

"Yes."

Both father and mother turned about, and asked—

"What answer."

I repeated, as nearly as I could, Mr. Montenero's words—and I produced his note.

Both excited surprise and curiosity.

"What can this obstacle—this mysterious obstacle be," said my mother.

"An obstacle on their side?" exclaimed my father, "is that possible?"

I had now, at least, the pleasure of enjoying their sympathy; and of hearing them go over all the conjectures by which I had been bewildered. I observed that the less chance there appeared to be of the match, the more my father and mother inclined towards it.

"At least," said my mother, "I hope we shall know what the objection is."

"It is very extraordinary after all, that t should be on *their* side," repeated my father.

My mother's imagination, and my father's pride, were both strongly excited; and I let them work without interruption.

CHAP. XVII.

THE time appointed for Mr. Montenero's final decision approached. In a few days, my fate was to be decided. The vessel that was to sail for America was continually before my eyes.

It was more difficult to me to endure the suspense of these few days, than all the rest. My mother's sympathy, and the strong interest which had been excited on the subject in my father's mind, were at first highly agreeable. But there was so much more of curiosity, and of pride, in their feelings, than in mine, that at last it became irksome to me to hear their conjectures and reflexions. I did not like to answer any questions--I could not bear to speak of Berenice, or even of Mr. Montenero.

I took refuge in silence—my mother reproached me for my silence. I talked on fast of any thing, but that which interested me most.

My mother became extremely alarmed for my health, and, I believe, with more reason than usual; for I could scarcely either eat, drink, or sleep, and was certainly very feverish: but still I walked about, and to escape from the constraint to which I put myself in her company, to avoid giving her pain—to relieve myself from her hourly fond inquiries—from the effort of talking, when I wished to be silent—of appearing well, and in spirits, when I was ill—and when my heart was dying within me, I escaped from her presence as much as possible. To feed upon my thoughts in solitude, I either shut myself up in my room, or walked all day in those streets, where I was not likely to meet with any one who knew me, or whom I knew; and there I was at least safe from all notice, and secure from all sympathy: I am sure I experi-

enced at this time, the truth of what some one has quaintly, but justly asserted, that an individual can never feel more completely alone, than in the midst of a crowded metropolis. One evening when I was returning homewards through the city, fatigued, but still prolonging my walk, that I might not be at home too early for dinner, I was met and stopped by Jacob: I had not thought of him lately, and when I looked up in his face, I was surprised by an appearance of great perturbation. He begged pardon for stopping me, but he had been to my house —he had been all over the town searching for me, to consult me about a sad affair, in which he was unfortunately concerned. We were not far from Manessa's, the jeweller's, shop; I went in there with Jacob, as he wished, he said, that I should hear Mr. Manessa's evidence on the business, as well as his own. The affair was this: Lady de Brantefield had, some time ago, brought to Mr. Manessa's some very fine antique jewels, to be re-set for her

daughter, Lady Anne Mowbray. One day, immediately after the riots, both the ladies called at Mr. Manessa's, to inquire if the jewels were ready. They were finished; the new setting was approved: but Lady de Brantefield having suffered great losses by the destruction of her house and furniture in the riots, and her son, Lord de Mowbray, being also in great pecuniary difficulties, it was suggested by Lady Anne Mowbray, that her mother would be glad, if Mr. Manessa could dispose of some of the jewels, without letting it be known to whom they had belonged. Mr. Manessa, willing to oblige, promised secrecy, and offered immediately to purchase the jewels himself; in consequence, the jewels were all spread out upon a little table in the back parlour—no one present but Jacob, Mr. Manessa, and the two ladies. A great deal of conversation passed, and the ladies were a long time settling what trinkets they would part with.

It was very difficult to accommodate at once the personal vanity of the daughter, the family pride of the mother, and

their pecuniary difficulties. There occurred, in particular, a question about a topaz ring, of considerable value, but of antique setting, which Lady Anne Mowbray wished her mother to part with, instead of some more fashionable diamond ornament, which Lady Anne wanted to keep for herself. Lady de Brantefield had, however, resisted all her daughter's importunities—had talked a vast deal about the ring—told that it had been Sir Josseline de Mowbray's—that it had come into his possession by ducal and princely descent—that it was one of four rings, which had been originally a present from Pope Innocent to King John, of which rings there was a full description in some old chronicle *, and in Mr. Hume's History of England, to which her ladyship referred Mr. Manessa, whose curiosity †,

* Rhymer's Fœdera.

† For the satisfaction of any readers who may have more curiosity upon the subject than Mr. Manessa had, but yet who would not willingly rise from their seats to gratify their curiosity, the passage is here given *gratis*. " Innocent wrote John a

however, was perfectly satisfied upon the subject, and was, with all due deference, willing to take the whole upon her ladyship's word, without presuming to verify her authorities. While she spoke, she took the ring from her finger, and put it into Jacob's hand, desiring to know if he could make it fit her finger better, as

mollifying letter, and sent him four golden rings, set with precious stones; and endeavourad to enhance the value of the present, by informing him of the many mysteries which were implied by it. He begged him to consider, seriously, the form of the rings, their *number*, their *matter*, and their *colour*. Their form, he said, being round, shadowed out eternity, which has neither beginning nor end. Their number, four, being a square, denoted steadiness of mind, not to be subverted either by adversity or prosperity, fixed for ever on the four cardinal virtues. Gold, which is the matter, signified, wisdom. The blue of the sapphire, faith. The verdure of the emerald, hope. The redness of the rubie, charity. And splendour of the topaz, good works." "By these conceits," continued the historian, "Innocent endeavoured to repay John one of the most important prerogatives of the crown."

it was rather too large. Jacob told her it could be easily lessened, if her ladyship would leave it for an hour or two with him. But her ladyship said she could not let Sir Josseline's ring out of her own sight, it was of such inestimable value. The difficult matter of satisfying both the vain daughter, and the proud mother, seemed accomplished—the last bows were made at the door; the carriage drove away, and Manessa and Jacob thanked Heaven that they had done with these *difficult*, customers. Two hours had scarcely elapsed before a footman came from Lady de Brantefield with the following note:—

"Lady de Brantefield informs Mr. Manessa, that she is in the greatest anxiety—not finding Sir Josseline de Mowbray's ring on her finger upon her return home. Her ladyship now recollects having left it in the hands of one of Mr. Manessa's shopmen, a young man, she believes, of the name of Jacob, the only person, except Mr. Manessa, who

was in the little parlour, while her ladyship and Lady Anne Mowbray were there.

"Lady de Brantefield requests, that Mr. Manessa will bring the ring *himself* to Lady Warbeck's, Hanover-square, where Lady de Brantefield is at present.

"Lady de Brantefield desires Mr. M. will make *no delay*, as her ladyship must remain in indescribable anxiety till Sir Josseline's ring shall be restored. Her ladyship could not answer for such a loss to her family and posterity.

"Hanover-square, Tuesday."

Jacob was perfectly certain that her ladyship had not left the ring with him, nevertheless he made diligent search for it, and afterwards accompanied Mr. Manessa to Lady Warbeck's, to assure Lady de Brantefield that the ring was not in their house. He endeavoured to bring to her recollection her having put it on her finger just before she got into her carriage; but this her ladyship would not admit. Lady Anne supported her

mother's assertions, and Lady de Brantefield ended by being haughtily angry, declaring she would not be contradicted by a shopman, and that she was positive the ring had never been returned to her. Within eight-and-forty hours, the story was told by Lady de Brantefield at every card-table at the polite end of the town, and it was spread by Lady Anne through the park and the ball-rooms; and the ladies'-maids had repeated it, with all manner of exaggerations, through their inferior, but not less extensive circles. The consequence was, that the character of Mr. Manessa's house was hurt, and Jacob, who was the person accused as the cause of it, was very unhappy. The confidence Mr. Manessa had in him, and the kindness he shewed him, increased his regret. Lady de Brantefield had, in a high tone, threatened a prosecution for the *value* of her *inestimable* ring. This was what both Jacob and Mr. Manessa would have desired—a public trial, they knew, would bring the truth to light; but

her ladyship was probably discouraged by her legal advisers from a prosecution, so that Mr. Manessa and Jacob were left still to suffer by the injustice of private whisperings. Jacob offered to replace, as far as he could, the value of this ring; but, in Lady de Brantefield's opinion, nothing could compensate for its loss. Poor Jacob was in despair. Before I heard this story, I thought that nothing could have forced my attention from my own affairs; but I could not be so selfish as to desert or neglect Jacob in his distress. I went with my mother this evening to see Lady de Brantefield; her ladyship was still at her relation's, Lady Warbeck's, house, where she had apartments to herself, in which she could receive what company she pleased. There was to be a ball and a bustle in the house this evening, but Lady de Brantefield never mixed in what she called *idle gaieties*; she abhorred a bustle, as it infringed upon her personal dignity, and did not agree with her internal persuasion

that she was, or ought to be, the first object in all company. We found her ladyship in her own retired apartment; her eyes were weak, and the room had so little light in it, that when we first went in, I could scarcely distinguish any object: I saw, however, a young woman, who had been reading to her ladyship, rise as we entered, put down her book, and prepare to retire. My mother stopped her as she was passing, and turning to me, said, that this was a young person, she was sure, I would be glad to see, the daughter of an old friend of mine.

I looked, and saw a face which wakened the most painful associations of my childhood.

"Did not I perceive any likeness?" my mother continued. "But it was so many years since I had seen poor Fowler, and I was so very young a child, no wonder I should not in the least recollect."

I had some recollection—if I was not mistaken—I stammered—I stopped. In

fact, I recollected too well to be able to pay the expected compliment. However, after I had got over the first involuntary shudder, I tried to say something to relieve the embarrassment, which I fancied the girl must feel.

She, in a mincing waiting-gentlewoman's manner, and with a certain unnatural softness of voice, which again brought all the mother to my mind, assured me, "that if I'd forgot her mother, she had not forgot me; for that she'd often and often heard her mother talk of me, and she was morally confident her mother had never loved any child so doatingly, except, to be sure, her own present lady's, Lady Anne Mowbray. Her mother had often and often regretted she could never get a sight or sentence of me since I grew up to be a great gentleman, she always having been stationary down at my lady's in Surry, at the Priory—housekeeper—and I never there; but if I'd have the condescension to wish to gratify her mother, as it would be the

greatest gratification in life—if Lady de Brantefield—"

"Presently perhaps—when I ring," said Lady de Brantefield, "and you, Nancy Fowler, may come back yourself with my treble ruffles: Mrs. Harrington, I know, will have the goodness to permit. I keep her as much under my own eye, and suffer her to be as much even in the room with me, as possible," added Lady de Brantefield as Nancy left the room; "for she is a young person quite out of the common line, and her mother is—but you first recommended her to me, Mrs. Harrington, I remember.

"*The most faithful creature!*" said my mother, in the very tone I had heard it pronounced twenty years before.

I was carried back so far, so forcibly, and so suddenly, that it was some time before I could recover myself sufficiently to recollect what was the order of the day; but no matter, my mother passed on quite easily to the jewels, and my silence was convenient, and had an air

of perfect deference for Lady de Brantefield's long story of Sir Josseline's ring, now told over, I believe, for the ninety-ninth time this season. She ended, where she began, with the conviction that, if the Secretary of State would, as he ought, on such an occasion grant a general search warrant, as she was informed had been done for papers, and things of much less value, her ring would be found in *that* Jacob's possession—*that* Jacob of whom she had a very bad opinion!

I took the matter up as quietly as was in my nature, and did not begin with a panegyric on my friend Jacob, but simply asked, what reason her ladyship had for her very bad opinion of him?

"Too good reason," her ladyship emphatically said, "she had heard her son, Lord Mowbray, express a *very* bad opinion of him.

"Lord Mowbray had known this Jacob, she believed, when a boy, and afterwards when a man at Gibraltar, and had always thought ill of him. Lord

Mowbray had said, that Jacob was avaricious and revengeful; as you know Jews always are," added her ladyship.

"I wondered she had trusted her jewels, then, in such hands."

"There, she owned, she had for once been wrong—overruled by others—by her daughter, Lady Anne, who said the jewels could be more fashionably set at Manessa's than any where else.

"She had never acted against her own judgment in her life, without repenting of it. Another circumstance," Lady de Brantefield said, "prepossessed her, she owned, against this Jacob; he was from the very dregs of the people, the son absolutely of an old clothes man, she had been informed. What could be expected from such a person, when temptation came in his way?—and could we trust to any thing, such a low sort of person would say?"

Lady Anne Mowbray, before I had time to answer, entered dressed for the ball, with her jewels in full blaze, and for some time there was a suspension of

all hope of coming to any thing like common sense. When her mother appealed to her about Jacob, Lady Anne protested she took a horrid dislike to his face, the moment she saw him; she thought he had a shocking Jewish sort of countenance, and she was positive he would swear falsely, because he was ready to swear that her mamma had the ring on her finger, when she got into the carriage, now Lady Anne was clear she had not.

"Had her ladyship," I asked, "any particular reason for remembering this fact."

"Oh, yes, several very particular reasons."

There is sometimes wisdom in listening to a fool's reasons, for ten to one that the reasons will prove the contrary to what they are brought to support, or will at least, bring out some fact, the distant bearing of which, on the point in question, the fool does not perceive. But when two fools pour out their reasons at once,

it is difficult to profit even by their folly. The mother's authority at last obtaining precedency, I heard Lady de Brantefield's cause of belief, first—her ladyship declared, that she never wore Sir Josseline's ring, without putting on after it another, which she shewed me, and which she called her *guard ring*, a ring which being tighter than Sir Josseline's, kept it safe on her finger—she remembered drawing off the guard ring, when she took off Sir Josseline's, and when she put that into Jacob's hands, her ladyship said it was clear to her mind, that she could not have put on Sir Josseline's again, because here was the guard ring on her *wrong* finger, a finger on which she never in her life wore it, when she wore Sir Josseline's. Sir Josseline's was so loose, he must drop off, unless he had the guard on.

"But was not it possible," I asked, "that she might this once have put on Sir Josseline's ring, without recollecting the guard."

"No, absolutely impossible—if Jacob, and all the Jews upon earth swore it (who by the by, would swear any thing), she could not be convinced against her reason—she knew her own habits—her private reasons to her were unanswerable."

Lady Anne's private reasons to her were equally unanswerable; but they were so confused, and delivered with so much volubility, as to be absolutely unintelligible. All I could gather was, that Fowler and her daughter Nancy were in the room, when Lady Anne and her mother first missed the ring—that when her mother drew off her glove, and exclaimed, "bless me, Sir Josseline's not here!" Lady Anne ran up to the dressing table, at which her mother was standing, to try to find the ring, thinking that her mother might have dropped it in drawing off her glove, "but it certainly was not drawn off with the glove."

"But might not it be left in the glove!" I asked.

"Oh dear, no, I shook the glove myself, and Fowler turned every finger inside out, and Nancy moved every individual box upon the dressing table, we were all in such a fuss, because you know mamma's so particular about Sir Josseline; and to tell you the truth, I was uncommonly anxious, because I knew if mamma was vexed and lost the ring, she would not give me a certain diamond cross, that makes me so particularly remember every circumstance—and I was in such a flurry, that I know I threw down a bottle of æther, that was on mamma's toilette, on her muff—and it had such a horrid smell."

"The muff! I asked if the muff, as well as the glove, had been searched carefully."

"La! to be sure—I suppose so, of course it was shaken, as every thing else in the room was, a hundred times over. The toilette and mamma's petticoats even, and cloak, and gloves, as I told you."

"Yes, but the muff, did your ladyship examine it yourself."

"Did I examine it, I don't recollect. No, indeed—after the æther, how could I touch it you know; but of course it was shaken, it was examined I am sure, but really I know nothing about it—but this, that it could not possibly be in it, the ring I mean, because mamma had her glove on."

I requested permission to see the muff.

"Oh mamma was forced to give it away, because of the horrid smell—she bid Fowler take it out of the room that minute, and never let it come near her again; but if you want to see it, ring for Fowler, you can examine it as much as you please, depend upon it the ring's no more there than I am—send for Fowler and Nancy, and they can tell you how we shook every thing to no purpose. The ring's gone, and so am I, for Colonel Topham's waiting, and I must lead off."

And away her ladyship tripped, flirting her perfumed fan as she went. I persisting in my wish to see the muff, Lady de Brantefield desired me to ring for Fowler.

Her ladyship "wondered," she said, "how I could, after the reasons she had given me, for her being morally certain, that she had left the ring with Jacob, and after Lady Anne had justly remarked, that the ring could not get through her glove, entertain a hope of finding it in such a ridiculous place as a muff. But since I was so possessed with this idea, the muff should be produced—there was nothing like ocular demonstration in these cases, except internal conviction—did you ring Mr. Harrington?"

"I did."

And Miss Nancy with the treble ruffles in her hand, now appeared.

"'Tis your mother, child, I want," said Lady de Brantefield.

"Yes, my lady, she is only just finished laying out the ball supper."

"But *I* want her—directly."

"Certainly, my lady, directly."

"And bid her bring—'

A whisper from me to my mother, and from my mother to her ladyship, missed of effect—after turning half round, as if to ask me what I said, a look, which did not pass unnoticed by Miss Nancy—her ladyship finished her sentence.

"And tell Fowler I desire she will bring me the muff that I gave her last week—the day I lost my ring."

This message would immediately put Fowler upon her guard, and I was at first sorry that it had been so worded; but I recollect having heard an eminent judge, a man of great abilities and experience, say, that if he were called upon to form a judgment of any character, or to discover the truth in any case, he would rather that the persons whom he was to examine were previously put on their guard, than that they were not, for that he should know by what they guarded of what they were afraid.

Fowler appeared—twenty years had so changed her face and figure, that the sight of her did not immediately shock me as I feared it would. The daughter who, I suppose, more nearly resembled what her mother had been at the time I had known her, was, of the two, the most disagreeable to my sight and feelings. Fowler's voice was altered by the loss of a tooth, and it was even by this change less odious to my ear. The daughter's voice I could scarcely endure. I was somewhat relieved from the fear of being prejudiced against Fowler by the perception of this change in her, and while she was paying me her compliments, I endeavoured to fortify the resolution I had made to judge of her with perfect impartiality. Her delight at seeing me, however, I could not believe to be sincere; and the reiterated repetition of her sorrow for 'her never having been able to get a sight of me before,' I thought ill-judged;—but no matter—many people in her station make these sort of unmeaning

speeches. If I had suffered my imagination to act, I should have fancied, that under a sort of prepared composure there was some great constraint and alarm in her look as she spoke to me. I thought she trembled—but I resolved not to be prejudiced—and this I repeated to myself many times.

"Well, Fowler, but the muff," said Lady de Brantefield.

"The muff—Oh! dear, my lady, I'm so sorry I can't have it for you—It's not in the house no where—I parted with it out of hand directly upon your saying, my lady, that you desired it might never be suffered to come nigh your ladyship again. Then, says I, to myself, since my lady can't abide the smell, I can't never wear it, which it would have been my pride to do; so I thought I could never get it fast enough out of the house."

"And what did you do with it?"

"I made a present of it, my lady, to poor Mrs. Baxter, John Dutton's sister, my lady, who was always so much at-

tached to the family, and would have a regard for even the smallest relic, vestige, or vestment, I knew, above all things in nature, poor old soul,—she has, what with the rheumatic pains, and one thing or another, lost the use of her right arm, so it was particularly agreeable and appropriate—and she kissed the muff—oh! my lady, I'm sure I only wish your ladyship could have witnessed the poor soul's veneration."

In reply to a question, which I made my mother ask about the "poor soul," I further learned, that Mrs. Baxter was wife to a pawnbroker in Swallow-street. Fowler added, "If my lady wished any way for the muff, I can get it to-morrow morning by breakfast, or by the time *you's up*, my lady."

"Very well, very well, that will do I suppose, will it not, Mr. Harrington?"

I bowed, and said not a word more—Fowler I saw was glad to get rid of the subject, and to go on to the treble ruffles, on which, while she and my mother and

Lady de Brantefield were descanting, I made my exit, and went to the ball-room.

I found Lady Anne Mowbray, talked nonsense to her ladyship for a quarter of an hour, and at last, *à propos* to her perfumed fan, I brought in the old muff with the horrid smell, on purpose to obtain, as I did, a full description of it.

She told me that it was a grey fox skin, lined with scarlet, that it had great pompadour coloured knots at each end, and that it was altogether hideous. Lady Anne declared, that she was heartily glad it would never shock her eyes more.

It was now just nine o'clock: people then kept better hours than they do at present; I was afraid that all the shops would be shut; but I recollected that pawnbrokers' shops were usually kept open late. I lost no time in pursuing my object.

I took a hackney coach, bribed the coachman to drive very fast to Mr. Manessa—found Manessa and Jacob going to bed—sleepy—but at sight of me Jacob

was alert in an instant, and joyfully ready to go with me immediately to Baxter, the pawnbroker's.

I made Jacob furnish me with an old surtout and slouched hat, desiring to look as shabby as possible, that the pawnbroker might take me for one of his usual nightly customers, and might not be alarmed at the sight of a gentleman.

"That won't do yet, Mr. Harrington," said Jacob, when I had equipped myself in the old hat and coat. "Mr. Baxter will see the look of a gentleman through all that. It is not the shabby coat that will make the gentleman look shabby, no more than the fine coat can ever make *the shabby* look like the gentleman.

"The pawnbroker, who is used to observe and find out all manner of people, will know that as well as I—but now you shall see how well at one stroke I will disguise the gentleman.

Jacob then twisted a dirty silk handkerchief round my throat, and thus did the business so completely, that I defied

the pawnbroker and all his penetration.

We drove as fast as we could to Swallow-street—dismissed our hackney coach, and walked up to the pawnbroker's.

Light in the shop!—all alive!—and business going on. The shop was so full of people, that we stood for some minutes unnoticed.

We had leisure to look about us, as we had previously agreed to do, for Lady de Brantefield's muff.

I had a suspicion, that, notwithstanding the veneration with which it had been said to be treated, it might have come to the common lot of cast clothes.

Jacob at one side, and I at the other, took a careful survey of the multifarious contents of the shop; of all that hung from the ceiling; and all that was piled on the shelves; and all that lay huddled in heaps, in corners, or crammed into dark recesses.

In one of the darkest and most ignominious of these, beneath a heap of sai-

lors' old jackets and trowsers, I espied a knot of pompadour ribbon. I hooked it out a little with the stick I had in my hand; but Jacob stopped me, and called to the shop-boy, who now had his eye upon us, and, with him, we began to bargain hard for some of the old clothes that lay upon the muff.

The shop-boy lifted them up to display their merits, by the dimness of the candle-light, and, as he raised them up, there appeared beneath, the grey fox skin with its scarlet lining and pompadour knots, the Lady de Brantefield's much venerated muff!

I could scarcely refrain from seizing upon it that moment, but Jacob again restrained me.

He went on talking about the sailor's jacket, for which we had been in treaty; and he insisted upon having the old muff into the bargain. It actually was at last thrown in as a make weight.

Had she been witness to this bargain, I believe Lady de Brantefield would have dropped down in a swoon.

The moment I got possession of it, I turned it inside out.—There were several small rents in the lining—but one in particular had obviously been cut open with scissars. The shop boy, who thought I was pointing out the rents to disparage my purchase, assured me, that any woman, clever at her needle, would with half-a-dozen stitches sew all up, and make the muff as good again as new. Jacob desired the boy to shew him some old seals, rings, and trinkets, fit for a pedlar to carry into the country; Jacob was, for this purpose, sent to the most respectable place at the counter, and promoted to the honour of dealing face to face with Mr. Baxter himself:—drawers, which had before been invisible, were now produced; and I stood by while Jacob looked over all the new and old trinkets. I was much surprised by the richness and value of various brooches, picture settings, watches, and rings, which had come to this fate: at last, in a drawer, with many *valuables*, which Mr. Baxter told

us, that some great man's mistress had, last week, been obliged to *leave* with him; Jacob and I, at the same moment, saw "*the splendour of the topaz,*" Lady de Brantefield's inestimable ring!—I must do myself the justice to say—that I behaved incomparably well—did not make a single exclamation, though I was sure it was the identical ring, the moment I caught a glimpse of the topaz—and though a glance from Jacob convinced me I was right. I said I could wait no longer, but would call again for him in half-an-hour's time. This was what we had agreed upon before hand should be the signal for my summoning a Bow-street officer, whom Mr. Manessa had in readiness. —Jacob identified and swore to the property;—Mr. Baxter was seized.—He protested he did not know the ring was *stolen goods*;—he could not recollect who had sold it to him:—but when we mentioned Fowler's name, he grew pale —was disconcerted, and not knowing how much or how little we knew, decided

at once to get out of the scrape himself by giving her up, and turning evidence against her.—He stated that she had found it in the old muff, but that he never knew that this muff had belonged to Lady de Brantefield.—Mrs. Fowler had assured him that it had been left to her, along with the wardrobe of a lady, with whom she had formerly lived.

As soon as Baxter had told all the lies he chose to invent, and confessed as much of the truth as he thought would serve his purpose, his deposition was taken and sworn to.—This was all that could then be done, as it was near twelve o'clock.

Poor Jacob's joy at having his innocence proved, and at being relieved from the fear of injuring the credit of his master's house, raised his spirits higher than I ever saw them in my life before. But still his joy and gratitude were more shewn by looks than words.—He thanked me once, and but once, warmly and strongly.

"Ah! Mr. Harrington," said he, "from the time you were *Master* Harrington at school, you were my best friend—always my friend in most need,—I trusted in you, and still I hoped!—hoped that the truth would stand, and the lie fall—see at last our Hebrew proverb right—"*A lie has no feet.*"

CHAP. XVIII.

THE next morning, before I left my room to go down to breakfast, my servant told me that Lady de Brantefield's housekeeper, Mrs. Fowler, begged to speak to me.—She had been come some time.—I went into my mother's dressing-room, where she was waiting alone.—I could not bear to fix my eyes upon her; I advanced towards her, wishing, as I believe I said aloud, that she had spared me the pain of this interview. I waited in silence for her to speak, but she did not say a word—I heard the unhappy woman sobbing violently. — Suddenly she took her handkerchief from before her face, and her sobs ceasing, she exclaimed—

"I know you hate me, Mr. Harrington, and you have reason to hate me—more!—much more than you know of!—But Lord Mowbray is the most to blame."

I stood in astonishment.—I conceived either that the woman was out of her senses, or that she had formed the not unprecedented design of affecting insanity, in hope of escaping the punishment of guilt;—she threw herself at my feet—she would have clasped my knees, but I started back from her insufferable touch:—provoked by this, she exclaimed, in a threatening tone—

"Take care, Sir!—The secret is still in my power."

Then observing, I believe, that her threat made no impression, her tone changed again to the whine of supplication.

"Oh, Mr. Harrington, if I could hope for your forgiveness, I could reveal such a secret! — a secret that so concerns you!"

I retreated, saying, that I would not

hear any secret from her. But I stopped, and was fixed to the spot, when she added, under her breath, the name of Montenero.—Then, in a hypocritical voice, she went on—

"Oh, Mr. Harrington!—Oh, Sir, I have been a great sinner—led on—led on!—by them that was worse than myself.—But if you will plead for me with [illegible] and prevail upon her not to bring [illegible] lic shame about this unfortuna[illegible] of the ring, I will confess [illegible]l to [illegible] will throw myself on your [illegible]ll quit the country if you [illegible] on my lady—to let my daughter's marriage go on, and not to turn her out of favour."

I refused to make any terms—but my mother, whose curiosity could refrain no longer, burst into the room; and to her Fowler did not plead in vain.—Shocked, as she was, with the detection of this woman's fraud, my mother was so eager to learn the secret concerning me, that she promised to obtain a pardon

from Lady de Brantefield for the delinquent, if she would immediately communicate the secret.—I left the room.

I met my father with letters and newspapers in his hand.—He looked in consternation, and beckoned to me to follow him into his own room.

"I was just going in search of you, Harrington," said he, "here's a devil of a stroke for your mother's friend, Lady de Brantefield."

"The loss of her jewels, do you mean, Sir," said I, "they are found."

"Jewels!" said my father, "I don't know what you are talking of."

"I don't know then what you mean, Sir," said I.

"No, to be sure you do not, how could you? for the news is but this instant come—in this letter which I was bringing to you—which is addressed to you, as I found, when I got to the middle of it. I beg your pardon for opening it.—Stay, stay, this is not the right letter."

My father seemed much hurried, and

looked over his parcel of letters, while he went on, saying—

"That letter in question was directed to William Harrington, instead of William Harrington Harrington. Never mind about that now, only I don't like to open letters that don't belong to me—here it is—run your eye over it as fast as you can, and tell me—for I stopped, as soon as I saw it was not to me—tell me how it is with Mowbray—I never liked the fellow, or his mother either; but one can't help pitying—and being shocked—shocked indeed I was, the moment I read the letter."

The letter, which appeared to have been written in great perturbation, and at two or three different times, with different inks, was from a brother officer of Lord Mowbray's. It began in a tolerably composed and legible hand, with an account of a duel, in which the writer of the letter said that he had been second to Lord Mowbray. His lordship had been wounded, but it was hoped he would

do well. Then came the particulars of the duel, which the second stated, of course, as advantageously for himself and his principal as he could: but even by his own statement, it appeared that Lord Mowbray had been the aggressor: that he had been intemperate; and, in short, intirely in the wrong: the person with whom he fought was a young officer, who had been his school-fellow: the dispute had begun about some trivial old school quarrel, on the most nonsensical subject; something about a Jew boy of the name of Jacob, and a pencil case: the young gentleman had appealed to the evidence of Mr. Harrington, whom he had lately met on a fishing party, and who had a perfect recollection of the circumstance, he said. Lord Mowbray grew angry; and in the heat of contradiction, which, as his second said, his lordship could never bear, he gave his opponent the lie direct. A duel was the necessary consequence. Lord Mowbray insisted on their firing across the table:

his opponent was compelled to it. They fired, as it was agreed, at the same instant. Lord Mowbray fell. So far was written while the surgeon was with his patient. Afterwards, the letter went on in a more confused manner. The surgeon begged that Lord Mowbray's friends might be informed, to prepare them for the event; but still there were hopes. Lord Mowbray had begun to write a letter to Mr. Harrington, but could not go on—had torn it to bits—and had desired the writer of the present letter to say, "that he could not go out of the world easy, without his forgiveness—to refer him to a woman of the name of Fowler, for explanation—a waiting-maid—a housekeeper now, in his mother's family. Lord Mowbray assured Mr. Harrington, that he did not mean to have carried the *jest*, (the word *jest* scratched out), the *thing*, farther than to shew him his power to break off matters if he pleased—but he now repented."

This dictated part of the letter was so

confused, and so much like the delirium of a man in a fever, that I should certainly have concluded it to be without real meaning, had it not coincided with the words which Fowler had said to me. On turning over the page, I saw a postscript—Lord Mowbray, at two o'clock that morning, had expired. His brother officer gave no particulars, and expressed little regret, but begged me to represent the affair properly; and added something about the lieutenant-colonelcy, which was blotted so much, either purposely or accidentally, that I could not read it.

My father, who was a truly humane man, was excessively shocked by the letter; and at first, so much engrossed by the account of the manner of the young man's death, and by the idea of the shock and distress of the mother and sister, that he scarcely adverted to the unintelligible messages to me. He observed, indeed, that the writer of the letter seemed to be a fool, and to have

very little feeling. We agreed that my mother was the fittest person to break the matter to poor Lady de Brantefield. If my mother should not feel herself equal to the task, my father said he would undertake it himself, though he had rather have a tooth pulled out than go through it.

We went together to my mother. We found her in hysterics, and Fowler beside her; my mother, the moment she saw us, recovered some recollection, and pushing Fowler from her with both her hands, she cried, "Take her away—out of my sight—out of my sight."

I took the hartshorn from Fowler, and bid her leave the room; ordering her, at her peril, not to leave the house.

"Why did you tell Mrs. Harrington so suddenly, Mrs. Fowler," my father began, supposing that my mother's hysterics were the consequence of having been told, too suddenly, the news of Lord Mowbray's death.

"I did not tell her, Sir; I never

uttered a sentence of his lordship's *death.*"

In her confusion, the woman betrayed that she knew of it, though on her first speaking to me, she had said nothing of it. While I assisted and soothed my mother, I heard my father questioning her. "She heard the news that morning, early, in a letter from Lord Mowbray's gentleman—had not yet had the heart to mention it to her lady—believed she had given a hint of it to Lady Anne—was indeed so flurried, and still was so flurried—"

My father perceiving that Fowler did not know what she was saying, good-naturedly attributed her confusion to her sorrow for her ladies; and did not wonder, he said, she was hurried—he was not nervous—but it had given him a hock.—"Sit down, poor Fowler."

The words caught my mother's ear, who had now recovered her recollection completely; and with an effort, which I had never before seen her make, to command her own feelings; an effort, for

which I thank her, as I knew it arose from her strong affection for me, she calmly said—

"I will bear that woman—that fiend, in my sight, a few minutes longer, for your sake, Harrington, till her confession be put in writing and signed—this will, I suppose, be necessary."

"I desire to know, directly, what all this means?" said my father, speaking in a certain repressed tone, which we, and which Fowler, knew to be the symptom of his being on the point of breaking out into violent anger.

"Oh! Sir," said Fowler, "I have been a very sad sinner, but indeed I was not so much to blame as them that knew better, and ought to know better—that bribed and deceived me, and lured me by promises to do that—to say that—but indeed I was made to believe it was all to end in no harm—only a jest."

"A jest! Oh, wretch!" cried my mother.

"I was a wretch indeed, ma'am; but

Lord Mowbray was, you'll allow, the wickedest."

"And the moment he is dead," said my father.—"Is this a time—"

Fowler, terrified to her inmost coward soul at the sight of the powerful indignation which appeared in my father's eyes, made an attempt to throw herself at his feet, but he caught strong hold of her arm.

"Tell me the plain fact at once, woman."

Now she literally could not speak; she knew my father was violent, and dreaded that what she had to say would incense him beyond all bounds.

My mother rose and said, that she would tell the plain fact.

Fowler still more afraid that my mother should tell it—as she thought, I suppose, she could soften it best herself—interposed, saying—

"Sir, if you will give me a moment's time for recollection, Sir, I will tell all. Dear Sir, if one had committed murder

and was going to be put to death, one should have that much mercy shewn—hard to be condemned—unheard."

My father let go her arm from his strong grasp, and sat down, resolved to be patient. "It was just," he said, "that she, that every human creature should be heard before they were condemned."

When she came to the facts, I was so much interested, that I cannot recollect the exact words in which the account was given; but this was the substance. Lord Mowbray, when he had been refused by Miss Montenero, had often sworn that he would be revenged on her and on me. He was determined to break off the match. He had once heard Miss Montenero express strongly her terror of seeing an insane person—her horror at the idea of a marriage which a young friend of hers had made with a man who was subject to fits of insanity. Upon this hint Mowbray set to work. Before he opened his scheme to Fowler, he found how he could bribe her, as he thought, ef-

fectually, and secure her secresy by making her an accomplice. Fowler had a mind to marry her daughter to a certain apothecary, who, though many years older than the girl, and quite old enough to be her father, was rich, and would raise her to be a lady. This apothecary lived in a country town near the Priory; the house, and ground belonging to it, which the apothecary rented, was on her ladyship's estate, would be the inheritance of Lord Mowbray. He promised that he would renew this lease to her future son-in-law, provided she and the apothecary continued to preserve his good opinion. His lordship had often and long since prepared Fowler to his purpose, by questioning her as to the strange nervous fits I had had when a boy. Lord Mowbray had repeated all he had heard reported, and certainly exaggerated stories in abundance had, at the time, been circulated. Lord Mowbray affirmed, that most people were of opinion it was *insanity.* Fowler admitted that was always

her own opinion—Lord Mowbray supposed that was the secret reason for her quitting—It certainly was, though she was too delicate and afraid at the time to mention it.—By degrees he worked Fowler partly to acquiesce in all he asserted, and to assert all he insinuated. The apothecary had been an apprentice to the London apothecary who attended me; he had seen me often at the time I was at the *worst;* he had heard the reports too, and he had heard opinions of medical men, and he was brought to assert whatever his future mother-in-law pleased, for he was much in love with the young girl. This combination was formed about the period when I first became attached to Miss Montenero: the last stroke had been given at the time when Mr. Montenero and Berenice were at General B——'s, in Surry. The General's house was within a few miles of the country town in which the said apothecary lived; it was ten or twelve miles from the Priory, where Fowler was left, at that time, to

take care of the place. The apothecary usually attended the chief families in the neighbourhood—was recommended to General B——'s family Miss Montenero had a slight sore throat, and no physician being near, this apothecary was sent for; he made use of this opportunity, spoke of the friends he had formerly had in London, in particular of Mr. Harrington's family, for whom he expressed much gratitude and attachment; inquired anxiously and mysteriously about young Mr. Harrington's state of health. One day Miss Montenero and her father called at this apothecary's, to see some curious things that had been found in a Roman bath, just dug up in the county of Surry. Fowler, who had been apprised of the intended visit, was found in the little parlour behind the shop talking to the apothecary about poor young Mr. Harrington. While Mr. and Miss Montenero were looking at the Roman curiosities, Fowler contrived, in half sentences, to let out what she wished to be overheard

about *that* poor young gentleman's *strange fits*; and she questioned the apothecary whether they had come on ever *very* lately—and hoped—that for the family's sake, as well as his own, it would never break out publicly. All which observations and questions the apothecary seemed discreetly and mysteriously to evade answering. Fowler confessed that she could not get out on this occasion the whole of what she had been instructed to say, because Miss Montenero grew so pale, they thought she would have dropped on the floor.

The apothecary pretended to think the young lady had been made sick by the smell of the shop.—It passed off;—nothing more was done at that time. Mr. Montenero, before he left the house, made inquiries who Fowler was, learned that she had been, for many years, a servant in the Harrington family—children's maid. Her evidence, and that of the apothecary who had attended me in my *extraordinary illnesses*, agreed; and

there seemed no reason to suspect its truth. Mr. and Miss Montenero went with a party from General B———'s to see Brantefield Priory, which was what is called a *shew place*; Fowler attended the company through the house: Mr. Montenero took occasion to question her most minutely, asked, in particular, about a tapestry room,—a picture of Sir Josseline and the Jew; received such answers as Lord Mowbray had prepared Fowler to give—So artfully had he managed, that his interference could not be suspected.—Fowler pretended to know scarcely any thing of her young Lord,—she had always lived here at the Priory,—his Lordship had been abroad,—was in the army,—always *on the move*,—did not know where he was now,—probably in town,—her present ladies had her good word,—but her heart, she confessed, was always with her first mistress, Mrs. Harrington, and poor Master Harrington, *never to be mentioned without a sigh*—That was noted in her instructions. All that I

or Mowbray had mentioned before Mr. Montenero of my aversion to Fowler now appeared to be but the dislike, which an insane person is apt to take against those about them, even to those who treat them most kindly. Fowler was a good actress, and she was well prompted— She produced, in her own justification, instructions, in unsigned letters of Lord Mowbray's. I knew his hand, however disguised. She was directed to take particular care not to go too far—to let things be *drawn* from her—to refuse to give further information lest she should do mischief—When assured that the Monteneros were friends, then to tell *circumstances agreed upon*—to end with a promise to produce *a keeper* who had attended the poor gentleman not long since, who could satisfy all doubts.—Lord Mowbray noted that this must be promised to be done within the ensuing month—Something about a ship's sailing for America was scratched out in these last instructions.

I have calmly related the facts, but I cannot give an idea of the transports of passion, into which my father burst when he heard them.—It was with the utmost difficulty that we could restrain him till the woman had finished her confession.—Lord Mowbray was dead—His death—his penitence—pity for his family, quenched my father's rage against Mowbray; all his fury rose with tenfold violence against Fowler.—It was with the greatest difficulty that I got her out of the room in safety;—he followed, raging, and my mother, seeing me put Fowler into a parlour, and turn the key in the door, began beseeching that I would not keep her another instant in the house. I begged—I insisted, however, upon being permitted to detain her till her confession should be put into writing, or till Mr. Montenero could hear it from her own lips—I represented, that if once she quitted the house we might never see her again, she might make her escape out of town; might, for some new interest, deny all she

had said, and leave me in as great difficulties as ever.

My father, sudden in all his emotions, snatched his hat from the hall table; seized his cane, and declared he would that instant go and settle the point at once with Mr. Montenero and the daughter. My mother and I, one on each side of him, pleaded that it would be best not to speak so *suddenly* as he proposed to do, especially to Berenice.—Heaven bless my mother! she called her *Berenice*. This did not escape my ear—my father let us take off his hat, and carry away his cane.—He sat down and wrote directly to Mr. Montenero, requesting to see him immediately, on particular business.

My mother's carriage was at the door, it was by this time the hour for visiting.

"I will bring Mr. Montenero back with me," said my mother, "for I am going to pay a visit I should have paid long ago—to Miss Montenero!"

I kissed my mother's hand I don't know how many times, till my father told me I was *a fool.*

"Make haste back, Mrs. Harrington," cried he, as she stepped into the carriage, "none of your cursed *shopping* to-day!"

"My dear Mr. Harrington! as if I could think of shopping at such a time as this!—Am not I his mother?"

"My kind mother!" said I, "My dearest——"

"No fooleries!" interrupted my father, "To Mr. Montenero's as fast as you can."

"But," turning to me, when they had driven off, "though I am delighted that the *obstacle* will be removed on their part, yet, remember Harrington, I can go no further. Not an inch—not an inch—sorry for it,—but you know all I have said—by Jupiter Ammon, I cannot eat my own words."

"But you ought to eat your own words, Sir," said I, venturing to jest, as

I knew that I might in his present humour, and while his heart was warmed, "Your words were a libel upon Jews and Jewesses, and the most appropriate and approved punishment invented for the libeller is—to eat his own words."

CHAP. XIX.

MY mother returned almost as quickly as my impatience expected, and from afar I saw, that Mr. Montenero was in the carriage with her. My heart did certainly beat violently, but I must not stop to describe, if I could, my various sensations.

My mother, telling Mr. Montenero all the time, that she would tell him nothing, had told him every thing that was to be told, and I was very glad of it—for it spared me the task of detailing Lord Mowbray's villainy. He had once been my friend, or at least I had once been his—Just after his death it was a painful subject. Besides on my own account I was heartily glad to leave it to my father to

complete, what my mother had so well begun. He spoke with great vehemence. I stood by proud all the time to shew Mr. Montenero my calmness and self possession, while Fowler, who was under salutary terror of my father, repeated, without much prevarication, all the material parts of her confession, and gave up to him Lord Mowbray's letters. Astonishment and horror at the discovery of such villainy were Mr. Montenero's first feelings—he looked at Lord Mowbray's writing again and again, and shuddered in silence, as he cast his eyes upon Fowler's guilty countenance. We all were glad when she was dismissed.

Mr. Montenero turned to me, and I saw tears in his eyes.

"There is no obstacle between us now, I hope," said I, eagerly seizing the hand which he held out to me.

Mr. Montenero pressed me in his arms, with the affection of a parent.

"Heyday! heyday!" said my father, in a tone between pleasure and anger,

"do you at all know what you are about, Harrington?—remember!"

"Oh! Mr. Montenero," said my mother, "speak, for heaven's sake, and tell me that you are perfectly convinced that there was no shadow of truth."

"Nonsense! my dear, I beg your pardon, Mrs. Harrington," said my father, "to be sure he is convinced, he is not an idiot—all my astonishment is, how he could ever be made to believe such a thing!"

Mr. Montenero answered my mother and my father alternately, assuring my mother, that he was quite convinced, and agreeing with my father, that he had been strangely imposed upon—he turned again to me, and I believe at the same instant the same recollections occurred to us both—new light seemed to break upon us, and we saw in a different point of view a variety of past circumstances. Almost from the moment of my acquaintance with Berenice, I could trace Lord Mowbray's artifices. Even from the time

of our first going out together at Westminster Abbey, when Mr. Montenero said, he loved enthusiasm—how Mowbray encouraged, excited me to follow that line. At the Tower, my kneeling in raptures to the figure of the Black Prince, my exaggerated expressions of enthusiasm—my poetic and dramatic declamation, and gesture—my start of horror at Mowbray's allusion to the *tapestry-chamber*, and the picture of Sir Josseline and the Jew. My horror afterwards at the auction, where Mowbray had prepared for me the sight of the picture of the Dentition of the Jews—and the appearance of the figure of the horrible old Jew with the terrible eyes at the synagogue, had, I now found, all been contrived by Lord Mowbray. Fowler had dressed up the figure for the purpose—they had taken the utmost pains to work on my imagination on this particular point, on which he knew my early associations might betray me to symptoms of apparent insanity. Upon com-

paring and explaining these circumstances, Mr. Montenero further laid open to me the treacherous ingenuity of the man, who had so duped me by the shew of sympathy and friendship. By dextrous insinuations, he had first excited curiosity—then suggested suspicions, worked every accidental circumstance to his purpose, and at last, rendered desperate by despair, and determined that I should not win the prize, which he had been compelled to resign, had employed so boldly his means and accomplices, that he was dreadfully nea. f-fecting my ruin.

While Mr. Montenero and I ran over all these circumstances, understanding each other perfectly, but scarcely intelligible to either my father or mother. they looked at us both with impatience and surprise, and rejoiced when we had finished our explanations—and yet, when we had finished, an embarrassing minute of silence ensued.

My mother broke it, by saying some-

thing about Miss Montenero. I do not know what—nor did she.—My father stood with a sort of bravadoing look of firmness, fixing himself opposite to me, as though he were repeating to himself—

" *If*, Sir!—*If*—By Jupiter Ammon! I must be consistent."

Mr. Montenero appeared determined not to say any more, but something seemed to be still in reserve in his mind.

" I hope, Mr. Montenero," said I, " that now no *obstacle* exists."

" On *my* part, none," replied Mr. Montenero,—" but you recollect—"

" I recollect only your own words, my dear Sir," cried I, " either my daughter and you must never meet again, or must meet to part no more.—I claim your promise."

" At all hazards?" said Mr. Montenero.

" No hazards with such a woman as Berenice," said I, " though her religion—"

"I would give!" exclaimed my father, "I would give one of my fingers this instant, that she was not a Jewess.

"Is your objection, Sir, to her not being a Christian, or to her being the daughter of a Jew?"

"Can you conceive Mr. Montenero," cried my father, "that after all I have seen of you!—all you have done for me—can you conceive me to be such an obstinately prejudiced brute—my prejudices against the Jews I give up—you have conquered them—all, all. But a difference of religion—between man and wife—"

"Is a very serious objection indeed," said Mr. Montenero, "but if that be the only objection left in your mind, I have the pleasure to tell you, Mr. Harrington," addressing himself to me, "that your love and duty are not at variance—I have tried you to the utmost, and am satisfied both of the steadiness of your principles, and of the strength of

your attachment to my daughter.—Berenice is not a Jewess."

"Not a Jewess!" cried my father, starting from his seat.—"Not a Jewess! then my Jupiter Ammon may go to the Devil—not a Jewess!—give you joy, Harrington, my boy!—give me joy, my dear Mrs. Harrington—give me joy, excellent—"

(*Jew*, he was on the point of saying.)

"Excellent Mr. Montenero, but, is not she your daughter?"

"She is, I hope and believe, my daughter," said Mr. Montenero, "but her mother was a Christian, and according to my promise to Mrs. Montenero, Berenice has been bred in her faith, a Christian—a Protestant."

"A Christian! a Protestant!" repeated my father.

"An English Protestant—her mother was daughter of—"

"An English Protestant!" interrupted my father, "English! English! Do you hear *that* Mrs. Harrington."

"Thank Heaven! I *do* hear it, my dear," said my mother—"But Mr. Montenero—we interrupt—daughter of—?"

"Daughter of an English gentleman, of good family, who accompanied one of your embassadors to Spain."

"Of good family, Mr. Harrington," said my mother, raising her head proudly as she looked at me with a radiant countenance—"I knew she was of a good family from the first moment I saw her at the play—so different from the people she was with—even Lady de Brantefield asked who she was. From the first moment I thought—"

"You thought, Mrs. Harrington," interposed my father, "you thought, to be sure, that Miss Montenero *looked like a Christian*.—Yes, yes; and no doubt you had *presentiments* plenty."

"Granted, granted, my dear, but don't let us say any more about them now."

"Well, my boy! well, Harrington not a word!"

"No—I am too happy!—the delight I feel—But my dear Mr. Montenero," said I, "why! *why* did not you tell all this sooner, what pain you would have spared me!"

"Had I spared you the pain, you would never have enjoyed the delight—had I spared you the trial, you would never have had the triumph. The triumph, did I say? Better than all triumph, this sober certainty of your own integrity—if like Lord Mowbray—but peace be to the dead!—and forgiveness to his faults—My daughter was determined never to marry any man, who could be induced to sacrifice religion and principle to interest or to passion. She was equally determined never to marry any man, whose want of the spirit of toleration, whose prejudices against the Jews, might interfere with the filial affection she feels for her father—though he be a Jew."

"*Though*"—Gratitude, joy, love, so overwhelmed me at this moment, that I could not say another syllable—but it was

enough for Mr. Montenero, deep read as he was in the human heart.

"Why did not I spare you the pain?" repeated he. "And do you think that the trial cost *me*, cost *us* no pain?" said Mr. Montenero—"The time may come when, as my son, you may perhaps learn from Berenice—"

"The time is come! this moment!" cried my father, "for you see the poor fellow is burning with impatience—he would not be my son if he were not."

"That is true, indeed!" said my mother.

"True—very likely"—said Mr. Montenero, calmly holding me fast. "But, impetuous Sir, recollect that once before you were too sudden for Berenice—after you had saved my life, you rushed in with the joyful news, and—"

"Oh! no rushing, for mercy's sake, Harrington," said my mother, "some consideration for Miss Montenero's nerves!"

"Nerves! nonsense, my dear," said my father, "what woman's nerves were

ever the worse for seeing her lover at her feet?—I move—and I am sure of one honourable gentleman to second my motion—I move that we all adjourn, forthwith, to Mr. Montenero's."

"This evening, perhaps, Miss Montenero would allow us," said my mother.

"This instant," said Mr. Montenero, "if you will do me the honour, Mrs. Harrington."

"The carriage," said my mother, ringing.

"The carriage, directly," cried my father to the servant as he entered.

"Here's a fellow will certainly fly the moment you let him go," said my father.

And away I flew, with such swiftness, that, at the foot of the stairs, I almost fell over Jacob. He, not knowing any thing of what had happened this morning, full of the events of the preceding night, and expecting to find me the same, began to say something about a ring which he held in his hand.

"That's all settled—all over—let me pass, good Jacob."

Still he endeavoured to stop me.—I was not pleased with this interruption. But there was something so beseeching and so kind in Jacob's manner, that I could not help attending to him. Had the poor fellow known the cause of my impatience, he would not certainly have detained me. He begged me, with some hesitation, to accept of a ring, which Mr. Manessa his partner and he took the liberty of offering me as a token of their gratitude. It was not of any great value, but it was finished by an artist, who was supposed to be one of the best in the world.

"Willingly, Jacob," said I, "and it comes at the happiest moment—if you will allow me to present it, to offer it to a lady, who—"

"Who will, I hope," said my father, appearing at the top of the stairs, "soon be his bride."

"His bride!"

Jacob saw Mr. Montenero's face behind me—and clasping his hands

"The very thing I wished!" cried he, opening the house-door.

"Follow us, Jacob," I heard Mr. Montenero say, as we stepped into the carriage; "follow us to the house of joy, you who never deserted the house of mourning."

The ring, the history of it, and the offering it to Berenice, prepared my way in the happiest manner, and prevented the danger, which Mr. Montenero feared of my own, or my father's precipitation. We told her in general the circumstances that had happened, but spared her the detail.

"And now, my beloved daughter," said Mr. Montenero, "I may express to you all the esteem, all the affection, all the fullness of approbation I feel for *your choice*."

"And I, Miss Montenero!—Let me speak, pray, Mrs. Harrington," said my father.

"By and by," whispered my mother, "not yet, my love."

"Aye, put the ring on her finger—that's right, boy!" cried my father, as my mother drew him back.

Berenice accepted of the ring in the most gracious, the most graceful manner.

"I accept this with pleasure," said she, "I shall prize it more than ever Lady de Brantefield valued her ring: as a token of goodness and gratitude, it will be more precious to me than any jewel could be—and it will ever be dear to me," added she, with a softened voice, turning to her father; "very dear, as a memorial of the circumstances, which have removed the only obtacle to *our* happiness."

"*Our*," repeated my father—"noble girl! Above all affectation.—Boy, a truce with your transports!—She is my own daughter—I must have a kiss."

"For shame, my dear!" said my mother, "you make Miss Montenero blush."

"Blushes are very becoming—I always thought yours so, Mrs. Harrington

--there's the reason I have given you occasion to blush for me so often. Now you may take me out of the room, madam. I have some discretion, though you think you have it all to yourself," said my father.

I have some discretion too, hereditary, or acquired. I am aware that the moment two lovers cease to be miserable, they begin to be tiresome; their best friends and the generous public are satisfied to hear as little as possible concerning their prosperous loves.

It was otherwise, they say, in the days of Theagenes and Chariclea.

"How! will you never be satisfied with hearing?" says their historian, who, when he came to a prosperous epoch in their history, seems to have had a discreet suspicion, that he might be too long. "Is not my discourse yet tedious?"

"No," the indefatigable auditor is made to reply; "and who is he, unless he have a heart of adamant, or iron, that would not listen content to hear the loves

of Theagenes and Chariclea, though the story should last a year? Therefore, continue it, I beseech you."

"Continue, I beseech you"—dear flattering words! Though perhaps no one, at this minute says or feels this, I must add a few lines more—not about myself, but about Mr. Montenero.

In the moment of joy, when the heart opens, you can see to the very bottom of it; and whether selfish or generous, revengeful or forgiving, the real disposition is revealed. We were all full of joy and congratulations, when Mr. Montenero, at the first pause of silence, addressed himself in his most persuasive tone to me.

"Mr. Harrington—good Mr. Harrington—I have a favour to ask from you."

"A favour! from me! Oh, name it," cried I. "What pleasure I shall have in granting it!"

"Perhaps not. You will not have pleasure—immediate pleasure in granting it, it will cost you present pain."

and forgive her. 'It is the glory of a man to pass by an offence.' Let us see and forgive this woman. How can we better celebrate our joy—how can we better fill the measure of our happiness than by the forgiveness of our enemies?"

"By Jupiter Ammon!" cried my father, "none but a good Christian could do this!"

"And why," said Berenice, laying her hand gently on my father's arm—"and why not a good Jew?"

END OF VOL. I.

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